WEEK ENDING JAN. 8, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue

JEEVES AND THE IMPENDING DOOM *by* **P.G. WODEHOUSE**

Too much food - - -

too little exercise - - - bring AUTO-INTOXICATION

... and Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning) is at the root of most of our modern ills

WE all have our off-days—days when we pay the price of irregular habits of eating—of exercise neglected, and of uneven rest.

The food we like so well is too heavy for the sedentary lives we lead. We eat too much—and on the average, we eat too often. We are careless of our diet's balance—heedless of the rules of health. We exercise only in spurts. Our grandparents walked, but we ride in motor cars. They kept regular "bedtime hours"—we go to bed at ten one night and at two the next.

All of us frequently resolve to change our health-destroying habits—to lead the simple life that nature intended we should. But few of us can resist eating heavy food—even when we know it is hard to digest—and few of us can find time every day for invigorating exercise. Busy with mental problems—we neglect to take proper care of our bodies.

Americans live on their nerves —they don't relax!

So with nervous hurried lives, with heavy food and too much of it, with irregular physical work and not enough of it, it is no wonder that our digestions are disturbed, and that as a result of our ill-adjusted habits, we are afflicted frequently with "stoppage" of waste products in the intestines.

These waste products, fermenting, set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood, causing that form of fatiguing self-poisoning popularly known as Auto-Intoxication.

Nearly everyone suffers from Auto-Intoxication

So widespread are the violations of the laws of health that nearly everyone suffers at times from the effects of too long a retention of waste products.

Auto-Intoxication shows itself in a hundred ways—in a feeling of lassitude that makes the slightest task seem formidable—in dull depression, difficult to shake off—in headaches, indigestion—fatigue.

Often these signs seem trivial—but unless their warning is heeded—unless the cause is quickly removed—serious ills may follow. For when the poisons of waste are absorbed into the blood they lower vitality and weaken the body's resistance to disease. At the first sign of Auto-Intoxication, *do something about it*—get at the source of the trouble.

How to guard against Auto-Intoxication

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct the stoppage in the intestines and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica is a safe and approved stand-by, for it stimulates the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines and brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Just off the press there is a booklet on "Auto-Intoxication" which explains more fully the causes and effects of this self-poisoning and the many ills which follow in its train. It also explains how you may avoid this prevalent condition and clearly and logically it tells you how to keep physically fit. This booklet is free—mail the coupon for it today.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, fortified with sodium phosphate. Dissolved in a tumblerful of water it makes a sparkling, effervescent, palatable drink.

Memo to Myself:

BEGINNING today, I am going to correct the careless habits into which I have permitted myself to lapse. I am going to eat more carefully—to rest more regularly and live more sensibly. I am going to keep free of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

To help my present condition and prevent its recurrence I will use Sal Hepatica. I will remember to buy Sal Hepatica the next time I am in a drug store.

I will send the coupon on the right hand side of this page for the free booklet that explains more fully the causes and effects of Auto-Intoxication, and I will follow its sensible recommendations.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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The mothers of tomorrow

are thinking seriously about this matter of poisonous antiseptics

MATRONS of the younger generation are becoming more and more aware of the dangers following the use of poisonous antiseptics for strictly personal hygiene.

The facts of this matter are clear. Bichloride of mercury when used in sufficient strength to possess real value as a germicide, is destructive to human tissue. It coagulates the cell fluids and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use.

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Similar dangers follow the use of these carbolic acid preparations. In commercial practice they are usually compounded with soap in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of the poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients coagulate and wash away many of the necessary gland secretions. Their continued use results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane.

2 *important statements*

Zonite is not a poison

Zonite does kill germs

These are grave matters. Not only from the standpoint of the woman herself, but from the standpoint of the race.

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For more complete information concerning feminine hygiene, send for the latest booklet prepared by the Women's Division on this subject. Authentic, concise and important. Don't neglect getting a copy to read and perhaps pass on to others. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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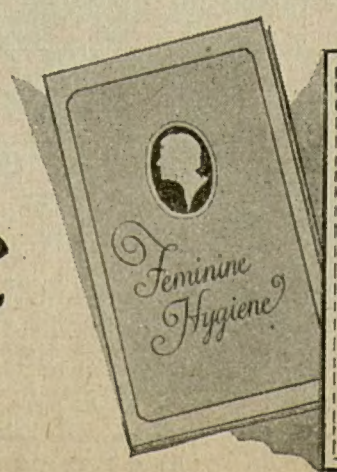

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469 Egypt of Yesterday: History
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150 Facts About Lost Civilizations
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182 Daisy Miller and Her Adventures
277 The Man Without a Country. Hale
57 Rip Van Winkle. Irving
334 Caught, and Other Stories
454 Realistic Mid-Western Tales
363 Miggles: The Girl in the Night
659 Lost Phoebe: and Old Rogaum
698 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
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1054 An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge
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1086 My Favorite Murder
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Jack London's Adventure Stories
30 What Life Means to Me
148 The Strength of the Strong
152 The Son of the Wolf
223 The Wife of a King
288 Tales of the Far North
640 Renounced the Faith. (Apostate)
1022 Heroic Tale of the North
1024 Tales of the White Silence
183 Life of Jack London

Edgar Allan Poe's Mystery Stories
12 Tales of Mystery and Horror
108 The Fall of the House of Usher
162 The Murders in the Rue Morgue
186 How I Wrote "The Raven"
290 The Gold Bug (Detective)
939 Tales of Imaginative Science
940 Tales Grotesque and Weird
941 Tales Psychological and Gruesome
32 The Raven, The Bells, etc.
729 Peppery Comments (Marginalia)
730 Poe as a Caustic Critic
731 What Poe Thought of Celebrities of His Day (Critical Excerpts)
356 Poe: America's Great Genius
144 Was Poe Immoral? Whitman

Mark Twain's Famous Humor
166 English As She Is Spoke
231 Eight Humorous Sketches
291 The Celebrated Jumping Frog
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents
663 Journalism in Tennessee
668 Humorous Fables
930 An Idle Excursion, with Many Laughs
931 The Stolen White Elephant
932 Comedy of a Curious Experience

Upton Sinclair's Exposure-Stories
583-584-585-586-587-588 The Jungle
590-591-592 The Millennium, 3 vols.
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630 The Second-Story Man (Play)
631 The Naturewoman (Play)
633 Prince Hagen. A Drama of Protest
634-635 A Captain of Industry. 2 vols.
632 The Machine. Play in 3 Acts

Clarence Darrow's Best Works
883 Debate on Capital Punishment
884 Debate on Prohibition, vs. Holmes
910 Is Life Worth Living? vs. Starr
911 Is the Human Race Progressing?
934 Realism in Literature and Art
933 The Skeleton in the Closet
53 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
829 Witty Lecture on Voltaire
974 The Ordeal of Prohibition

AMERICAN POPULAR POETRY
173 The Vision of Sir Launfal. Lowell
73 Humanitarian Poems of Whitman
351 Memories of Lincoln. Whitman
298 Today's Poetry: An Anthology
529 Walt Whitman: Bard of the West
578 The Haunted House, etc.
579 The Three Sphinxes, etc.
626 Best Negro Songs
719 Best Poetry of the Southern States
742 Best Poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson
740 Thanatopsis, etc. Bryant
741 Popular Poems of Whittier
849 Humorous Poems of Holmes
879 Poems of Philip Freneau
981 Songs for the New Age. Oppenheim
1025 Casey at the Bat, etc.

BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY
51 Facts of Bruno's Martyrdom
128 Julius Caesar's Amazing Career
271 Lloyd George, H. G. Wells, Clemenceau (Contemporary Portraits)
305 Merciless Machiavelli. Macaulay
393 Career of Frederick the Great
521 John Brown: American Martyr
523 B. Franklin, Printer and Statesman
526 Julius Caesar: Soldier-Statesman
604 Theodore Roosevelt and the Big Stick
612 Disraeli: England's Novelist-Premier
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
235 5 Significant Figures. Chesterton

BENEFACTORS OF HUMANITY
324 Life of Abraham Lincoln. Bowers
423 The Uses of Great Men, and Plato the Philosopher (Representative Men).
522 Thomas Paine: American Liberal
680 Louis Pasteur: Chemist of Ills.
704 Diderot: French Fighter for Freedom
567 Darwin as a Naturalist. Fenton
409 Facts About Great Men of Science

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
44 Aesop's Fables
146 Snowbound. Whittier; and Pied Piper
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland. Carroll
188 Amazing Lies of Baron Munchausen
391 A Dog of Flanders. Ouida
392 The Nurnberg Stove. Ouida
397 Irish Fairy Tales
398 More Irish Fairy Tales
400 Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves
399 Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor
482 Five Weeks in a Lost Balloon. Verne
845 A Thrilling Voyage to the Moon
497 Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes
483 The Privateersman. Marryat
538 Merry Tales of Robin Hood
559 Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe
561 African Jungle Tales. Bender
716 Mother Goose Rhymes
807 Strange African Negro Folk Tales
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella, etc.
844 A Voyage to Lilliput. Swift
620 Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan
989 Hunting of the Snark (Nonsense Verse)
1040 A Book of Bedtime Stories

COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS
132 The Beliefs of Major Religions
61 What Is Religion? Leo Tolstoy
218 The Essence of the Talmud
325 The Essence of Buddhism
412 Mahomet: Founder of Arab Faith
428 The Essence of the Koran
471 The Essence of Confucianism
684 The Essence of Judaism. Jung
753 The Essence of Catholicism
170 History of Ancient Christian Church
67 History of Medieval Christian Church
169 History of Modern Christian Church
600 The Essence of the Bible
624 The Gospel of Luke
625 The Gospel of Mark
628 The Making of the Old Testament
851 Sources of Bible Myths and Legends
207 Olympian Gods. (Ancient Beliefs)
498 Greek and Roman Mythology
204 Sun Worship and Later Beliefs
211 The Idea of God in Nature. Mill
743 Great Christian Hymns
798 Moral Life Among African Negroes
907 Sex Obsessions of Saints and Mystics

Confessional AUTOBIOGRAPHY
289 Amusing Diary of Samuel Pepys
194 Letters of Lord Chesterfield on the Art of Being a Man of the World
395 Autobiography of Cellini
438-439 Secret Memoirs of Pompadour
664 Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt
735 Confessions of St. Augustine
867 Cicero's Letters on Roman Life
888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael
201 Goetha's Intimate Conversations
980 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself
809 E. Haldeman-Julius: An Intimate Pen Portrait by His Wife

CRIME AND DETECTIVE
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Doyle
1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories
1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories
1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories
1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
266 Further Adventures of Holmes
1101 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories
34 Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask
66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
139 Crimes Against Criminals. Ingersoll
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
819 A Book of Strange Murders
942 Two Great Detective Stories

CROSS-SECTIONS OF LIFE
72 The Color of Life and Love (Satire)
220 Merry England in Shakespeare's Time
328 London Life in Addison's Time
563 New Light on Prehistoric Cultures
605 Life Among the Pueblo Indians
756 The Story of the Sioux Indians
755 Civilized American Indian Tribes
754 The Story of the New York Indians
845 Chaucer's Robust Presentation of Life
899 Decadent Rome as Seen by Tacitus
965 Life Philosophies of Literary Masters
660 My Brother Paul: A portrait. Dreiser
1053 A Guide to N. Y. City's Strange Sections
1057 Truth About N. Y.'s Chinatown
1058 Truth About N. Y.'s White Light Region
1106 The Truth About Greenwich Village

DEBATES ON VITAL QUESTIONS
43 Marriage vs. Divorce
122 Is Spiritualism True or False?
129 Rome or Reason
130 Controversy on Christianity
171 Has Life Any Meaning?
206 Is Socialism Practicable?
208 Birth Control
234 Socialism
341 Famous Lincoln-Douglas Debate
652 Is the Ku Klux Klan Constructive?
762 Optimism or Pessimism?
723 Soviet Form of Government

DOORS TO NEW WORLDS
17 The Joys of Hiking. Thoreau
63 The Practical Value of Poetry
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
195 Thoughts on Mother Nature. Thoreau
233 Revealing Comments on Humanity
299 Great Outdoors (Prose Nature Notes)
411 How to Enjoy Reading Cervantes
413 Why You Need Art in Your Life
422 Dante: Writer of "The Inferno"
431 Literary Stars of Scandinavia
487 Carlyle's Philosophy of Clothes
504 Arnold's Literature and Dogma
519 How to Enjoy Rabelais' Humor
527 How to Enjoy the Plays of Aeschylus
531 Currents of 19th Century Literature
646 Spirit of Brazilian Literature
732 Spirit of Yiddish Literature
767 Hauptmann and Sudermann
770 Intimate Talks with Lamb, Coleridge
973 10 O'clock: What Art Ought to Mean
964 Modern English Men of Letters
582 Splendid Nights in Paris. Gourmont
777 Revolt in German Drama. Loving
966 Stimulating Character Studies

DRAMAS OF FRENCH LIFE
229 Ridiculous Women. Molière
309 Nobody Who Apes Nobility. Molière
134 The Woman Hater (Misanthrope)
99 Tartuffe: Priestly Hypocrite and Roue
379 The Lustful King Enjoys Himself

ENGLISH FICTION
37 The Queer Dream of John Ball
352 Strange Tales of the 13th Century
307 A Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie
232 Three Strangers and the Hangman
926 The Obliterated Man. H. G. Wells
927 The Stolen Bacillus. Wells

Robert L. Stevenson's Popular Works
38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
279 Will o' the Mill; Markheim's Murder
293 Francois Villon. Cad, Poet
311 A Thief's Lodging for the Night
358 Falling in Love: Virginibus Puerisque
349 An Apology for Idlers
370 Father Damien and the Lepers
554 A Child's Garden of Verses
658 Delightful Walking Tours

Rudyard Kipling's Stories and Poems
151 The Man Who Would Be King, etc.
331 The Finest Story in the World, etc.
332 The Man Who Was, etc.
333 Mulvaney Stories
336 The Mark of the Beast, etc.
357 City of the Dreadful Night, etc.
912 The God from the Machine, etc.
913 Black Jack, and Other Stories
814 On the City Wall, and Other Stories
1017 Without Benefit of Clergy
222 The Vampire, and Other Poems
783 Mandalay, and Other Poems
795 Gunga Din, and Other Poems

ENGLISH PLAYS
462 Everyman: A Morality Play
572 The Beggar's Comic Opera. Gay
619 Tragical Dr. Faustus. Marlowe
308 She Stoops to Conquer

William Shakespeare's Masterpieces
246 Hamlet
247 Macbeth
263 King John
255 King Lear
240 The Tempest
248 King Henry V
242 As You Like It
243 Twelfth Night
257 Henry IV Part I (With Falstaff)
258 Henry IV Part II (With Falstaff)
259 Henry VI Part I
260 Henry VI Part II
261 Henry VI Part III
816 Popular Shakespearian Quotations
241 Merry Wives of Windsor
245 Measure for Measure
250 Romeo and Juliet
254 Taming of the Shrew
252 Othello, the Moor of Venice
262 A Comedy of Errors
256 Venus and Adonis (Love Poem)
268 The Merchant of Venice
244 Much Ado About Nothing
251 A Midsummer Night's Dream
528 Facts to Know About Shakespeare. Brandes
68 The Sonnets
264 Richard III
265 Richard II
253 Henry VIII
267 Pericles
249 Julius Caesar

Oscar Wilde's Strange Clever Creations
8 Lady Windermere's Fan (Play)
46 Salome (Play) A Love Murder
54 The Importance of Being Earnest
376 A Woman of No Importance
280 The Happy Prince, and Other Tales
36 The Soul of Man Under Socialism
374-375 The Critic as Artist. 2 vols.
373 The Truth of Masks
315 Pen, Pencil and Poison (Crime)
313 The Decay of Artistic Lying
168 Witty and Wicked Epigrams
2 The Ballad of Reading Jail
786 Panthea, and Other Poems
787 The Harlot's House, and Other Poems
601 The Truth About Oscar Wilde
432 Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde's Life
442 Facts About Oscar Wilde

ENTERTAINMENT and AMUSEMENT
1064 The Simplicity of Radio. Crosley
1010 A Handbook for Amateur Magicians
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
847 Card Games and How to Play Them
830 Crossword Puzzle Book
831 Another Crossword Puzzle Book
893 Five Hundred Riddles
1103 Book of Puzzles and Brainteasers
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
1023 A Book of Popular Recitations
1006 A Book of Children's Games
537 P. T. Barnum: Circus Showman

EVOLUTION: A Complete Survey
467 Evolution Made Plain. Mason
321 History of Evolution. Fenton
686 Records of Evolution. Fenton
694 Evidence for Evolution. Fenton
695 Embryology and Evolution. Fenton
568 Darwin and the Theory of Evolution
597 Ernst Haeckel's Evolution.
49 Controversy on the Creation of Man
191 Evolution vs. Church Dogma. Shipley
13 Man and His Ancestors. Fenton
42 The Origin of the Human Race
47 Fascinating Animals of Ancient Seas
274 Strange Animals of Ancient Lands
826 More Animals of Ancient Lands
275 The Building of the Earth
415 The Age of Mammals. Fenton
555 The Structure of the Earth
202 The Survival of the Fittest
327 Explaining the Ice Age. Finger
481 Explaining the Stone Age
928 The Religion of a Darwinist

EXPLANATIONS OF LIFE
165 Discovery of the Future. Wells
48 Truth, and Other Revealing Essays
534 Studies in Mystic Materialism
60 Compensation and Friendship
542 Power and Behavior. Emerson
543 Experience and Politics
544 The Poet and Nature. Emerson
545 Character and Manners. Emerson
546 Love, Heroism, and Prudence
547 Spiritual Laws and Circles
548 History and Intellect. Emerson
549 Nominalist and Realist, Gifts
550 Art and Self-Reliance. Emerson
551 Beauty and Worship. Emerson
552 Fate and Illusions. Emerson
553 Wealth and Culture. Emerson

FAMOUS PERSONALITIES
10 Shelley: Idealistic Dreamer
22 Tolstoy's Message of Non-resistance
270 George Moore (Contemporary Portraits)
269 Bernard Shaw (Contemporary Portraits)
272 Contemporary Portraits. Harris
339 Thoreau: Hermit Who Fought the Mob
340 Realistic Life of Jesus
359-360-361-362 The Man Shakespeare
424 Swedenborg (Representative Men)
425 Montaigne (Representative Men)
426 Napoleon (Representative Men)
490 Michelangelo. Artist Supreme
506 Voltaire: French Skeptic. Brandes
518 Charles Dickens: British Novelist
525 The Gigantic Genius of Goethe
530 Camoens: Portuguese Soldier-Lover
566 Ernst Haeckel: Struggling Youth
610 Martin Luther and Protestantism
622 Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates
678 A History of the Little Blue Books
714 Valuable Facts About Emerson
752 Scott: Historic Romanticist
765 St. Francis of Assisi. Vedder
814 Sandburg: Poet of the People
854 Loyola: Spanish Soldier-Priest
503 August Strindberg: Literary Enigma
448 3 Eminent Frenchmen: Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire
449 3 Gallant Frenchmen: Rousseau, Balzac, Hugo
450 An Immortal Trio: Maupassant, etc.
451 De Gourmont and Lord Byron
452 Emily Bronte and Henry James
453 Joseph Conrad, Destiny-Driven
434 Georg Brandes: Danish Genius
598 Ernst Haeckel: Philosopher

FARMING MANUALS
407 Hints on Farming
430 Poultry for Profit
480 Hints on Animal Husbandry
484 Hints on Raising Farm Crops
486 Hints on Soils and Fertilizers
1032 Home Vegetable Gardening
1090 How to Grow Fruits for the Home
860 Our Insect Enemies
805 Beekeeping for Profit

FRENCH FICTION
314 Short Stories of French Life. Daudet
319 A Story of Infamous Intrigue
570 Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller
617 Hamilcar: Great Man of Carthage
198 The Majesty of Justice. France
219 The Human Tragedy. France
828 Wisdom of the Ages, etc. France
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
345 Clarimonde: A Supernatural Passion
540 Passion Stories of Many Hues
541 Brightly Colored Tales of Love
377 Night in the Luxembourg. Gourmont
21 Carmen: Sprightly Lover. Merimee
196 The Marquise: A Secret Passion. Sand
953 Jean Gourdon's Four Days
954 Bath, and Other Stories. Zola
85 The Attack on the Mill. Zola
230 Quest for a Blonde Mistress. Gautier
952 Souvenirs: Memories of a Varied Life
1048 Gargantua: Mighty Monster
1114 Thrilling Moments from Hugo

Honore de Balzac's Human Stories
15 Atheist's Mass; An Accursed House
143 Time of the Terror, and Other Stories
318 Christ in Flanders, and Other Stories
344 Don Juan, and a Passion in the Desert
1042 The Crime at the Red Inn
1043 A Study of Woman
1044 Another Bold Study of Woman
1045 The Story of a Mad Sweetheart
1046 A Coquette vs. a Wife
1047 The Mysterious Exiles
1067 Splendors of a Parisian Courtesan

Guy de Maupassant's Love Stories
6 Love, and Other Human Stories
199 Tallow Ball: A Prostitute's Sacrifice
292 Mlle. Fifi, and Other Stories
886 The Piece of String, and Other Stories
887 The Necklace, and Other Stories
915 Mad, and Other Gripping Stories
916 A Night in Whitechapel, etc.
917 Room No. 11, and Other Stories
918 The Man with the Blue Eyes, etc.
919 The Clown, and Other Stories
920 A Queer Night in Paris, etc.
921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment, etc.
922 A Wife's Confession, etc.

Great PHILOSOPHIES Simplified
11 How to Understand Nietzsche
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was. Durant
39 The Story of Aristotle's Philosophy
55 Facts You Should Know About Herbert Spencer
573 The Gist of Herbert Spencer
64 Rudolph Eucken's Unusual Philosophy
94 Dramatic Trial and Death of Socrates
124 Theory of Reincarnation Explained
159 The Story of Plato's Philosophy
210 Stoic Philosophy Made Plain
322 Buddhist Philosophy of Life
338 Facts About Emerson's Philosophy
347 What Stoicism Meant to the Ancients
443 Story of Francis Bacon's Philosophy
470 A Guide to Kant, in Plain English
477 Theosophy in Simple Outline
508 A Guide to Henri Bergson
520 Story of Spinoza's Philosophy. Durant
599 Haeckel's Atheistic Philosophy
613 Facts About Ancient Philosophers
614 Facts About Religious Philosophers
615 Facts About Modern Philosophers
641 The Story of Kant's Philosophy
700 Story of Schopenhauer's Philosophy
772 The Story of Spencer's Philosophy
802 Contemporary European Philosophers
813 Contemporary American Philosophers

HEALTH AND HYGIENE
167 Plutarch's Simple Rules of Health
648 Plain Facts About Rejuvenation
761 Latest Facts About Food and Diet
1126 Eating for Health
688 Care of Your Mouth and Teeth
794 Truth About "Patent Medicine"
136 Measles, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever
875 Diabetes: Cause and Treatment
870 Tuberculosis: Cause and Prevention
1091 The Facts About Cancer
726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
903 Syphilis: A Brief Treatise
74 The Physiology of Sex Life
14 What Every Girl Should Know
653 What Every Boy Should Know
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
690 Man's Sexual Life
691 The Child's Sexual Life
692 Homosexual Life
91 Manhood: Confidential Facts of Life
137 Home Nursing: First Aid in the Home
81 The Care of the Baby
950 The Determination of Sex
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
1089 The Common Sense of Sex

HISTORICAL FACTS FOR EVERYONE
126 History of Rome. Clement Wood
596 History of Modern Mexico
898 A Short History of Japan
627 Short History of the Jews
50 Common Sense in Early America.
276 Speeches and Letters of Washington
214 Speeches of Abraham Lincoln
125 World War Speeches of Wilson
1065 Lives of the U. S. Presidents
142 Bismarck and the German Empire
147 Oliver Cromwell and His Time
1087 The Facts About Fascism
1088 Suppressed Truth About Mussolini

Exciting Portions of French History
104 Thrilling Story of Waterloo
300 Story of Mad Terrorism in France
433 Amazing Career of Jean Paul Marat
141 Life of Napoleon Bonaparte
509 Regime of Vice and Splendor in France
515 The Fall of Louis XVI
606 Story of the First French Republic
737 The Consulate of Napoleon
878 The Empire of Napoleon
892 Restoration and Reaction in France

HORROR and the SUPERNATURAL
938 French Tales of Passion and Cruelty
824 Torquemada: Torturer
739 Tales of Terror and Wonder
577 The False Lover's Lifted Veil
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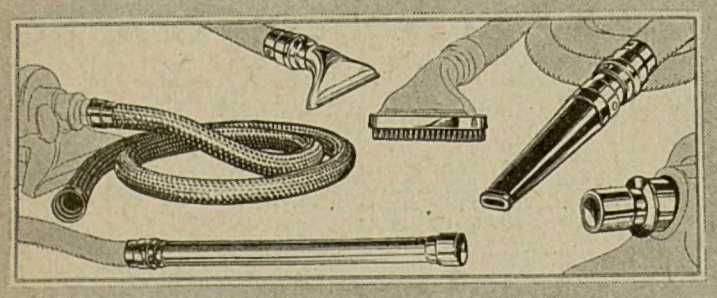

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Jan. 8, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 3 No. 36

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CANADA CAN HANDLE LIQUOR: WHY CAN'T WE?—*An Editorial*

The Province of Ontario in Canada—a community resembling Ohio or upper New York—after ten years' trial of prohibition, has voted to try another method of handling the liquor situation. The issue was the bootlegger and the corruption that followed him.

The United States faces the same situation, and finds itself bound with thongs of bigotry, knotted by those who in 1919 were determined to legislate for all future generations.

The Eighteenth Amendment is here, and cannot be repealed in our lifetime—not though nine-tenths of the people wished to repeal it. That was the great mistake—to embed prohibition in the Constitution, to make it as changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

We do not know whether one section, or one State, or one county should be dry and others wet; whether the country should be dry and the city wet; whether Idaho should be dry and New York wet: but we do assert that it is wrong for the country to dictate what New York and Chicago shall or shall not do, or for New York or Chicago to force liquor upon communities that may not desire it. Each community should be allowed to decide the question for itself, as in Canada.

The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed, any more than the Fourteenth or Fifteenth can be; but it may later meet the same fate that has befallen the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments: it may be devitalized.

It is ridiculed and flouted and ignored by many who consider themselves law-abiding and law-upholding citizens. It is the most fruitful source of disrespect for other laws, and a main cause of present distressing conditions, socially and politically. It has resulted in an orgy of graft, official corruption, and crime. Through the disrespect for legal authority that has followed it, it has made lawbreaking fashionable, and has undermined the foundations of the nation.

How much better is Canada's way! Every province in Canada excepting Quebec has tried prohibition, and Quebec experimented with a modified form. The lawmakers, striving to solve a social problem that has vexed the world through the centuries, were too wise to saddle any unchangeable legislation on the entire Dominion forever and ever, Amen.

They gave themselves latitude, so that, should the law prove a failure in whole or in part, it might be changed. Now Ontario has changed its mind as to prohibition and is about to change its law. Sensible! We can change our mind, but not our Constitution. Ontario is not trying to force Quebec or Calgary to do what Ontario does. It leaves the problem in Calgary to the people of Calgary.

Whether this new Ontario law works or not, it is worth while as an experiment—and the wiser Canadians may always change if they find the law does not meet the needs of their community. From legislating for entire provinces, they are tending toward legislation for cities, villages, and rural districts—practical local option.

Perhaps the final solution of the problem in the United States, as well as in Canada, will be a return to local option after the Volstead law has been interpreted thoroughly in the Supreme Court.

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Jeeves and the Impending Doom.....By P. G. Wodehouse *A story of a perfect valet with a straight-eight brain*	9
Mamma Watches Her Love Scenes..By Frederick James Smith *A movie reviewer looks at Lois Moran in her latest film*	16
Confessions of a Bootlegger.....By Paul Gallico *A melodrama of real life on rum's roaring road to riches*	17
She Loops to Conquer.....By William Weer *A tale of two sky-writers who fell for each other*	25
The Sun Sets on the California Condor..By George K. Shaffer *How the world's largest feathered flyer is starving to death*	35
The Accidental Kiss.....By Austin Parker *Ending a two-part story of a man who fled from love*	39
America's Real National Game.....By Hugh Fullerton *Some interesting figures revealing basket ball's growth*	53
Then I Learned to Drive a Car...By Mabel McElliott Clarke *A woman's protest against her husband's speeding inclinations*	58
Celebrities Are Human.....By Quin A. Ryan *A radio announcer tells tales o' "Mike"*	62
The Fear of God.....By Robert W. Chambers *A serial of a girl's gallantry amid dangers (Part Five)*	63
A Wonderful Visit.....By Aline Kilmer *Another LIBERTY story for children*	72
Billie Burke Laughs at a Thousand Rivals By Sidney Sutherland *Part Five of the chronicle of Broadway's most famous love affair*	73

News of the World (page 15); For the Love o' Lil (48); Patterns (49); Twenty Questions (50); Fashions (49 and 51); Cross-Word Puzzle (52); Bright Sayings of Children (59); Vox Pop (60); Food (70); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (78).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Mrs. Leslie Carter's Own Life Story

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, whose name stands for perfection in acting that touches the heart, begins her autobiography, entitled: Portrait of a Lady with Red Hair. The pages of this record pulsate with the struggles and victories of a young woman who refused to be the repressed "model girl" of her period, and determined to make her life colorful, gay, and above all creative.

Kathleen Norris, in Home, Sweet Home (But Nobody Home!), has painted two pictures of the American household—one as it is, the other as it ought to be. This famous novelist sees the greatest, richest, most powerful nation on earth largely made up of families threatened by waste, carelessness, lack of "clan feeling," and the shattering effects of easy divorce. Why are American women failing in their biggest job? she asks, and herself gives an answer.

Nobody has written better war stories than Captain Elliott White Springs, one of the heroes of War Birds. What other fiction hints at and whispers about, he comes right out and *says*. In Caveat Emptor, his latest tale, he gives us the moving chronicle of a flyer who laid his heart in the soft white hands of a girl seemingly all spotless innocence, and really— But read it and see!

Dana Burnet contributes The Man Who Got Hungry. It's the story of a chap who couldn't for the life of him answer the question: "What ails me?" When he did trip over the answer, in the strangest of ways, he was astounded—as you'll be!

January 8, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 36

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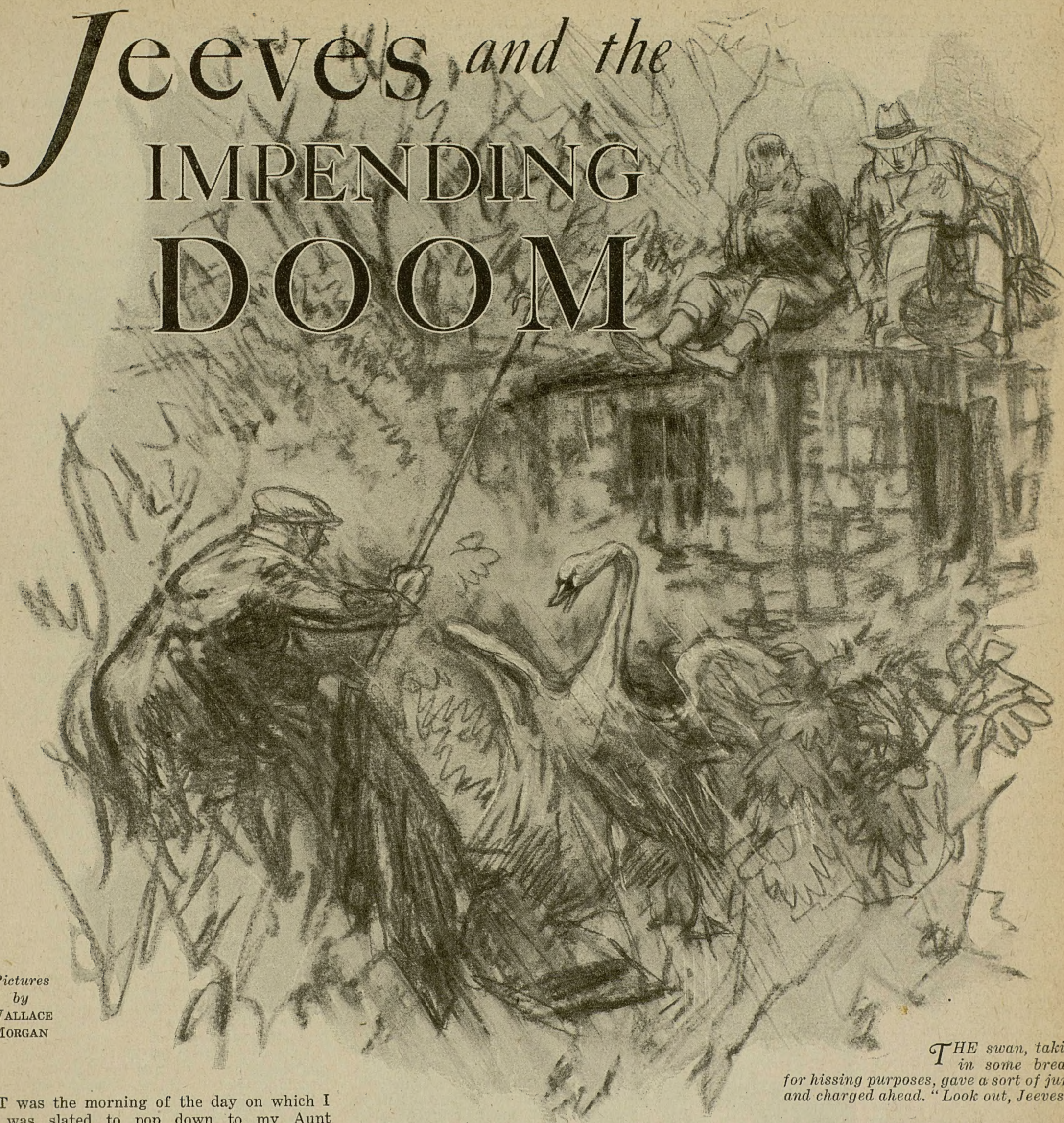
Jeeves and the IMPENDING DOOM



Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

THE swan, taking in some breath for hissing purposes, gave a sort of jump and charged ahead. "Look out, Jeeves!"

A Perfect Valet Irons Out a Crease in His Master's Life

A Short Story by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT was the morning of the day on which I was slated to pop down to my Aunt Agatha's place at Woollam Chersey in the county of Herts for a visit of three solid weeks; and, as I seated myself at the breakfast table, I don't mind confessing that the heart was singularly heavy. We Woosters are men of iron, but beneath my intrepid exterior at that moment there lurked a nameless dread.

"Jeeves," I said, "I am not the old merry self this morning."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

Jeeves uncovered the fragrant eggs and b., and I pronged a moody forkful.

"Why—this is what I keep asking myself, Jeeves—why has my Aunt Agatha invited me to her country seat?"

"I could not say, sir."

"Not because she is fond of me."

"No, sir."

"It is a well established fact that I give her a pain in the neck. How it happens, I cannot say; but she regards me as a worm and an outcast and would gladly drop something on me from a high window. Am I right or wrong, Jeeves?"

"Perfectly correct, sir."

"And yet, now she has absolutely insisted on my scratching all previous engagements and buzzing down to Woollam Chersey. She must have some sinister reason of which we know nothing. Can you blame me, Jeeves, if the heart is heavy?"

"No, sir. Excuse me, sir, I fancy I heard the front door bell."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JEEVES AND THE IMPENDING DOOM]
Continued from Page Nine

He shimmered out, and I took another listless stab at the e. and bacon.

"A telegram, sir," said Jeeves, re-entering the presence.

"Open it, Jeeves, and read contents. Who is it from?"

"It is unsigned, sir."

"You mean there's no name at the end of it?"

"That is precisely what I was endeavoring to convey, sir."

"Let's have a look."

I scanned the thing. It was a rummy communication. Rummy. No other word. As follows:

> Remember when you come here absolutely vital meet perfect strangers.

We Woosters are not very strong in the head, particularly at breakfast-time; and I was conscious of a dull ache between the eyebrows.

"What does it mean, Jeeves?"

"I could not say, sir."

"It says 'come here.' Where's here?"

"You will notice that the message was handed in at Woollam Chersey, sir."

"You're absolutely right. At Woollam, as you very cleverly spotted, Chersey. This tells us something, Jeeves."

"What, sir?"

"I don't know. It couldn't be from my Aunt Agatha, do you think?"

"Hardly, sir."

"No; you're right again. Then all we can say is that some person unknown, resident at Woollam Chersey, considers it absolutely vital for me to meet perfect strangers. But why should I meet perfect strangers, Jeeves?"

"I could not say, sir."

"And yet, looking at it from another angle, why shouldn't I?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Then what it comes to is that the thing is a mystery which time alone can solve. We must wait and see, Jeeves."

"The very expression I was about to employ, sir."

I HIT Woollam Chersey at about 4 o'clock, and found Aunt Agatha in her lair, writing letters. She regarded me with not a fearful lot of joy.

"Oh, there you are, Bertie."

"Yes, here I am."

"There's a smut on your nose."

I plied the handkerchief.

"I am glad you have arrived so early. I want to have a word with you before you meet Mr. Filmer."

"Who?"

"Mr. Filmer, the Cabinet Minister. He is staying in the house. Surely even you must have heard of Mr. Filmer?"

"Oh, rather," I said—though, as a matter of fact, the bird was completely unknown to me. What with one thing and another, I'm not frightfully well up in the personnel of the political world.

"I particularly wish you to make a good impression on Mr. Filmer. You will endeavor, therefore, while you are here, not to display yourself in the role of a vapid and frivolous wastrel. In the first place, you will give up smoking during your visit."

"Oh, I say!"

"Mr. Filmer is president of the Anti-Tobacco League. Nor will you drink alcoholic stimulants."

"Oh, dash it!"

"And you will kindly exclude from your conversation all that is suggestive of the bar, the billiard-room, and the stage door. Mr. Filmer will judge you largely by your conversation."

I rose to a point of order:

"Yes; but why have I got to make an impression on this—on Mr. Filmer?"

"Because," said the old relative, giving me the eye, "I particularly wish it."

Not, perhaps, a notably snappy comeback, as comebacks go; but it was enough to show me that that was more or less that; and I beetled out with an aching heart.

I headed for the garden, and I'm dashed if the first person I saw wasn't young Bingo Little.

BINGO LITTLE and I have been pals practically from birth. Born in the same village within a couple of days of each other, we went through kindergarten, Eton, and Oxford together; and, grown to riper years, we have enjoyed in the old metrop full many a first-class binge in each other's society. If there was one fellow in the world, I felt, who could alleviate the horrors of this blighted visit of mine, that bloke was young Bingo Little.

But how he came to be there was more than I could understand. Some time before, you see, he had married the celebrated authoress, Rosie M. Banks; and the last I had seen of him he had been on the point of accompanying her to America on a lecture tour. I distinctly remembered him cursing freely because the trip would mean his missing Ascot.

Still, rummy as it might seem, here he was. And, aching for the sight of a friendly face, I gave tongue like a bloodhound:

"Bingo!"

He spun around and waved his arms at me like a semaphore.

"'Sh!" he hissed. "Would you ruin me?"

"Eh?"

"Didn't you get my telegram?"

"Was that your telegram?"

"Of course it was my telegram."

"Then why didn't you sign it?"

"I did sign it."

"No, you didn't. I couldn't make out what it was all about."

"Well, you got my letter."

"What letter?"

"My letter."

"I didn't get any letter."

"Then I must have forgotten to post it. It was to tell you that I was down here, tutoring your cousin Thomas, and that it was essential that, when we met, you should treat me as a perfect stranger."

"But why?"

Bingo raised his eyebrows.

"Why? Be reasonable, Bertie. If you were your aunt, and you knew the sort of chap you were, would you let a fellow you knew to be your best pal tutor your son?"

This made the old lemon swim a bit, but I got his meaning after a while, and I had to admit that there was much rugged good sense in what he said. Still, he hadn't explained what you might call the nub or gist of the mystery.

"I thought you were in America," I said.

"Well, I'm not."

"Why not?"

"Never mind why not. I'm not."

"But why have you taken a tutoring job?"

"Never mind why. I have my reasons. And I want you to get it into your head, Bertie—get it right through the concrete—that you and I must not be seen hobnobbing. Your blighted cousin was caught smoking in the shrubbery the day before yesterday, and that has made my position pretty tottery, because your aunt said that if I had exercised an adequate surveillance over him it couldn't have happened. If, after that, she finds out I'm a friend of yours, nothing can save me from being shot out on my ear. And it is vital that I am not shot out."

"Why?"

"Never mind why."

At this point he seemed to think he heard somebody coming, for he suddenly leaped with incredible agility into a laurel bush. And I toddled along to consult Jeeves about these rummy happenings.

"Jeeves," I said, repairing to the bedroom where he was unpacking my things, "you remember that telegram?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was from Mr. Little. He's here, tutoring my young cousin Thomas."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I can't understand it. He appears to be a free agent, if you know what I mean; and yet, would any man who was a free agent wantonly come to a house that contained my Aunt Agatha?"

"It seems peculiar, sir."

"Moreover, would anybody of his own free will, and as a mere pleasure-seeker, tutor my cousin Thomas, who is notoriously a tough egg and a fiend in human shape?"

"Most improbable, sir."

"These are deep waters, Jeeves."

"Precisely, sir."

"And the ghastly part of it all is that he seems to consider it necessary, in order to keep his job, to treat me like a long-lost leper—thus killing my only chance of having anything approaching a decent time in this abode of desolation. For do you realize, Jeeves, that my aunt says I mustn't smoke while I'm here?"

"Indeed, sir?"

"Nor drink."

"Why is this, sir?"

"Because she wants me—for some dark and furtive reason that she will not explain—to impress a fellow named Filmer."

"Too bad, sir. However, many doctors, I understand, advocate such abstinence as the secret of health."

"Oh, do they? Well, you can tell them, next time you see them, that they are silly asses."

"Very good, sir."

AND so began what, looking back along a fairly eventful career, I think I may confidently say was the scaliest visit I have ever experienced in the course of my life. What with the agony of missing the life-giving cocktail before dinner; the painful necessity of being obliged, every time I wanted a quiet cigarette, to lie on the floor in my bedroom and puff the smoke up the chimney; the constant discomfort of meeting Aunt Agatha round unexpected corners; and the fearful strain on the morale of having to chum with the Right Hon. A. B. Filmer—it was not long before Bertram was up against it to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

I played golf with the Right Hon. every day, and it was only by biting the Wooster lip and clenching the fists till the knuckles stood out white under the strain that I managed to pull through. The Right Hon. punctuated some of the ghastliest golf I have ever seen with a flow of conversation that, as far as I was concerned, went completely over the top; and, all in all, I was beginning to feel pretty sorry for myself when, one night as I was in my room listlessly donning the soup-and-fish in preparation for the evening meal, in trickled young Bingo and took my mind off my own troubles.

"Bertie," said Bingo, having sat down on the bed and diffused silent gloom for a moment, "how is Jeeves' brain these days?"

"Fairly strong on the wing, I fancy. How is the gray matter, Jeeves? Surging about pretty freely?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank Heaven for that," said young Bingo, "for I require your soundest counsel. Unless right-thinking people take strong steps through the proper channels, my name will be mud."

"NOTHING at the moment, I regret to say, sir." Bingo uttered a stricken woofle like a bulldog that has been refused cake.

"What's wrong, old thing?" I asked sympathetically.

Bingo plucked at the coverlet.

"I will tell you," he said. "I will also now reveal why I am staying in this pesthouse, tutoring a kid who requires not education in the Greek and Latin languages, but a swift slosh on the base of the skull with a blackjack. I came here, Bertie, because it was the only thing I could do.

"AT the last moment before she sailed to America, Rosie decided that I had better stay behind and look after the Peke. She left me a couple of hundred quid to see me through till her return. This sum, judiciously expended over the period of her absence, would have been enough to keep the Peke and myself in moderate affluence. But you know how it is."

"How what is?"

"When someone comes slinking up to you in the club and tells you that some cripple of a horse can't help winning even if it develops lumbago and the bots ten yards from the starting post. I tell you, I regarded the thing as a cautious and conservative investment."

"You mean you planked the entire capital on a horse?"

Bingo laughed bitterly.

"If you could call the thing a horse. If it hadn't shown a flash of speed in the straight, it would have got mixed up with the next race. It came in last, putting me in a dashed delicate position. Somehow or other, I had to find the funds to keep me going, so that I could win through till Rosie's return without her knowing what had occurred. Rosie is the dearest girl in the world; but if you were a married man, Bertie, you would be aware that the best of wives is apt to cut up rough if she finds that her husband has dropped six weeks' housekeeping money on a single race. Isn't that so, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir. Women are odd in that respect."

"It was a moment for swift thinking. There was enough left from the wreck to board the Peke out at a comfortable home. I signed him up for six weeks at the Kozy Komfort Kennels at Kingsbridge, Kent, and tottered out, a broken man, to get a tutoring job. I landed the kid Thomas. And here I am."

It was a sad story, of course, but it seemed to me that, awful as it might be to be in constant association with my Aunt Agatha and young Thos., he had got rather well out of a tight place.

"All you have to do," I said, "is to carry on here for a few weeks more, and everything will be oojah-cum-spiff."

Bingo barked bleakly.

"A few weeks more! I shall be lucky if I stay two days. You remember, I told you that your aunt's faith in me as a guardian of her blighted son was shaken a few days ago by the fact that he was caught smoking. I now find that the person who caught him smoking was the man Filmer. And ten minutes ago young Thomas told me that he was proposing to inflict some hideous revenge on Filmer for having reported him to your aunt. I don't know what he is going to do, but if he does it, out I inevitably go on my left ear. Your aunt thinks the world of Filmer, and would sack me on the spot. And three weeks before Rosie gets back!"

I saw all.

"Jeeves," I said.

"Sir?"

"I see all. Do you see all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then flock around."

"I fear, sir——"

Bingo gave a low moan.

"Don't tell me, Jeeves," he said brokenly, "that nothing suggests itself."

"Nothing at the moment, I regret to say, sir."

Bingo uttered a stricken woofle like a bulldog that has been refused cake.

"Well, then, the only thing I can do, I suppose," he said somberly, "is not to let the pie-faced little thug out of my sight for a second."

"Absolutely," I said. "Ceaseless vigilance. Eh, Jeeves?"

"Precisely, sir."

"But meanwhile, Jeeves," said Bingo, in a low, earnest voice, "you will be devoting your best thought to the matter, won't you?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thank you, Jeeves."

"Not at all, sir."

I WILL say for young Bingo that, once the need for action arrived, he behaved with an energy and a determination that compelled respect. I suppose there was not a minute during the next two days when the kid Thos. was able to say to himself, "Alone at last!"

But on the evening of the second day Aunt Agatha announced that some people were coming over on the morrow for a spot of tennis, and I feared that the worst must now befall.

Young Bingo, you see, is one of those fellows who, once their fingers close over the handle of a tennis racket, fall into a sort of trance in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JEEVES AND THE IMPENDING DOOM
Continued from Page Eleven]

which nothing outside the radius of the lawn exists for them. I knew that he would not give a thought to young Thomas and the Right Hon. till the last ball had bounced, and, as I dressed for dinner that night, I was conscious of an impending doom.

"Jeeves," I said, "have you ever pondered on the difference between things as they look and things as they are?"

"From time to time, sir, in my leisure moments. The trousers perhaps a half-inch higher, sir. A very slight adjustment of the braces will effect the necessary alteration. You were saying, sir?"

"I mean, here at Woollam Chersey we have apparently a happy, carefree, country house party. But beneath the glittering surface, Jeeves, dark currents are running. One gazes at the Right Hon. wrapping himself round the salmon mayonnaise at lunch, and he seems a man without a care in the world. Yet all the while a dreadful fate is hanging over him, creeping nearer and nearer. What exact steps do you think the kid Thomas intends to take?"

"In the course of an informal conversation which I had with the young gentleman this afternoon, sir, he informed me that he had been reading a romance entitled Treasure Island, and had been much struck by the character and actions of a certain *Captain Flint*. I gathered that he was weighing the advisability of modeling his own conduct on that of the *Captain*."

"But, good heavens, Jeeves! If I remember Treasure Island, *Flint* was the bird who went about hitting people with a cutlass. You don't think young Thomas would bean Mr. Filmer with a cutlass?"

"Possibly he does not possess a cutlass, sir."

"Well, with anything?"

"We can but wait and see, sir. The tie, if I might suggest it, sir, a shade more tightly knotted. One aims at the perfect butterfly effect. If you will permit me——"

"What do ties matter, Jeeves, at a time like this? Do you realize that Mr. Little's domestic happiness is hanging in the scale?"

"There is no time, sir, at which ties do not matter."

I could see the man was pained, but I did not try to heal the wound. What's the word I want? Preoccupied. I was too preoccupied, don't you know. And distrait. Not to say careworn.

I WAS still careworn when, next day at half-past two, the revels commenced on the tennis lawn. It was one of those close, baking days, with thunder rumbling just round the corner; and it seemed to me that there was a brooding menace in the air.

"Bingo," I said, as we pushed forth to do our bit in the first doubles, "I wonder what young Thos. will be up to this afternoon, with the eye of authority no longer on him?"

"Eh?" said Bingo absently.

Already the tennis look had come into his face, and his eye was glazed. He swung his racket and snorted a little.

"I don't see him anywhere," I said.

"You don't what?"

"See him."

"Who?"

"Young Thos."

"What about him?"

I let it go.

The only consolation I had, in the black period of the opening of the tourney, was the fact that the Right Hon. had taken a seat among the spectators and was wedged in between a couple of females with parasols. Reason told me that even a kid so steeped in sin as young Thomas would hardly perpetrate any outrage on a man in such a strong strategic position.

Considerably relieved, I gave myself up to the game—and became so engrossed that I did not notice the Right Hon. leave the tennis lawn. Suddenly there was a roll of thunder and the rain started to come down in buckets.

WE all stampeded for the house, and had gathered in the drawing-room for tea, when suddenly Aunt Agatha, looking up from a cucumber sandwich, said:

"Has anybody seen Mr. Filmer?"

It was one of the nastiest jars I have ever experienced. My slice of cake, slipping from my nerveless fingers, fell to the ground and was wolfed by Aunt Agatha's spaniel, Robert. Once more I seemed to become conscious of an impending doom.

For this man Filmer, you must understand, was not one of those men who are lightly kept from the tea table. A hearty trencherman and particularly fond of his 5 o'clock couple of cups and bite of muffin, only the machinations of some enemy could be keeping him from the drawing-room now, complete with nose bag.

"He must have got caught in the rain and be sheltering somewhere in the grounds," said Aunt Agatha. "Bertie, go out and find him. Take a raincoat to him."

"Right ho!" I said. And I meant it. My only desire in life now was to find the Right Hon.

I put on a raincoat and tucked another under my arm, and was sallying forth when, in the hall, I ran into Jeeves.

"Jeeves," I said, "I fear the worst. Mr. Filmer is missing."

"Yes, sir."

"I am about to scour the grounds in search of him."

"I can save you the trouble, sir. Mr. Filmer is on the island in the middle of the lake."

"In this rain? Why doesn't the chump row back?"

"He has no boat, sir."

"Then how can he be on the island?"

"He rowed there, sir. But Master Thomas rowed after him and set his boat adrift. He was informing me of the circumstances a moment ago, sir. It appears that *Captain Flint* was in the habit of marooning people on islands, and Master Thomas felt that he could pursue no more judicious course than to follow his example."

"But, heavens, Jeeves! The man must be getting soaked."

"Yes, sir. Master Thomas commented upon that aspect of the matter."

It was a time for action.

"Come with me, Jeeves!"

"Very good, sir."

I buzzed for the boathouse.

My Aunt Agatha's husband, Spenser Gregson, who is on the Stock Exchange, had recently cleaned up to an amazing extent in Sumatra Rubber; and Aunt Agatha, in selecting a country estate, had lashed out on an impressive scale. There were miles of what they call rolling parkland, trees in considerable profusion well provided with doves and whatnot cooing in no uncertain voice, gardens full of roses, and also stables, outhouses, and messuages—the whole forming a rather fruity *tout ensemble*.

But the feature of the place was the lake.

It stood to the east of the house, beyond the rose garden, and covered several acres. In the middle of it was an island. In the middle of the island was a building known as the Octagon. And in the middle of the Octagon, seated on the roof and spouting water like a public fountain, was the Right Hon. A. B. Filmer, shouting.

It seemed to me that even a Cabinet Minister ought to have had more sense than to stay right out in the open like that, when there were trees to shelter under.

"A little more to the right, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

I made a neat landing.

"Wait here, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir. The head gardener was informing me this morning, sir, that one of the swans had recently nested on this island."

"This is no time for natural history gossip, Jeeves," I said—a little severely, for the rain was coming down harder than ever and the Wooster trouser legs were already considerably moistened.

"Very good, sir."

I pushed my way through the bushes. The going was sticky and took about eight and elevenpence off the value of my Sure-Grip tennis shoes in the first two yards. But I persevered, and presently came out in the open and found myself in a sort of clearing facing the Octagon.

This building was run up somewhere in the last century, I have been told, to enable the grandfather of the late owner to have some quiet place out of earshot of the house where he could practice the fiddle.

From what I know of fiddlers, I should imagine that he had produced some fairly frightful sounds there in his time; but they can have been nothing to the ones that were coming from the roof of the place now. The Right Hon., not having spotted the arrival of the rescue party, was apparently trying to make his voice carry across the waste of waters to the house; and I'm not saying it was not a good sporting effort. He had one of those highish tenors, and his yowls seemed to screech over my head like shells.

I thought it about time to slip him the glad news that assistance had arrived before he strained a vocal chord.

"Hi!" I shouted, waiting for a lull.

HE poked his head over the edge.

"Hi!" he bellowed, looking in every direction but the right one, of course.

"Hi!"

"Hi!"

"Hi!"

"Oh!" he said, spotting me at last.

"What ho!" I replied, sort of clinching the thing.

I suppose the conversation can't be said to have touched a frightfully high level up to this moment; but probably we should have got a deal brainier very shortly—only just then there was a hissing noise like a tire bursting in a nest of cobras, and out of the bushes to my left there popped something so large and white and active that, thinking quicker than I had ever done in my life, I rose like a rocketing pheasant, and, before I knew what I was doing, had begun the climb for life.

Something slapped against the wall about an inch below my right ankle, and any doubts I may have had about remaining below vanished. The lad who bore 'mid snow and ice the banner with the strange device, "Excelsior!" was the model for Bertram.

"Be careful!" yipped the Right Hon.

I was.

Whoever built the Octagon might have constructed it especially for this sort of crisis. Its walls had grooves at regular intervals which were just right for the hands and feet, and it wasn't very long before I was parked up on the roof beside the Right Hon., gazing

down at one of the largest and shortest-tempered swans I had ever seen. It was standing below, stretching up a neck like a hose pipe, just where a bit of brick, judiciously bunged, would catch it amidships.

I bunged the brick and scored a bull's-eye.

The Right Hon. didn't seem any too well pleased.

"Don't tease it!" he said.

"It teased me," I said.

The swan extended another eight feet of neck and gave an imitation of steam escaping from a leaky pipe. The rain continued to lash down with what you might call indescribable fury, and I was sorry that, in the agitation inseparable from shinning up a stone wall at practically a second's notice, I had dropped the raincoat I had been bringing with me for my fellow rooster. For a moment I thought of offering mine, but wiser counsels prevailed.

"How near did it come to getting you?" I asked.

"Within an ace," replied my companion, gazing down with a look of marked dislike. "I had to make a very rapid spring."

The Right Hon. was a tubby little chap who looked as if he had been poured into his clothes and had forgotten to say "When!"—and the picture he conjured up, if you know what I mean, was rather pleasing.

"It is no laughing matter," he said, shifting the look of dislike to me.

"Sorry."

"I might have been seriously injured."

"Would you consider bunging another brick at the bird?"

"Do nothing of the sort. It will only annoy him."

"Well, why not annoy him? He hasn't shown such a dashed lot of consideration for our feelings."

THE Right Hon. now turned to another aspect of the matter:

"I cannot understand how my boat, which I fastened securely to the stump of a willow tree, could have drifted away."

"Dashed mysterious."

"I begin to suspect that it was deliberately set loose by some mischievous person."

"Oh, I say, no; hardly likely, that. You'd have seen them doing it."

"No, Mr. Wooster; for the bushes form an effective screen. Moreover, rendered drowsy by the unusual warmth of the afternoon, I dozed off for some little time almost immediately after I reached the island."

This wasn't the sort of thing I wanted his mind dwelling on, so I changed the subject.

"Wet, isn't it, what?" I said.

"I had already observed it," said the Right Hon. in one of those nasty, bitter voices. "I thank you, however, for drawing the matter to my attention."

Chitchat about the weather hadn't gone with much of a bang, I perceived. I had a shot at Bird Life in the Home Counties.

"Have you ever noticed," I said, "how a swan's eyebrows sort of meet in the middle?"

"I have had every opportunity of observing all that there is to observe about swans."

"Gives them a sort of peevish look, what?"

"The look to which you allude has not escaped me."

"Rummy," I said, rather warming to my subject, "how bad an effect family life has on a swan's disposition."

"I wish you would select some other topic of conversation than swans."

"No, but, really, it's rather interesting. I mean to say, our old pal down there is probably a perfect ray of sunshine in normal circumstances. Quite the domestic pet, don't you know. But purely and simply because the little woman happens to be nesting——"

I paused. You will scarcely believe me, but until this moment, what with all the recent bustle and activity, I had clean forgotten that, while we were treed up on the roof like this, there lurked all the time in the background one whose giant brains, if notified of the emergency and requested to flock round, would probably be able to think up half a dozen schemes for solving our little difficulties in a couple of minutes.

"Jeeves!" I shouted.

"Sir?" came a faint, respectful voice from the great open spaces.

"My man," I explained to the Right Hon. "A fellow of infinite resource and sagacity.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE spun around and waved his arms at me like a semaphore. "'Sh!" he hissed. "Would you ruin me?"

[JEEVES AND THE IMPENDING DOOM
Continued from Page Thirteen]

He'll have us out of this in a minute. Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"I'm sitting on the roof."

"Very good, sir."

"Don't say 'Very good.' Come and help us. Mr. Filmer and I are treed, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

"Don't keep saying 'Very good.' It's nothing of the kind. The place is alive with swans."

"I will attend to the matter immediately, sir."

I turned to the Right Hon. I even went so far as to pat him on the back. It was like slapping a wet sponge.

"All is well," I said: "Jeeves is coming."

"What can he do?"

I frowned a trifle. The man's tone had been peevish, and I didn't like it.

"That," I replied with a touch of stiffness, "we cannot say until we see him in action. He may pursue one course or he may pursue another. But on one thing you may rely with the utmost confidence—Jeeves will find a way. See, here he comes, stealing through the undergrowth, his face shining with the light of pure intelligence. There are no limits to Jeeves' brain power. He virtually lives on fish."

I bent over the edge and peered into the abyss.

"Look out for the swan, Jeeves."

"I have the bird under close observation, sir."

The swan had been uncoiling a further supply of neck in our direction; but now he whipped around. The sound of a voice speaking in his rear seemed to affect him powerfully. He subjected Jeeves to a short, keen scrutiny, and then, taking in some breath for hissing purposes, gave a sort of jump and charged ahead.

"Look out, Jeeves!"

"Very good, sir."

WELL, I could have told that swan it was no use. As swans go, he may have been well up in the ranks of the intelligentsia; but when it came to pitting his brains against Jeeves, he was simply wasting his time—he might just as well have gone home at once.

Every young man starting life ought to know how to cope with an angry swan, so I will briefly relate the proper procedure: you start by picking up the raincoat that somebody has dropped; and then, judging the distance to a nicety, you simply shove the raincoat over the bird's head; and, taking the boat hook which you have prudently brought with you, you insert it underneath the swan and heave. The swan goes into a bush and starts trying to unscramble itself; and you saunter back to your boat, taking with you any friends who happen at the moment to be sitting on roofs in the vicinity. That was Jeeves' method, and I cannot see how it could have been improved upon.

The Right Hon., showing a turn of speed of which I would not have believed him capable, and I were in the boat in considerably under two ticks.

From that moment he seemed to sort of huddle up and meditate. Dashed absorbed, he was. Even when I caught a crab and shot about a pint of water down his neck, he didn't seem to notice it.

It was only when we were landing that he came to life again.

"Mr. Wooster."

"Oh, ah?"

"I have been thinking of that matter of which I spoke to you some time back—the problem of how my boat could have got adrift."

I didn't like this.

"The dickens of a problem," I said. "Insoluble, I should call it. Better not bother about it any more."

"On the contrary, I have arrived at a solution, and one which I think is the only feasible solution. I am convinced that my boat was set adrift by the boy Thomas, my hostess' son."

"Oh, I say, no! Why?"

"He had a grudge against me. And it is the sort of thing only a boy, or one who is practically an imbecile, would have thought of doing."

He legged it for the house; and I turned to Jeeves, aghast. Yes, you might say aghast.

"You heard, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's to be done?"

"Perhaps Mr. Filmer, on thinking the matter over, will decide that his suspicions are unjust."

"But they aren't unjust."

"No, sir."

"Then what's to be done?"

"I could not say, sir."

I pushed off rather smartly to the house and reported to Aunt Agatha that the Right Hon. had been salved; and then I toddled upstairs to have a hot bath, being considerably soaked from stem to stern as the result of my rambles. While I was enjoying the grateful warmth, a knock came at the door.

It was Purvis, Aunt Agatha's butler.

"Mrs. Gregson desires me to say, sir, that she would be glad to see you as soon as you are ready."

"But she has seen me."

"I gather that she wishes to see you again, sir."

"Oh, right ho."

I lay beneath the surface for another few minutes; then, having dried the frame, went along the corridor to my room. Jeeves was there, fiddling about with underclothing.

"Oh, Jeeves," I said, "I've just been thinking. Oughtn't somebody to go and give Mr. Filmer a spot of quinine or something? Errand of mercy, what?"

"I have already done so, sir."

"Good. I shouldn't say I liked the man frightfully, but I don't want him to get a cold in the head."

I shoved on a sock.

"Jeeves," I said, "I suppose you know that we've got to think of something pretty quick? I mean to say, you realize the position? Mr. Filmer suspects young Thomas of doing exactly what he did do, and if he brings home the charge, Aunt Agatha will undoubtedly fire Mr. Little, and then Mrs. Little will find out what Mr. Little has been up to, and what will be the upshot and outcome, Jeeves? I will tell you: it will mean that Mrs. Little will secure the goods on Mr. Little to an extent to which, though only a bachelor myself, I should say that no wife ought to secure the goods on her husband if the proper give-and-take of married life—what you might call the essential balance, as it were—is to be preserved. Women bring these things up, Jeeves. They do not forget and forgive."

"Very true, sir."

"Then how about it?"

"I have already attended to the matter, sir."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir. I had scarcely left you when the solution of the affair presented itself to me. It was a remark of Mr. Filmer's that gave me the idea."

"Jeeves, you're a marvel!"

"Thank you very much, sir."

"What was the solution?"

"I conceived the notion of going to Mr. Filmer and saying that it was you who had stolen his boat, sir."

The man flickered before me. I clutched a sock in a feverish grip.

"Saying—what?"

"AT first Mr. Filmer was reluctant to credit my statement. But I pointed out to him that you had known that he was on the island—a fact which he agreed was highly significant. I pointed out, furthermore, that you were a light-hearted young gentleman, sir, who might well do such a thing as a practical joke. I left him quite convinced."

I gazed at the blighter, spellbound.

"And that's what you consider a neat solution?" I said.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Little will now retain his position, as desired."

"And what about me?"

"You are also benefited, sir."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"Yes, sir. I have ascertained that Mrs. Gregson's motive in inviting you to this house was that she might present you to Mr. Filmer with a view to your becoming his private secretary."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. Purvis, the butler, chanced to overhear Mrs. Gregson in conversation with Mr. Filmer on the matter."

"Secretary to that superfatted bore! Jeeves, I could never have survived it."

"No, sir. I fancy you would not have found it agreeable. Yet, had Mrs. Gregson secured the position for you, you might have found it embarrassing to decline to accept it."

"But, I say, Jeeves, there's just one point which you seem to have overlooked: where exactly do I get off? I mean to say, Aunt Agatha sent word by Purvis just now that she wanted to see me. Probably she's polishing up her hatchet at this very moment."

"It might be the most judicious plan not to meet her, sir."

"But how can I help it?"

"There is a good stout water pipe running down the wall outside this window, sir. And I could have the two-seater waiting outside the park gates in twenty minutes."

I eyed him with reverence.

"Jeeves," I said, "you are always right. You couldn't make it five, could you?"

"Let us say ten, sir."

"Ten it is. Lay out some raiment suitable for travel, and leave the rest to me. Where is this water pipe of which you speak so highly?"

THE END

She Burned Her Bridges in the Fire of Her Revolt

BACK in the dull, drab '80's, a flaming girl broke from her mid-Victorian bonds, hurled her passionate defiance at society.

Society took up her challenge; cast her out.

But the genius that set her apart from other women—her magnetism, her daring zest for life—lifted her from depths of discouragement to the brilliant zenith of fame.

Beginning in LIBERTY next week, Mrs. Leslie Carter tells her own story. The story of David Belasco, of Zaza, Du Barry, Maryland Calvert, Adrea. It is called

PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR

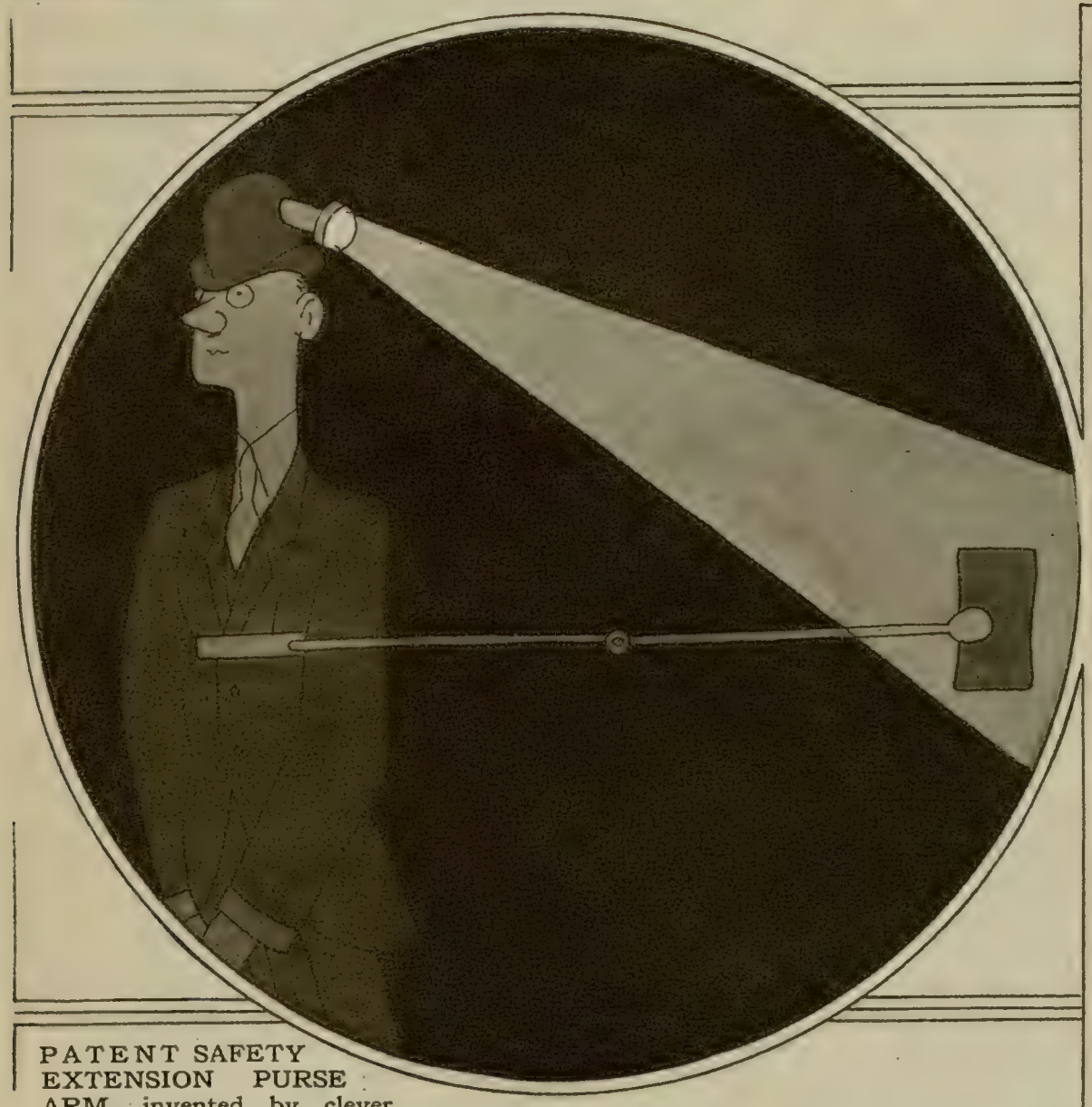
The intimate record of a flaming life, written in fire.

Mrs. Leslie Carter at the height of her career.

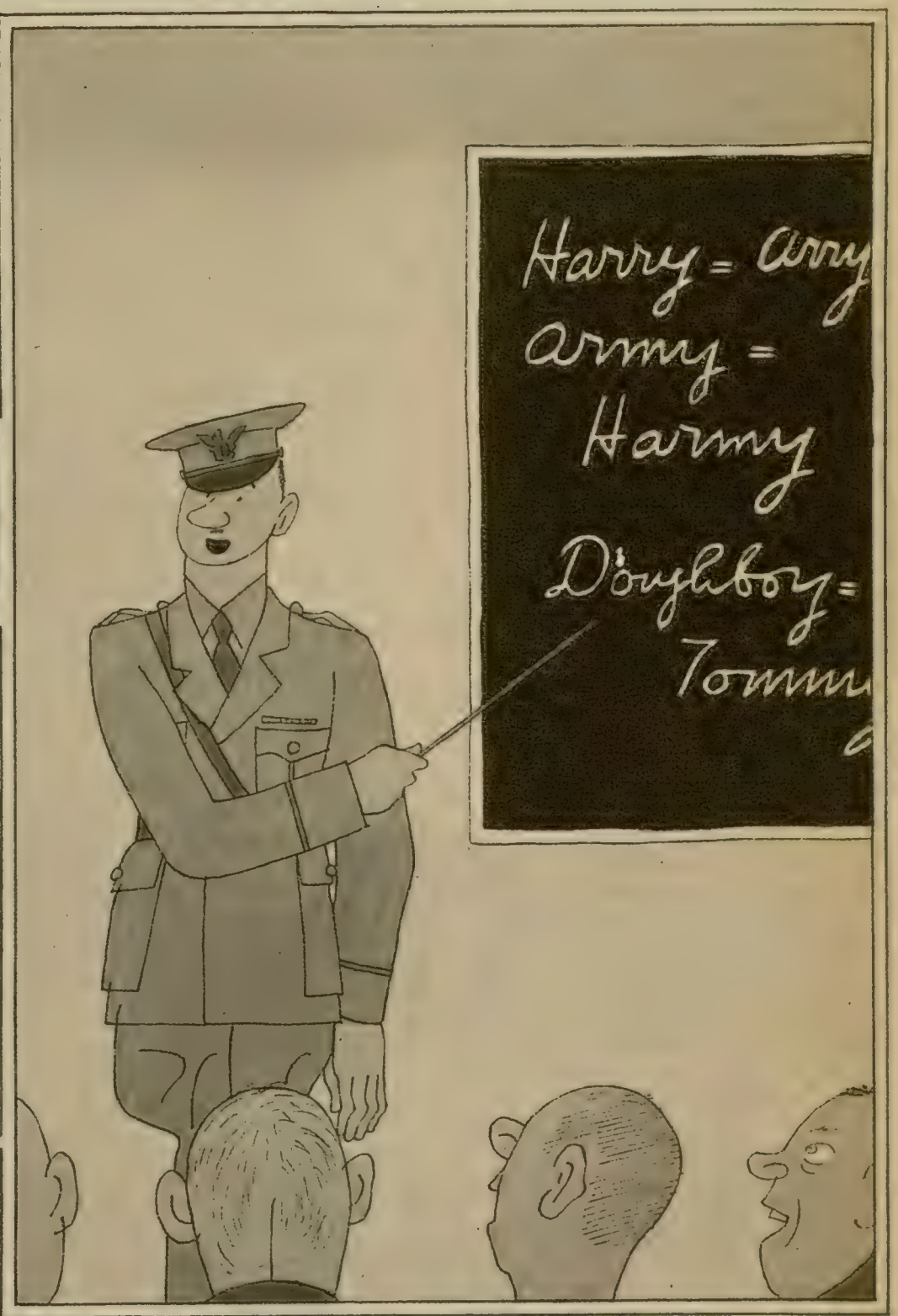
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

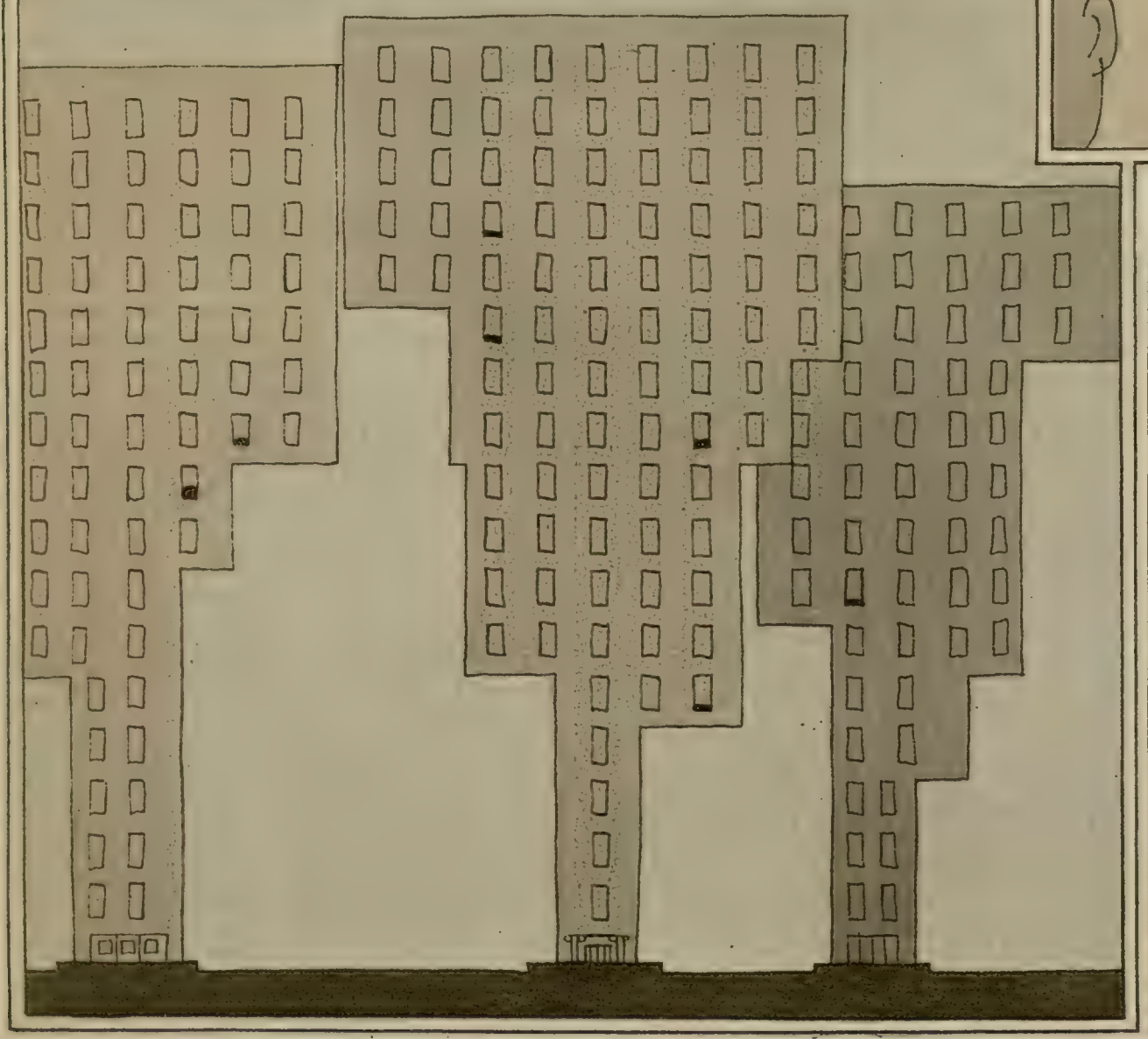
By RALPH BARTON



PATENT SAFETY EXTENSION PURSE ARM, invented by clever Chicago man, holds wallet in strong light two yards from the body, minimizes the danger of bodily harm by rendering wallet easily snatchable, and makes walking in the streets of the Windy City at night comparatively safe.



INSTRUCTOR AT U. S. OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL teaching Cockney to recruits, in order to keep pace with Army's faithful imitation of the British Army in uniforms, tactics, etc.



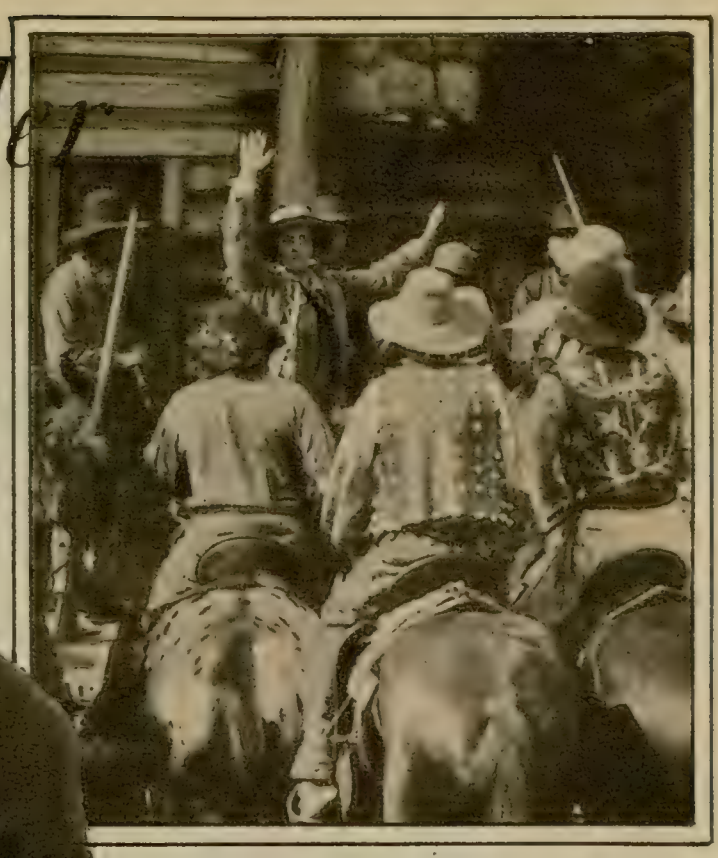
FAMOUS ARCHITECT'S PLAN solves traffic problem again by reversing the zoning regulations, giving greater width to streets.

IN ORDER STILL FURTHER TO DISCOURAGE Bolshevik emigration, our far-seeing Secretary Kellogg introduces Pink, White, and Blue flag.

Mamma watches Her LOVE SCENES

Hollywood Smiles at Its Ten o'Clock Girl, But It Can't Laugh Off Her Pay Check

A Movie Review by
Frederick James Smith



A scene from The Flaming Forest, depicting the founding of the Canadian Royal Mounted police.

PROBABLY some snappy lines might be built around the fact that the ornate and luxurious new Paramount Theater in Times Square, New York City, opened with the film, God Gave Me Twenty Cents. For the Paramount Theater is reputed to have cost $20,000,000.

Probably God Gave Me Twenty Cents was selected because its director, Herbert Brenon, had recently contributed a large sized hit to the box office. The hit was Beau Geste. God Gave Me Twenty Cents, however, is sentimental syrup. It is a story of New Orleans in Mardi Gras time, of a little orphan waif, Mary, who almost loses her Steve. Two thin dimes save Mary's happiness.

The motion picture is subordinated these days to musicians who playfully attack huge pipe organs, and to vaudeville. On top of all this, God Gave Me Twenty Cents is called upon to launch a vast movie cathedral containing such treasures as bits of stone from ancient Carthage, from *Hamlet's* castle of Elsinore, from Egypt's Valley of the Kings, and from one of Cæsar's palaces, built into the two-acre lobby.

Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw in Upstage.

* * *

Lois Moran stands out in the film. It is the most elaborate role she has been called upon to play since she came to the films as the little daughter of *Stella Dallas.*

Thousands of beautiful girls storm the portals of Hollywood every week, but Miss Moran found the going as easy as Cinderella getting to the Prince's grand ball. She was imported to Hollywood from Paris.

Not that she isn't an American. She was born in Pittsburgh seventeen years ago. Her mother took her abroad at the age of twelve, and she managed to obtain a place in the ballet of the Paris Opera House.

She had worked in two French films when Sam Goldwyn came to Paris. Preceding him was a publicity story announcing the fact that he was seeking a *Juliet.* Paris takes its publicity seriously—and Sam was surprised to find himself engulfed in a flood of letters. Among them was a note and a picture from Lois Moran.

Chidnoff photo

Lois Moran, Hollywood's Ten o'Clock Girl.

Goldwyn signed her, not for *Juliet,* but for the role in Stella Dallas. Upon her arrival in New York, she first was signed for a stage play, from which she later withdrew to fulfill her movie contract.

* * *

This Cinderella had the luck to have, besides a singularly angelic and arresting face, a far-seeing mother. She is guarded as religiously as a college quarterback before the big game. She eats a carefully chosen vegetable diet, she is in bed every night at ten, and her mother stands by to supervise all love scenes.

The movie colony has chuckled at the little vegetarian who never goes to parties; but, with just six film appearances, Lois Moran is earning close to $1,000 a week.

In Stella Dallas, Miss Moran contributed a mighty touching scene, at the lonely birthday party to which nobody came. In God gave Me Twenty Cents she is saccharine, although appealing now and then.

Lya de Putti, the vamp from Berlin who did a lot to ruin The Sorrows of Satan, does some more overacting in this picture.

* * *

The Flaming Forest, written by James Oliver Curwood and filmed by Metro-Goldwyn, has Renee Adoree for its heroine. Miss Adoree is an interesting contrast to the little Pittsburgher who came to Hollywood via Paris. Miss Adoree came by way of a tiny French circus.

Miss Adoree was born in Lille, France, twenty-four years ago, in a wagon of a small traveling circus. Her parents, French and Spanish, came of circus families, and in time Renee became a bareback rider and acrobatic dancer. Indeed, at five she was tumbling in the sawdust ring.

Renee was playing in a small theater in Brussels when the gray German horde began moving across Belgium. She fled to London and then drifted to New York.

Over here she appeared in four musical comedies, now long forgotten. She was just trying pictures when she met Tom Moore, once Alice Joyce's husband, at Delmonico's on New Year's Eve, 1921. They were married two months later—and divorced in two years.

Miss Adoree played a lot of roles around Hollywood until chance gave her the electrical part of *Melissande* in The Big Parade. That portrayal made her.

The Flaming Forest purports to show the founding of the Canadian Royal Mounted back in the '70s and the official unveiling of the phrase, "Get your man!" The picture collapses into sloppy, hokum melodrama. Even Miss Adoree is ineffective in this picture. Tony Moreno is weak as the first officer of the Royal Mounted to be torn between love and duty.

* * *

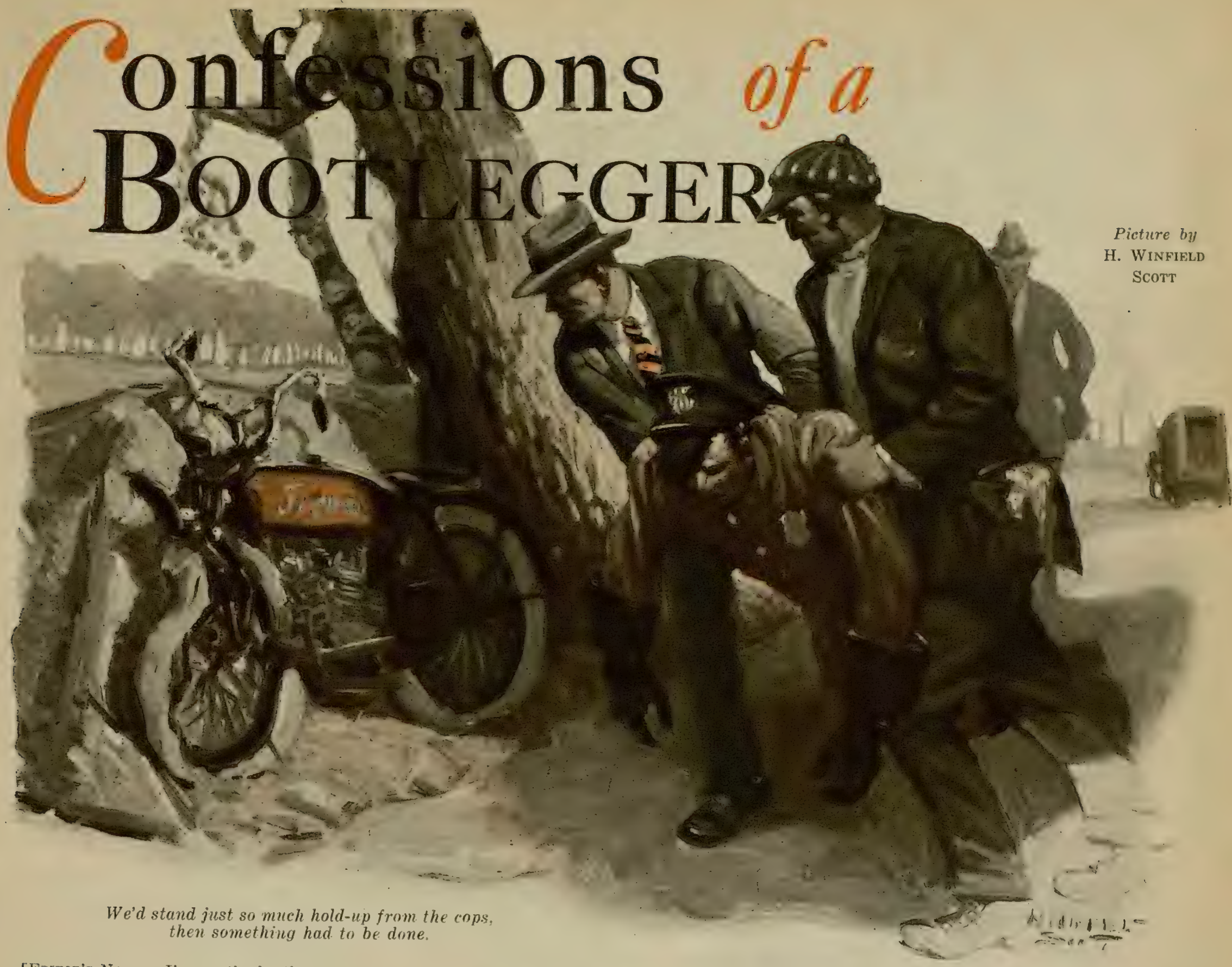
Upstage has Norma Shearer in an odd role—that of a beautiful dumb-bell of the varieties. She considers herself the whole act, gets fired, drifts to the chorus, and then discovers what it is to be a real trouper. Here, of course, is the hoary old theme of the stage; the show must go on, no matter what happens.

Still Monta Bell has given it the lift of intelligent direction. Miss Shearer characterizes the girl nicely, and Oscar Shaw, a current Broadway musical favorite, displays a real sense of screen comedy as the hoofer who loves the dumb-bell.

Do you know that—

Emil Jannings may do Eugene O'Neill's The Hairy Ape as his first American film? . . . There are lots of snappy movie titles these days, what with Norma Shearer doing The Demi-Bride and Bebe Daniels completing A Kiss in the Taxi?

Confessions of a BOOTLEGGER



Picture by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

We'd stand just so much hold-up from the cops, then something had to be done.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Jimmy, the bootlegger whose authentic experiences are related in this article, is one of the best known and most successful bootleggers in New York. His frank revelations are the fruit of several years' activity in rum running and bootlegging.]

A Melodrama of Real Life on Rum's Roaring Road to Riches

By "Jimmy," *as told to* Paul Gallico

I AM an honest bootlegger. My business is to make and to sell liquor that is fit to drink. I couldn't exist if it weren't for the fact that I have the co-operation of the local police, the State constabulary, the municipal police, and 85 per cent of the citizens. There is another 10 per cent that won't help you if you get into a jam. The remaining 5 per cent are fanatics. God help us if we get tangled up with any of them!

Tell the average person that you've got a load of liquor in your car, and he'll hide you, lie for you, and help you. It's a moral help as well as a physical one. I am a law-abiding citizen. I mean that I wouldn't break a law that would make me hated. It's the feeling that the people are with you that gives you the nerve to do some of the things we have to do.

Here! I'll show you what I mean. I was taking a load of liquor off a German boat one time. I had my runner loaded up with cheap Scotch, and was about to run for the shore when the Captain stopped me.

He pulled out a small capsule about the size of a lead-container for these patent pencils you see.

"You make money on Scotch," he said; "here's something you can make some real money on."

The capsules contained cocaine crystals. The price on board ship was twenty-five cents a capsule.

"I can give you the name of a man who'll take all you've got at five dollars apiece," said the Captain.

I told him nix; I wouldn't handle that sort of stuff. I told him that, while I was perfectly willing to handle liquor, I felt that I was breaking the law on that kind of stuff.

On another boat I was offered pound cans of opium at twenty dollars a can, retailing for $100. That is more profit than you can make on liquor. I wouldn't handle the stuff.

"I've refused to run in diamonds and furs from Canada, and aigrettes from Florida. I could get $1,000 apiece for running in Chinamen. I could do it as easily as I run in liquor.

That's not my line. I'm a bootlegger. That's my business. I've got my pride. If you don't think it's wrong to drink, you can't expect me to think I'm breaking the law when I get the stuff for you. Especially not when ninety-nine out of 100 of the local officers of the law are with us. The hundredth one we usually get.

There's the story of the cop who tried to pinch one of our liquor trains. I don't know whether he was an honest cop or wanted the liquor for himself. We were taking Scotch into Newark in a truck. We had a pilot car in front and a trailer in back, full of defenders.

Going through a snooty little town on the road from Highlands to Newark, a cop on a motorcycle ignored our pilot car, rode right up to the truck, blew his whistle, drove it in to the curb, and shouted, "Hey, what you got in that truck?"

Naturally, the driver patted him on the head

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONFESSIONS OF A BOOTLEGGER Continued from Page Seventeen]

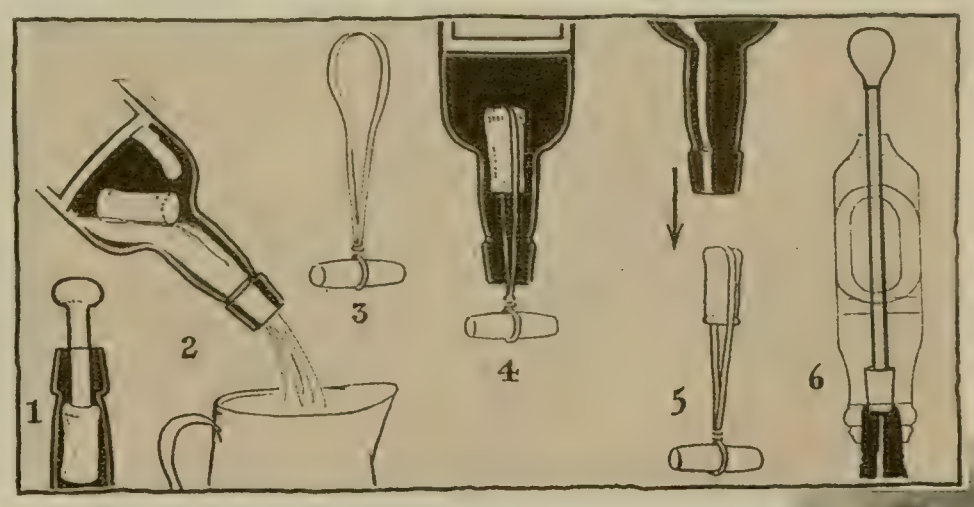
with his blackjack. The driver was a tough egg. When I got to the truck from the trail car, the boys had him laid out on the liquor and were wondering what to do with him. Some of them wanted to drive him up into the Orange Mountains and dump him.

"Why make a hero of him?" I asked. "We want to get rid of this bird. He isn't with us at all."

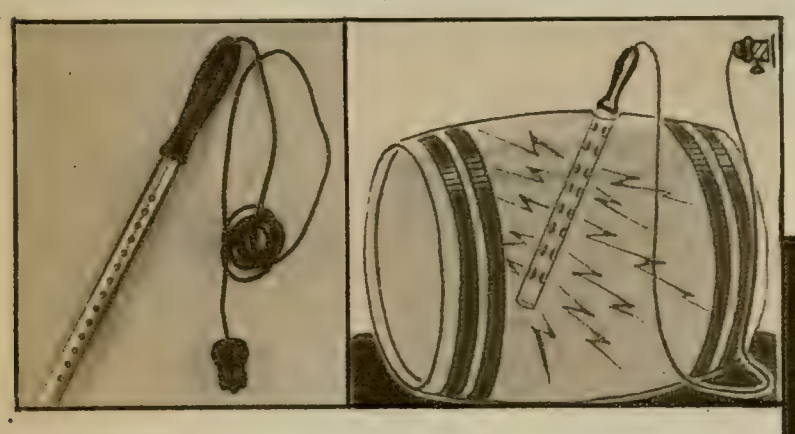
The boys said that was so. We broke out a bottle of Scotch and poured half of it down the cop's throat by holding his nose. The rest of it we poured over his clothing. We stuffed the bottle into his back pocket, and then took his club and broke the bottle. Then we dragged him a little on his face to dirty his uniform. Then we started his motorcycle and ran it up against a tree and smashed it up. After that, we took the cop and draped him on the ruins. That's how we left him.

The cop that found him there reported plenty. That poor devil is driving a trolley today. That's a single instance, but there were plenty more. We'd stand just so much hold-up from the officers of the law, and when they got too grasping, something had to be done. In nine cases out of ten, they were tapped over the head and then made good and drunk and tossed out on the road where they'd be sure to be found. It didn't hurt the men, but it sure fixed them.

You can't get along without friendly cops. They can tip you off to raids coming from their superiors; they can ride your load through dangerous places. They are the greatest protection in the world against hijackers. They stand watch for you when you are unloading. They can turn their traffic signals for you to let you through in a hurry. They can always tell you where to get liquor. They can and will make themselves useful to you in a hundred and one different ways.



Each original quart of liquor makes seven bootleg quarts, and not even the stopper is lost in the process. (1) The original stopper is pushed in; (2) the bottle is emptied; (3) a wire loop, which (4) draws out the cork (5) grain alcohol, distilled or rain water, tannic acid, and coloring matter are added to cut the liquor. Then the bottles are corked with (6) an approved corking machine; the original cork going into one. At the right is a recapping device that clamps on the lead foil and gives it the "official" stamp.



An electrical stick for aging liquor. Kept in a barrel of distillate for five days with the current on, according to the bootlegger, it will age liquor two years.

The fee is usually one dollar a case, but it varies from twenty-five cents to two dollars and a half a case, according to the job.

Any bootlegger reading this story will think I'm crazy to pay a cop two dollars and a half. It all depends on circumstances.

I'd hate to think what bootlegging would be without cops. Maybe I ought to tell the story of what happened to Manny because he forgot about cops.

MANNY is his first name. It's his real one. He'll get a great kick out of reading this. Manny always did have a sense of humor.

Manny was one of these tough babies. I didn't like his looks, in the first place. His ears didn't have lobes. He wore one of those goddam caps. The gang warned me that he was a tough egg who would put it over if he could.

He wanted to buy a load of Scotch and champagne. He wanted to make what is known as a big buy. I had the stuff. I told him I'd sell him a load. But before I delivered it to him I moved it away from the main supply to a shack about a mile off. Then I made my preparations before I went down there.

About ten o'clock at night, Manny showed up with his truck. On it were two friends of his known as Mutsy and Pokey. They were gunmen. Manny asked, "Where's the stuff?" I showed it to him. Mutsy and Pokey began to load the truck.

"You here alone?" Manny asked.

I said "Yup!" I had my coat off. All he had to do was look at me to see I wasn't heeled.

Pretty soon they had the truck all loaded. Then they got on it.

"How about paying me?" I asked.

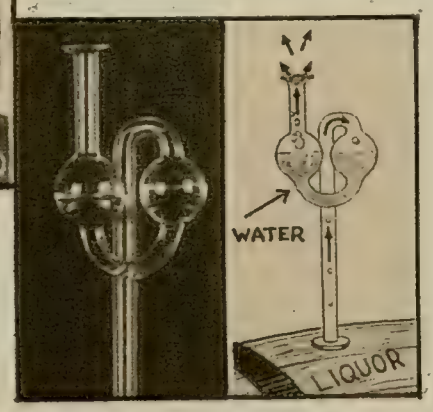
There was $4,200 worth of Scotch and Cordon Rouge aboard that truck.

Manny just said, "You ain't got anybody here with you?"

I shook my head.

"Try and get it," Manny said.

Mutsy and Pokey began to laugh. They all had their hands in their pockets.



Glass tube attached to barrel to permit gas to escape from liquor, without admitting dust or insects.

Well, I had to laugh too. "All right, Manny," I had to say; "go ahead and take it. This isn't the first time I've been hijacked. I guess I can laugh this one off."

Manny said: "You poor boob! Any guy that don't take care of his stuff no better than you do ain't got anything coming to him."

Then he and his outfit drove off.

I put on my coat and started off down the road after them.

When I got about half a mile down, there was the truck drawn up alongside the road, and Manny and Mutsy and Pokey were reaching up for the Milky Way. Two State cops had their guns poked halfway through 'em.

"Why, Manny," I said, "did you get into trouble? Now, isn't that too bad! Let's see: they got you for possession, transportation, and concealed weapons."

The troopers had picked the finest collection of hardware of the three you ever did see.

"Hey," Manny asked, "what the heck is this, anyway?"

"Well," I told him, "I told you I was all alone at the shack, but I didn't say anything about my friends down the road."

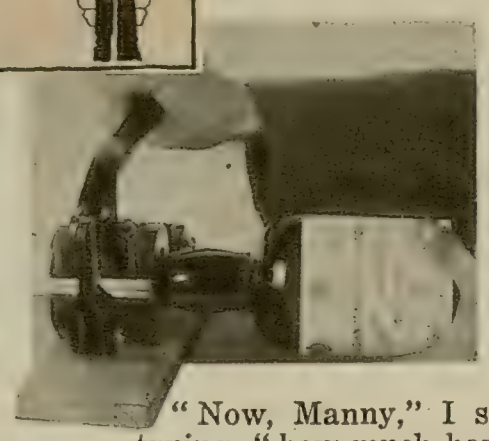
Well, Manny said a lot of things, and after he got through I said to him, "Don't you think you'd better pay me?"

Manny paid me. After he peeled off the $4,200 I had coming to me, I suggested, "Maybe you can do business with the boys now, Manny. About a couple of hundred apiece ought to make it square."

The boys allowed that was about right.

Manny pried himself loose from $400. The guns the boys got from the three must have been worth about forty-five dollars a throw. Then Manny and Mutsy and Pokey got on their truck again and drove off. I walked on after them again.

When I got down to where the State road came in, there was the truck over on the side of the road, and Manny and Mutsy and Pokey were feeling for the stars again. The two local cops had them lined up. Honest, that was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in my life.



"Why, Manny," I said, when I got up to them, "this is most unfortunate. I didn't expect this. Did you get grabbed again?"

Manny's face was all puckered up and red, and he was so upset that he could not say anything at all, but he was trying very hard.

"Now, Manny," I said, while he was still trying, "how much have you got?"

"He had five hundred dollars," explained the cops.

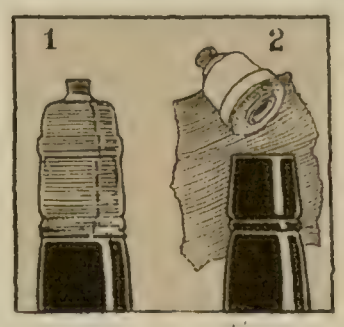
"Well, I guess that will about square it, won't it, boys?"

The boys thought that it would. They kept the $500, and Manny and Pokey and Mutsy got on their truck again.

"Now, Manny," I said—and then I called him a lot of things—"you'd better take the back roads, because there may be a lot more fellows out looking for you, and I won't be around to help you out of your trouble like I have so far. I've done all I could for you, and I'm going home now. If you get into trouble again, you will have to get yourself out of it. And next time, just because a feller is alone, don't think he hasn't got any friends."

IT'S things like that that make the game worth while sometimes when things aren't breaking just right for you. You can think back over them. It took Manny all the rest of that night to get to Newark. He drove down every back road in Jersey. You've got to give a lot of credit to the cops.

By this time I was making money at the game. I was a big shot. I made money every way you could make it. The stuff was coming in over the Canadian border just as if it was being poured. It stood offshore in the boats, and it came rolling up from the Bahamas.



Cheating the non-refillable bottle. (1) The lead foil is cut along the dotted line; (2) the cap comes off intact, and may be replaced with fresh foil.

It was around that time I bought me my little phaeton and began making trips to Canada with my two old ladies and whiskered gentleman, movie extras, with me as their chauffeur.

Then I got my rum runner. The business was growing up, and so was I. But so was the government. At night all over the Eastern seaboard the roads were choked with these big trucks, pounding along loaded to the gunwales with liquor.

Once in a while you'd read of single cases

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Cream of Tomato Soup

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

Ruddy, juicy, tempting fruit
Blushing in the sun.
Tomatoes ripe for Campbell's Soup,
Perfect every one!

Red-ripe tomatoes fresh from sun-bathed fields!

Below is a scene at harvest time on Campbell's great tomato farms in New Jersey.

In this state alone thousands of acres of the finest tomato vines that grow yield their flawless, juicy fruit for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Here under the care and cultivation of our experts the tomato is developed and grown to its full perfection, for nothing short of perfection can meet the Campbell's standard.

The most delicious tomato soup that can possibly be made—that is the Campbell's ideal. And that is just what you can enjoy today in every tempting, nourishing spoonful of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

TO THIS FILM ON TEETH

TODAY'S LEADING DENTAL OPINION ASCRIBES MANY TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS

To gain clearer teeth and healthy gums many authorities advise that film be combated daily, a new way.

The sophisticated woman subjects her teeth to a rigid inspection—for upon teeth smiles depend. So Pepsodent, widely urged by leading dental authorities for its therapeutic and prophylactic action, becomes a factor in modern beauty culture.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE 10-DAY TEST

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, according to many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth. Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previously accepted methods. It is the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and removes film . . . Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

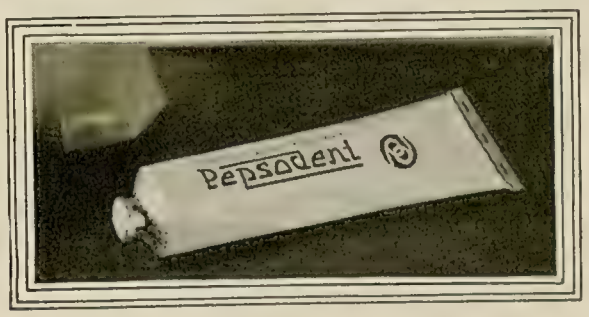
At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today.

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. Thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Accept Pepsodent test



Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

FREE

Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 971, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2293

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

where hijackers had swung out of a side road and boarded trucks, pitched the driver out, and driven off, but—the ones you didn't read about!

There was one time there weren't enough gunmen around you could hire for convoys. There was more money for them in hijacking. And when you did send a bunch out in a pilot car and trailer, if you didn't happen to go along there was no telling whether they wouldn't turn on you and hijack you.

I want to tell you right now that for a while thuggery was threatening to ruin the game. The very men we hired for protection were getting to be more than we could handle. If there had been any brains in the Federal outfit, they'd have let us alone.

The business would have wrecked itself, just as a ship taken over by a drunken crew goes on the rocks.

Gunmen are all dumb. They don't know how to run liquor.

The government saved the game for us. A lot of the boys don't realize it yet, but when the Federal agents broke up the trucking game, they drove the gunmen out of the business back to their cheap fifty-dollar spite killings, and made possible the modern high-powered seventy-five-mile-an-hour bootlegging.

With the passing of the trucks the lowbrow element in bootlegging had to go too. The truck outfit was good for just what it did—haul liquor and shoot each other up. The Federal agents stopped the trucks, not on the road, but before they got off. Or they were waiting for them when they pulled in with their loads.

WHEN they stopped that kind of thing, the truckmen weren't fitted for anything else. The fellow with brains began to use his head. Mutsy and Pokey and their class were out of the big dough. The bootlegger forgot all about Mack and White trucks and took to the road in runabouts.

When the trucks went, the fast small cars came in. Even the old-time Cadillac touring cars that you'd load right up to the roof were no good any more. The game called for concealment as well as speed. The boys began to use Packards, Cunninghams, Hudsons, Paiges, and Cadillacs of the runabout type — swell cars you could drive around in broad daylight. Each car carried from thirty-five to sixty cases of liquor, depending on the type of car and the arrangement.

Now, that may sound funny. But don't forget that the bootlegger never carries his stuff in cases. "Case" is just a word that has come to mean twelve bottles of something. When you load a car, you take the bottles out of the cases and pack them neck to neck as tight as they'll fit. You'd be surprised how many will go.

There were three methods of getting cars ready for liquor transportation. One of them was a pan. That was a piece of steel, shaped a good deal like a roasting pan, which hung under the car from a point aft the flywheel to another just aft the running board.

The specialists who fixed cars for the trade drilled holes in the frame of the chassis and hung steel angle irons on which the pans rested. They were from twelve to eighteen inches deep, depending on the make of the car. You got at them from the floor boards in the front and back. Packing carefully neck to neck, and filling in the spaces with newspaper as I went along, to keep them from chinking, I've carried 732 bottles of Scotch, champagne, and Cointreau in a Packard I had fixed that way.

Now, you know, nobody is going to hijack a swell Packard car that's moving along at from seventy to seventy-five miles an hour, minding its own business. It just can't be done.

Well, John Law found out all about the pan, and began to look underneath cars. That had to be thrown overboard.

Then you could go to certain places and get your car fixed up with false seats. That brought the fast expensive sedans back into popularity. The seats were taken out, compartments built in, and a steel shell shaped like the seat was made to fit over the compartment. This came two or three inches higher than the usual seat. Every inch was important. Over this was fitted a slip cover of very flossy and expensive velours. It looked great.

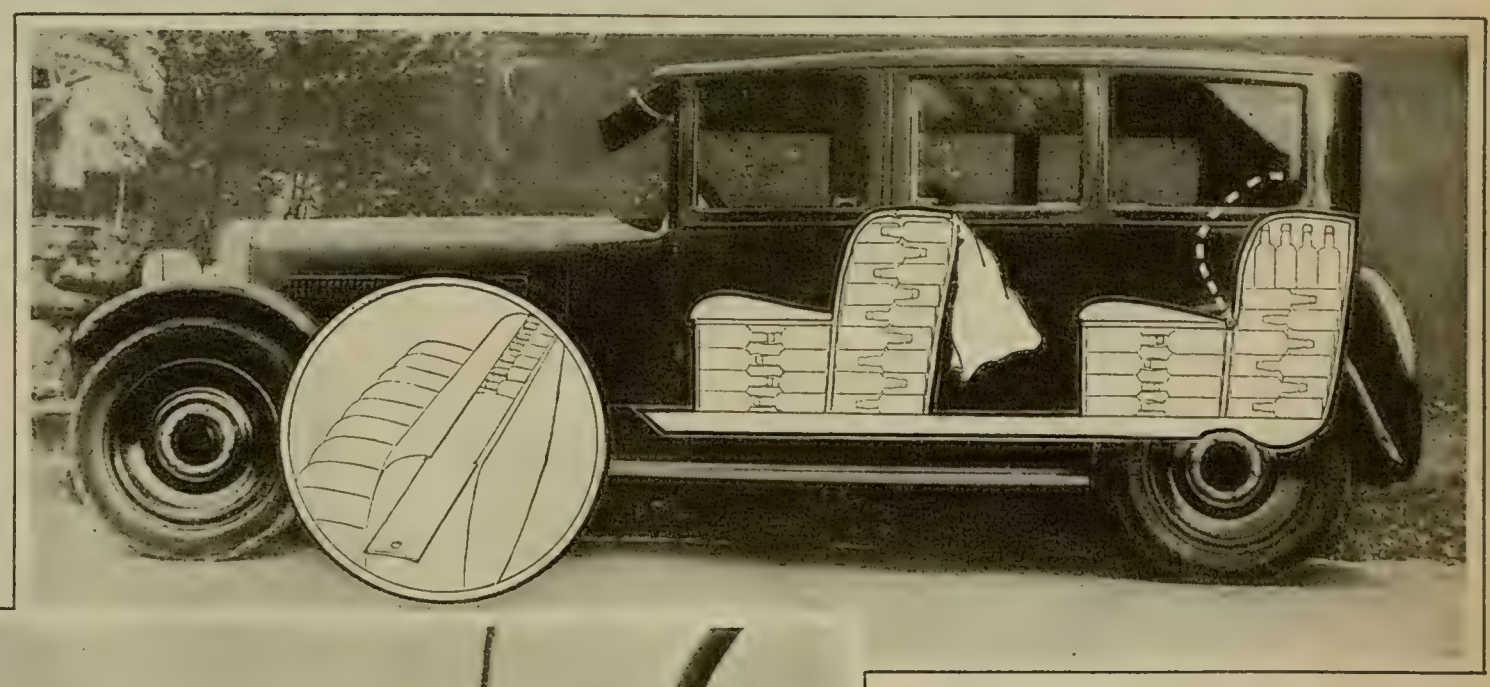
When you packed your load, you rolled back your velours cover, fastened it with a steel slide, and lifted off your shell. Then you packed your liquor. The compartments took from thirty-five to forty cases. Then you put back your steel box, pulled down the velours cover, and drove off with it in broad daylight.

BUT, gee, what a ride! I've stayed in bed for twenty-four hours after running with one of those.

Don't think I was sorry when the Federal agents put that one out of date.

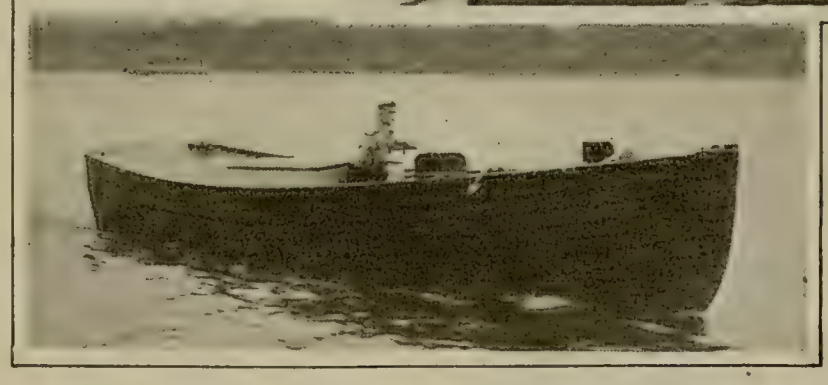
I'm still using the third method, so I don't see any particular reason why I should give it away. It's too good. When the prohibition agents get on to that one, as they will some day, I'll be able to tell what it is. By that time it may be worth while writing another article. Bootlegging changes overnight.

I drove around, buying and selling liquor something terrific. I had learned a lot from my experience with my dear old movie extras. I got me a pretty girl, snappily dressed, awful easy to look at, a bulldog, a bag of golf sticks, and one of those college-boy fur coats. The girl got $100 a ride, and she was worth it. The bulldog could laugh right in a cop's face and make him like it. Get a cop laughing and it's ten to one he won't make a pinch.

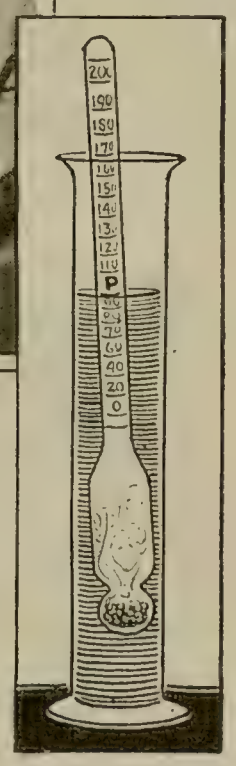


How bootleggers utilize automobiles in running rum in from Canada. The secret compartments beneath the seats hold forty cases.

A Coast Guard patrol boat (at left) preparing to board and search a rum-runner suspect. Note the gun on the patrol's forward deck.



A rum runner capable of developing forty-three miles an hour and carrying 450 cases of liquor.



An ordinary hydrometer, used to test manufactured and cut liquor. Scotch averages about eighty-five proof.

I did business all around New York, New Jersey, Westchester, through Scarsdale, Bronxville, Hartsdale, White Plains, over to Greenwich, Connecticut, where the prices you got were too grand for words, and as far up as Stamford, where they bought an ungodly amount of liquor.

IF you didn't get up to Stamford before six or seven in the evening, most of 'em were too cockeyed to do business with you. I ran three ten-dollar bills, my starting capital, up to $20,000 cash and other assets in a year. I lost every cent of it but a twenty-five-cent piece.

I haven't told you anything about that yet. That hurts. I don't even like to think about it. To stand out on the road and say "There she is, officer. Help yourself." And he helps himself to $5,000!

Well, let's get it over with. I lost four cars in two weeks, all on one order. A man was going to pay me $240 a case for thirty-five cases of Canadian champagne with the Liquor Commission seals intact.

I crossed the tip of Lake Ontario on the Cape Vincent ferry. I had protection on the ferry.

Going through the town, a cop on the sidewalk called out, "Hey, wait a minute!"

I didn't. I went. He hopped on his motorcycle and came after me.

The main stem was clear, but there was four feet of snow covering the side roads. I was driving a Packard. This cop had a four-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONFESSIONS OF A BOOTLEGGER
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

cylinder Ace. He caught me. If I could have got on to a side road I'd have got away.

"What you got in that car?" he asked.

I told him. Then we did business. He was getting only thirty dollars a week. We argued a little, and then it was agreed that I'd go along, leaving the car and the load. The liquor was worth $2,450 and the car $2,500.

Don't you think that didn't hurt! The cop was a nice chap. Before he went away in the car he said, "Now you're sure you've got carfare home?" It was a long way from home.

I came through Cape Vincent again with the same thing a few days later. That wasn't dumb: I figured the same cop wouldn't grab me twice. They never do. I had a new high-speed car. I won't tell what it was. Maybe I just got a lemon.

It wasn't the same cop who took after me at Cape Vincent. That fellow must have retired on what he got from me. It was another one. I stepped on it. He did, too. Seven miles down, a feather of steam began to curl from my radiator cap. Then something went clank! I stopped. The bearings were burned out. The cop was laughing when he pulled up alongside.

"You got a nerve trying to run away from me in that pile of junk," he said. "You ought to get one of them new Paige Daytonas. Boy, they can step! Well, what'll it be?"

BY that he wanted to know if I wanted to go to jail. I told him to help himself. He did. I took the train home again. That cured me of Cape Vincent. It cost too much to get acquainted with those cops. That last one cost me $3,450.

The next was $1,750 worth in a $500 Chevrolet. Chevvie did its humble best between Paul Smith's and the line. Three of 'em got that.

Those were the days when they went around in trios—a game warden, a prohibition officer, and a State trooper. The game warden stopped your car and demanded to search it for venison. When he came across the liquor, he would say, "Well, as I live and breathe, see what I found!" He would show it to his friend the prohibition officer, who would request his pal the State trooper to make the pinch.

Sweet? I saw them coming. When I knew they had me, I said good-by to brave Chevvie and took it on the lam.

Then I got me the sweetest baby of them all. I picked up an Isotta Fraschini. She was guaranteed to do 120 miles an hour on a track. I had her opened over 100 once or twice. Overhead valves and camshaft, four forward speeds, three exhausts, three intakes, and three carburetors—what a car for the business!

I slipped through Rouses Point that time, and got clear pretty, when a State trooper stepped out into one of those overhead circles of light and blew his whistle. Man, what a joy it was to look into my cop-spotter and see that fellow and his popper fade into the distance just as if he was going backward!

Then I passed another one in front of a booth. He faded, too. He faded too quick. He went into his booth to telephone.

I didn't use my head. I should have got off that road, and stayed off. The next State trooper was standing in the middle of the road, waiting for me. He had a rifle up to his shoulder, and it was pointed right for my head. That fellow had just gone and declared a war. I stopped.

THERE were two others in on that. They just said, "Beat it!" I beat it.

Oh, did that hurt? That was $6,000 I turned over to them. That Isotta is being used by the United States government now to run down the unruly rum runners. That hurts, too. I hoofed it back to Plattsburg and took the train to New York. When I got home, my total resources was a two-bit piece and I was shy about three meals.

The only thing I had left out of the wreck was my interest in what may some day prove to be the backbone of the industry—apple brandy or applejack, a 90- to 100-proof distillate of hard cider.

Now, I ought to tell you that, just before that series of disasters, the stuff was beginning to run bad. The government was beginning to learn the art of putting Rum Row out of business and blocking the border. I bought a load of champagne in the woods. We tried some. It wasn't poisonous, but it wasn't champagne. It cost us $1,650. I think it was Rhine wine, cider, and carbonated water.

That was a lesson. Then we bought a load of Scotch off a boat. That was another lesson. It cost twenty-two dollars a case.

Here's the history of that Scotch: It was manufactured in Newark, New Jersey, out of denatured alcohol badly reclaimed, shipped to Philadelphia, put aboard a boat there, and sent out to Rum Row to be sold to suckers like me. But I bit only once.

My chemist analyses samples from every load I buy. This was rank poison. When your bootlegger tells you he's got stuff off a boat, be sure to find out what boat.

HERE'S what happened to that Scotch: We sold it to the boys down around home for four quarts for a dollar. They put it in their cars for anti-freeze mixture. It was great, except that one of the fellows complained it corroded the inside of his radiator and rotted his hose connection.

Well, what I'm driving at is this: It showed what was happening—the beginning of that flood of vile stuff you read about. It cost me $4,000 to learn.

I could have had it back if I hadn't had a conscience. But get this, too: I'm not anti-social. I'm an honest business man, I hope.

So I began to look around for something I could trust. And just at that time I ran into a chap that was all at sea about apple brandy. He'd make one batch and it would be great. He'd make another and it would be mud.

I had plenty of money at that time. We went at it the way any business man would that had a problem to solve. We spent money.

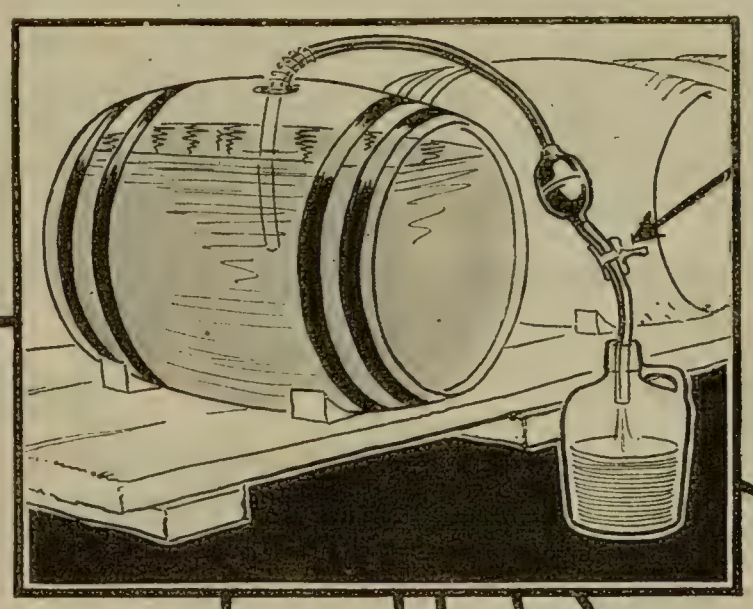
We hired the best distillation chemist we could find. We didn't engage him to break any law. He simply taught us what we wanted to know about correct fractional distillation, fruit testers, alcohols, and poisonous by-products.

We set up stills and got to work. In a short time we began to make a good brand of applejack. For a while it was the only pure liquor that I found anywhere. The stuff moved slowly at first, because the public isn't educated up to it.

But it all comes back to what is always—always has been and always will be—the backbone of prohibited liquor: moonshine. Rum Row is a thing of the past. The border watch grows tighter. And so, while the government chemist works in one laboratory to poison stuff and make it unfit to drink, our chemists are working, at a better salary, for us to make liquor palatable—and, foremost, to make it.

We expect to announce some pleasant surprises for the market shortly. The million I finally get will be based on pure, honest moonshine.

THE END

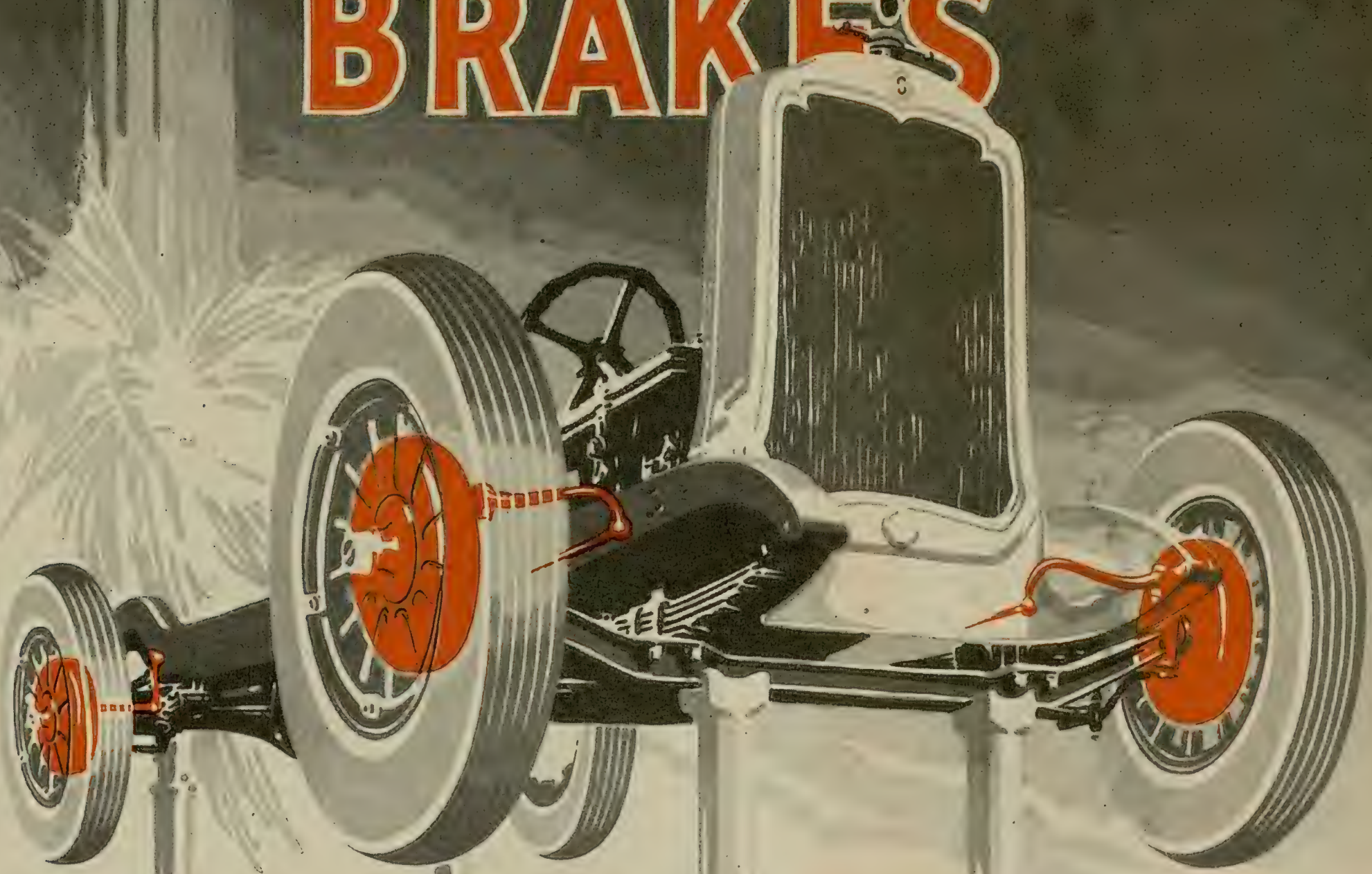


The bootlegger has no taste for the stuff he sells, hence he siphons it with a bulb, shown at the left, rather than use his lips to start the flow.

It all comes out of the same barrel, albeit these labels, taken from bootleg booze bottles, are so cleverly counterfeited as to deceive even the veteran. Bootleg printers do a land-office business, putting them out.

Announcing

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES



AT NO PRICE INCREASE

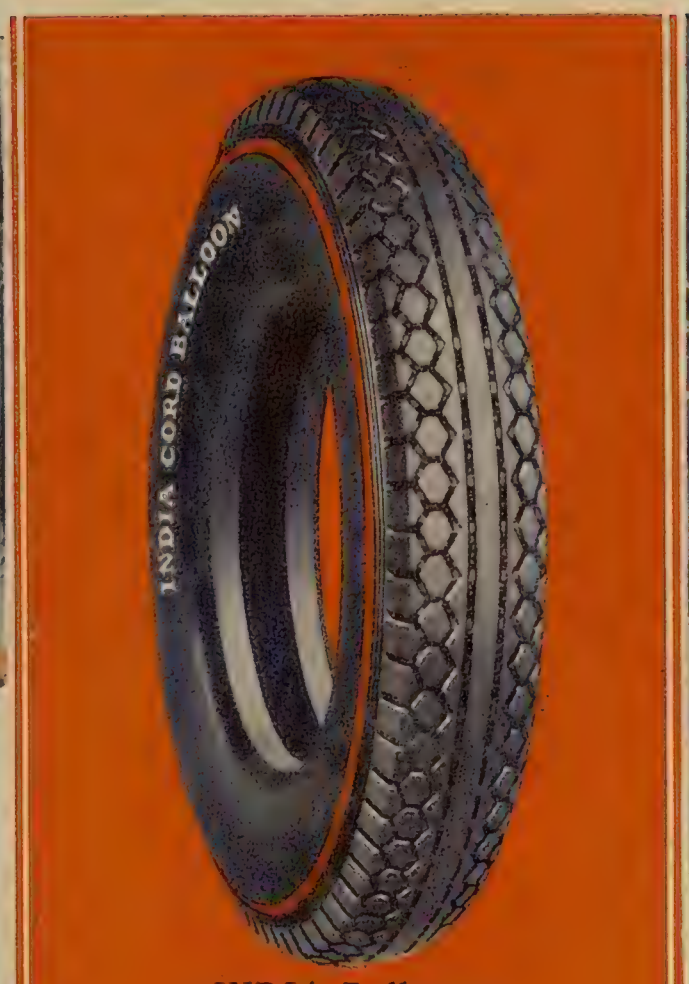
Crankcase Ventilation, Oil Filter, Dual Air Cleaning, Two-Way Cooling, Harmonic Balancer . . . item after item . . . and now—larger (30 x 5.25) Balloon Tires and *Four-Wheel Brakes!*

Thus Oldsmobile adds to its imposing array of new features of known value and improvements of demonstrated worth. Thus Oldsmobile keeps faith with its policy pledged to progress.

Today, more than ever before, no matter what car you favor or what you are willing to pay . . . you owe it to yourself, your pocketbook and your sense of satisfaction to see and drive this Oldsmobile.

OLDSMOBILE

Product of GENERAL MOTORS



INDIA Balloons
(Patented Construction)
Comfort and long wear—
ideally combined

INDIA Heavy Service
"The most favorably talked
about heavy service tire
in America today."

INDIA True-Blue
(HEAT PROOF) Inner Tube
The first to successfully overcome pre-
mature aging caused by high heat
of present low-pressure, high-
speed running conditions.

HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENS YOU CAN NOW GET THESE TIRES

Back in 1915 a group of Akron men, thoroly grounded in the tire business, founded this company—on the belief that there was an immense market for a tire which was really better—a tire actually as good as it was possible to make—at any cost.

No effort has been spared to make good this policy. A line of tires of unusual features—of easily demonstrated advantages—has been developed which is years ahead of the tires with which most car owners are familiar.

Early tests in the toughest possible service proved the outstanding merits of INDIA tires. Up until last year more than sixty per cent of all the tires we could make were taken for buses and trucks using big tires in heavy service.

Recent additions to factories now make it possible for India dealers to offer these tires to greater numbers of car owners. Many more now will be able to have their new cars switched over to "Indias all 'round."

When you buy a new car, consider how much INDIA tires will add to your satisfaction. In the meantime, be sure to investigate India tires and try them on your present car.

If you are unable to locate the India dealer promptly, just write us. We will send you his name—also a little booklet on the care of tires—incidentally showing why India tires are different.

NOTE TO DEALERS: The India dealer franchise is an extremely valuable concession on which to build a successful tire business. Inquiries are solicited from men or concerns who may be interested in this franchise for territories which are still open.

INDIA TIRES

INDIA TIRE & RUBBER CO. AKRON, O.

She LOOPS To Conquer

A Romance in Which Two Sky-Writers Fall for Each Other

By WILLIAM WEER

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

Then the woman flyer, still mixing capitals and small letters, wrote: SOme DOll Its kelly's.

NOBODY knew better than Eddie Riker that there is a right way of proposing marriage to a girl: romantic atmosphere; moonlight and honeysuckle; a soft little hand lingering in a great manly one; a tender word spoken into a tiny ear. Or it might be in a ballroom, hidden behind palms, where one can just hear the orchestra playing whatever it is the musicians play during proposals.

All this Eddie Riker, ex-captain of the A. E. F., knew very well. But his proposal wasn't like that. He had been preparing for two months to make it so, planning every detail. Then, when it finally came, it somehow took him by surprise and turned out to be a simple matter:

"Ellen, why not let's you and I get married?"

"Rambunctious idea. Let's."

That was all.

As for the romantic atmosphere—a bare, open field, with the grass worn thin by automobile tires. In the foreground a dilapidated Ford. In the background a low gray shack into which two mechanics were wheeling a commercial biplane, model of 1919.

The mechanics were shouting directions at each other and at somebody in the car, so that the lovers, standing there in the bright sunshiny afternoon, started toward the hangar without sealing their bargain with a kiss.

Nor did they live at all happily after their engagement. You might say it was just the other way around. For nearly two years up to and including the minute of Eleanor Widman's consent to a matter-of-fact proposition, they had been reasonably happy. But after that they became most unreasonably unhappy.

Eddie blamed their unhappiness on the attempt to mix business with matters not so strictly business. Ellen thought it was silly flubdub on his part—the dominant male doing his stuff—and she wouldn't be dominated.

They met at a county fair in Oklahoma, scheduled to do stunts. Captain Edward Riker, American ace, had successively given up insurance, bond selling, and speculating in stocks since his discharge from the army a year before. This was his first public appearance in the air without his uniform.

For Eleanor Widman, "youngest woman flyer in America," it was old stuff. She had exhibited at fairs in almost every county between New York and San Francisco, and could give Captain Riker a few pointers, at that.

After both had risen and dropped, twisted and looped the loop above the crowd, they spent an afternoon and then a morning together exchanging experiences. They discussed the commercial possibilities of peacetime aviation, and agreed that the public had about tired of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Things that closest-priced

The first thought, the last thought, and the only thought in Hupmobile is and always has been good manufacturing — and that thought rules the production of the Six with a hand of iron.

Because Hupmobile is a *manufacturing* institution *before* it is a merchandising machine—because it believes the car itself to be the most powerful buying incentive—

Hupmobile has made this Six the closest-priced six in America.

Old Hupmobile Standards Made 10 Per Cent Better

In this car the traditional Hupmobile standards —recognized for years as far above average — are raised an actual 10 per cent higher.

Manufacturing costs are increased 10 per cent. Selling margin is reduced 10 per cent.

Yet, at the price of an average-good six, Hupmobile buyers today get the quality which singles out Hupmobile as the best buy in the entire six market.

And over and above the 10 per cent extra quality —*body-beauty, color-beauty and every accessory item the car of today should carry.*

Hupmobile goes far to be sure that its owners have relief from high costs; that they have reliability in their cars; that their acquaintance with the repair shop is reduced to the minimum; that their cars serve them efficiently for years.

Hupmobile pays more for materials because it specifies "A" grade—or its own exclusive analysis—instead of "B" or "C" grade.

Hupmobile pays more, because its own inspectors check the quality of materials at their source.

Hupmobile pays more because all materials must

be analyzed and re-checked in their home laboratories before being released for manufacture.

Hupmobile pays more because, during the course of manufacture, there are more inspections and they are more exacting.

Hupmobile pays more because it subjects a greater proportion of important parts to its own expensive heat-treating processes.

Building Higher Quality for the Owner's Benefit

Hupmobile pays more because it gives individual tests—100 per cent tests, they are called—to a greater number of finished parts before they are sent to assembly.

And the sum total of this extra quality—these extra costs—figures up to a full 10 per cent.

Hupmobile

make this the six in America

Yet you actually pay less in price for the Hupmobile Six, in proportion to quality; and you pay less in after costs, because of that quality.

Even Costliest Cars Go No Farther

Not even the costliest sixes go farther in safeguarding quality. Many are content to stop short of steps which Hupmobile considers vital.

It is easy to satisfy yourself that the Hupmobile Six *is* different and finer in quality, in value, in performance—in all you want of a car.

Drive it for half an hour—and then try to think of any other six in terms of what this six reveals.

The more you know about sixes, the more emphatically you will class Hupmobile value alone and unapproached in the entire six market.

Six

New Six Brougham

First Showing at New York Automobile Show

Every Accessory Item the Modern Car Should Have

Both Manifold and Thermostatic Heat Control ✓ Headlight Control on Steering Wheel ✓ Solid Walnut Steering Wheel ✓ Instrument Panel Under Glass, Indirectly Lighted ✓ Gasoline Filter ✓ 4-wheel brakes ✓ Color Options Vision-Ventilating Windshield ✓ Clear Vision Bodies Dash Gasoline Gauge Force Feed Lubrication ✓ Oil Filter Mohair Upholstery ✓ Rear View Mirror Special Vibration Damper ✓ Snubbers Tilting Beam Headlights ✓ Automatic Windshield Cleaner ✓ Walnut Grained Instrument Board and Window Ledges.

✓ ✓ ✓

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1385. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385. Roadster, with rumble seat, $1385. Touring, five-passenger, $1325. Equipment includes 30x5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

SUPPOSE *you could have gone with us when we consulted hundreds of reputable physicians about the best treatment for constipation—*

Suppose you could have listened with us while 8 out of 10 of them advised the Nujol type of treatment—

Wouldn't you feel you had advice it would pay you to act on at once?

"Nujol method is better than laxatives"

say the medical men

EVERY person who suffers from constipation—either occasionally or all the time—will be vitally interested in the following brief summary of a recent investigation among physicians:

The investigators were impartial—sent out only to find out the truth.

They interviewed representative doctors all over the United States—hundreds of them.

They questioned the doctors about the best remedy for constipation. And the answers were so convincing that we print them in large type.

Seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? Because

1. Nujol is not habit forming.
2. It's a more natural method.
3. A lubricant is better than a laxative
4. Nujol does not gripe.
5. It is non-irritating.
6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Of the Nujol type of treatment one doctor said: "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels." Another said: "In chronic constipation Nujol type of treatment is especially successful." "Laxatives bring on the laxative habit," said the vast majority of doctors. "A lubricant is better than a laxative in both chronic and temporary cases."

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nature-given Remedy

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Accept This TRIAL Offer

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol Laboratories, Room No. 823F
26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

© 1927, Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

It wasn't until a week later that the two partners found themselves sitting at opposite sides of a table at the Waldorf.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

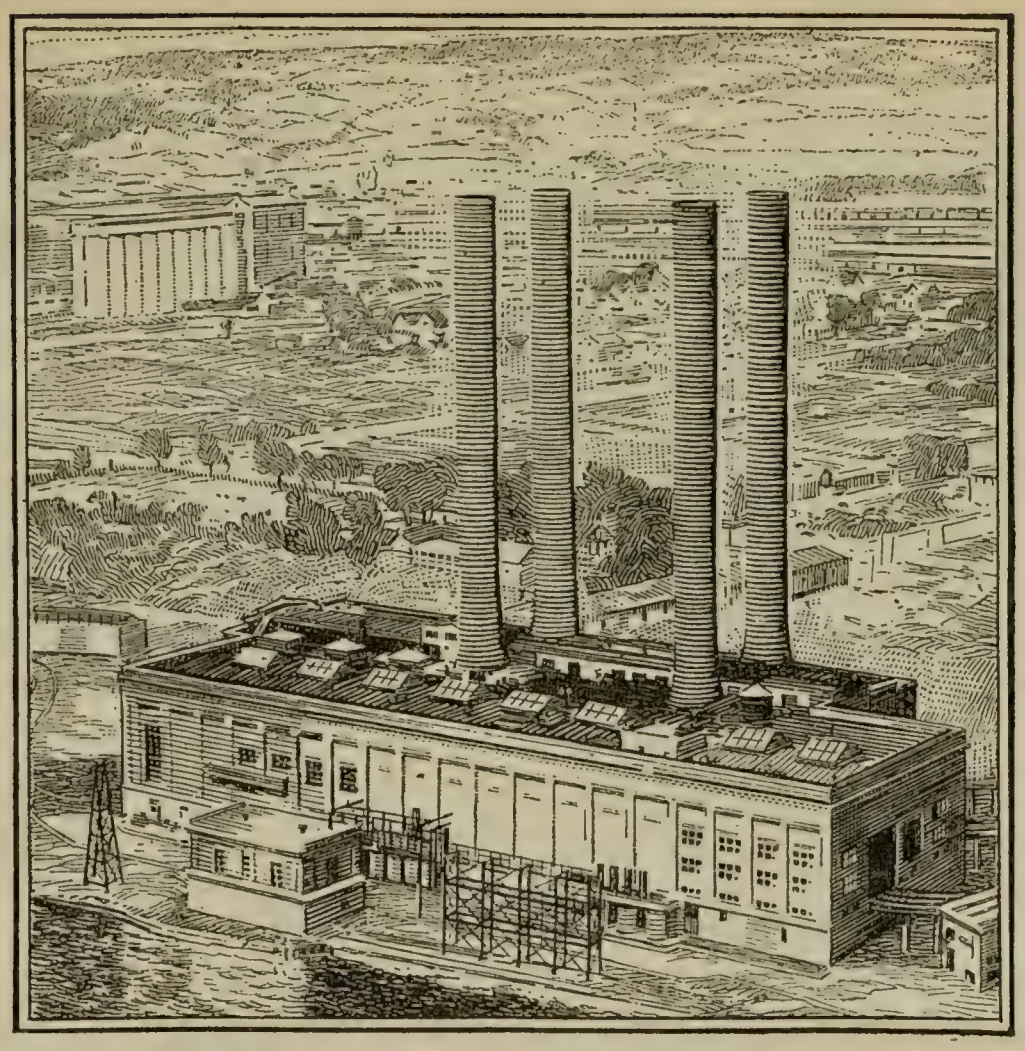
stunts and that the future of flying lay in sky-writing. And out of this came other meetings, and finally a partnership to do advertising with figures of smoke in the air.

They bought a five-acre field on Long Island within a few minutes' flying time from New York, built a hangar and a garage, equipped their planes with tanks to hold chemicals, took regular furns at flying, shared expenses fifty-fifty, and when the contracts began to come in large enough, as they soon did, they shared the profits on the same basis.

Ellen wasn't much to look at: short, plump of figure, all muscle; hair straight, black, and cropped close, so it wouldn't be in the way; a full, round face with a line of red across her forehead where the edge of the fur-lined cap had left its mark; and, while on the field, always wearing heavy knickers, a thick leather jacket, and ugly goggles. No; Ellen wasn't a woman to fall in love with, Eddie decided, as he saw her bustling about in her clumsy way before an afternoon flight, running down the trail of some loose wire the mechanic had overlooked, or climbing into the cockpit of the machine before taking off.

But that, as far as Eddie was concerned, was all right. What he had wanted in Ellen was a business partner. A man would have been his first choice. But Ellen was just as good. She was strictly business.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]



Super Power

Standard Gas & Electric Co. System an Outstanding Example

"SUPER" POWER attains efficiency, good service and reasonable rates by

—massing production in large plants.
—distributing energy over wide markets.
—inter-connecting transmission systems.
—marshaling engineering and operating ability.
—concentrating purchasing power.
—consolidating credit and financial strength.
—recognizing public and private rights.

This system has—

—144 power plants.
—1,484,000 horsepower generating capacity.
—39,735 miles of lines.
—1,459,000 customers.
—260,000 investors.

New 4-color map of United States sent free with 32-page illustrated booklet. Ask for FY-376

H. M. Byllesby & Co.

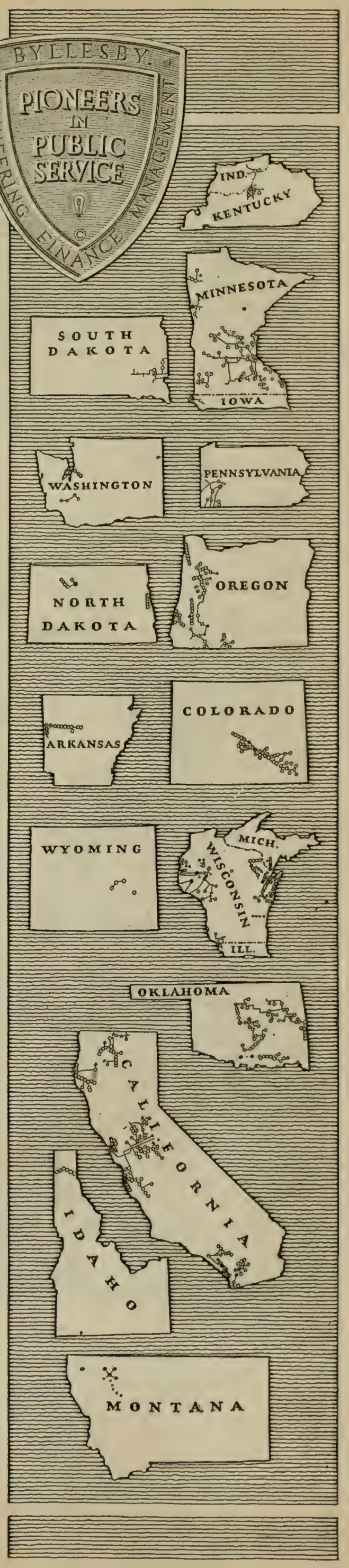
Investment Securities

231 S. La Salle St.
CHICAGO

111 Broadway
NEW YORK

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA PROVIDENCE DETROIT
MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL KANSAS CITY

Investments Backed by Successful Engineering-Management



[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Thus man disposed. But the little god with the bow and arrows had different plans. He is notoriously effective with overconfident opponents, and as one season and then another went by, Eddie's confidence grew.

Ellen was attending to her share of the work, doing even a little more than her share, and that with no nonsense about it. Several valuable contracts she had brought in herself. Eddie recovered from his fatal plunge in Wall Street, paid off his debts, and began to see a growing personal bank account.

His partner, too, was doing well for herself, and she deserved it. She had never missed a flight she was supposed to make or claimed she ought to be excused from work because she was a woman. There was, for instance, that day in May when she brought in Kelly Dolls' contract. It meant $20,000 to the firm, and would become binding as soon as the first "Kelly's Dolls" had been sprawled in smoke across the sky.

She was coughing—a cold she'd caught the night before—but she insisted on going up herself. Eddie watched her trace in the sky:

KELL

An awfully good girl, he thought. Too bad she hadn't a little more of the feminine about her. . . . Probably be spoiled for flying, though, if she had. Better to work with than any man he ever knew. Pretty work.

LYS DOLLS

And now she was headed toward New York. But no. Suddenly the plane dipped and circled, dipped and circled, and came to a halt on the ground a hundred yards from the hangar. Eddie watched her climb out of her seat and come waddling over the field in that peculiarly ungraceful walk she had.

She was coughing when he met her halfway across.

"It's clinched," she announced. "But I guess yours truly is knocked out for the day. N. G. That cough tied me up in a knot. I missed the combination once and came near slipping into a graceful back-flop. So, if anybody calls, tell 'em Miss Eleanor Widman, youngest lady sky-writer of the firm of R.-W. & Company, isn't available. She'll be in conference with her little old bed."

An hour later, Eddie, riding the wind two miles over New York Bay, said to himself he shouldn't have let her go home alone. At least he might have made sure she got a doctor. But you got so used to having her do everything for herself.

He headed north then, and between the Statue of Liberty and the Woolworth Tower wrote:

DINGLES PICKLES 88 KINDS

He had repeated the same thing daily for the last two weeks and could do it now automatically. As he did so he wondered if Ellen hadn't been working just a little too hard. He made a new start over the Municipal Building. Between there and the Pennsylvania Station he sky-wrote:

DINGLES PICKLES 88 KINDS
DINGLES

Meanwhile his thoughts ran on about Ellen! Funny thing, here we've worked a year and a half together and I've never seen her dressed in anything except those damned knickers and that leather jacket. Ought to go see her tonight. Might be sick. Only good business to watch out for the health of your partner.

It was shrewd Mr. Cupid arguing with the ex-caption of aviation, only the ex-captain thought he was doing it all himself. That evening he looked up Ellen and found her in her two-room apartment on West Forty-ninth Street, alone. No, she hadn't had a doctor. It wasn't necessary. The whole thing didn't amount to much. She was sipping hot tea and looking over the afternoon papers. She wore a mannish bathrobe and mannish slippers and, except for the tea, looked like any tired business man taking it easy after a hard day at the office.

WHEN Eddie left at the end of an hour he found himself wondering what she would look like in a tea gown or a dance frock.

The cold was entirely gone the next day, but little things like colds leave their effects behind them. When Ellen came on the field Eddie was still thinking that of course a girl can't look like much dressed in an Eskimo outfit.

"El," he said to her, "let's close up shop early and you and I go out somewhere tonight and dance."

"Scrumptious idea. But I can't. Got another date."

Unaccountably Eddie felt a sinking around the heart.

"Who is it?"

"Old man Jim Kelly. It's sort of a business date, with me anyhow. I've got to keep him in good humor—and the contract."

Unaccountably Eddie found himself thinking that Kelly wasn't so old, not over forty. What he said was:

"You don't have to work night and day."

So it wasn't until a week later that the two partners found themselves sitting at opposite sides of a table at the Waldorf-Astoria while a waiter hovered around for their order. And, though throughout the evening Eddie forgot to notice whether Ellen looked well or ill in her dark blue gown, he decided later that she belonged much more at a dinner table and on a dance floor than on a flying field.

She ought not to take the risk of going up in an airplane nearly

[CONT'D ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

In Next Week's LIBERTY

HOME, SWEET HOME

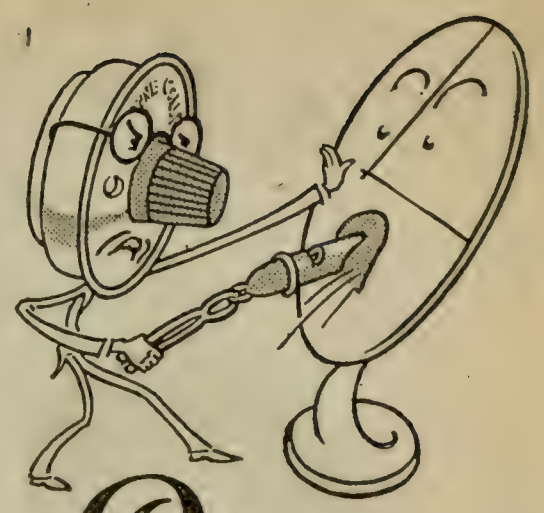
By

KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE famous author of Beauty's Progress, The Unforgivable Sin, and other notable successes gives the touch of her broad, human sympathy to a frank discussion of America's greatest institution. It is an analysis that no parent should miss reading. Watch for it.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

A recent photograph of Kathleen Norris.



Painless Extraction

WHISTLES, shrieks and other disagreeable noises are absent in Synchrophase reception. The *Colortone* extracts them. It keeps the tone clear, true and natural, eliminating the influence of the loud speaker.

Send for Booklet LY which explains clearly why Grebe reception is so unusual. Then ask your dealer to demonstrate.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc.
109 W. 57th St., New York
Factory: Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Western Branch:
443 So. San Pedro Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

This Company broadcasts through stations WAHG and WBOQ.

The GREBE SYNCHROPHASE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GREBE RADIO
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.

Also supplied with battery base and in five beautiful console models.

The Synchrophase is a One-Dial Control Set

Now, CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S *True* Life Story As Never Told Before

By JIM TULLY

THE actual story of the great star's life, stripped of showmen's "publicity." Now the real truth of Chaplin's rise from early poverty to international fame. A genuine and fascinating romance, revealing a great deal of amazing information hitherto untold.

Jim Tully's sympathetic biography of Charlie Chaplin begins in the January issue of Pictorial Review on sale now. Don't miss the first installment.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS HE IS TODAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS

CHAPLIN AND ADOLPHE MENJOU WHEN FILMING "A WOMAN OF PARIS"

EDNA PURVIANCE, WHO PLAYED TEN YEARS WITH CHAPLIN

PICTORIAL REVIEW

For January 15¢ Now On Sale

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

every day. She ought to have a home and a husband. She ought——

It was then or shortly after that he began to go over in his mind the words of a correct proposal of marriage.

* * *

The scene, as the scenario writers say, now shifts. It is, in fact, shifting all the time as the dilapidated Ford takes it bumping along a clay wagon road leading from the State highway to the Riker-Widman Flying Field. The time is the morning following the casual proposal of marriage noted previously. The dramatis personae are Mr. Riker at the wheel and Miss Widman at his right. The dialogue is as follows:

"I'll make that Kelly flight for you this morning, Ellen."

"What's the matter with me? Am I crippled?"

"No. But—you stayed up so late last night."

"So'd you."

"Aren't you tired, dear?"

"How about you?"

"Well, I thought I'd take it off your hands."

"Thanks."

SILENCE. Time, as the caption writers say, passes. So does the dilapidated car. It stops finally at the entrance to the hangar, where a commercial biplane, model of 1919, is ready to take the air. Ellen steps out of the Ford, buttoning up the collar of her jacket. Eddie steps out of the Ford, slamming the door after him. He draws himself up in a determined way.

"You're not going up, are you?"

"Why not?"

"Ellen dear, I don't *want* you to go up today."

"No?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going."

And, in fact, she goes.

There's another scene the same day, again in the Ford, which is this time shifting away from the hangar and toward the State road. The characters are the same. The dialogue for a long time is silence. Then it continues:

"Nice work you did, Ellen."

"Thanks."

"Shouldn't have gone up, though. You scared me a couple of times."

"Thanks."

"No going out tonight. Me for bed early and a rest."

"Oh, fine! Then I won't have to disappoint Kelly."

"Kelly?"

"Yes. He asked me to a show a week ago, and I'd almost forgotten about it."

"Ellen, I don't care anything about that old bach, but you've been up every night for a week."

"I don't mind."

"I do."

"Well, you're going to bed."

There should be a stage direction at this point that Ellen liked the play and that Eddie retired early that night, but got practically no rest.

Things went on in this way right up to the day when they paid a visit to the marriage license bureau, and even there it didn't stop. They disagreed on the question of Ellen's occupation.

"Housewife," Eddie answered for her.

"Aviator," Ellen answered for herself at the same time.

"Which is it?" asked the bored clerk.

"Where do you get the housewife stuff? I never kept house in my life."

"That's the way they always refer to married women."

"I'm not even married—yet."

The clerk wrote "None," and went to the next question.

BUT that didn't end it. On the way back to the flying field Ellen resumed the argument:

"I don't like your idea of me as a married woman. Eleanor Widman, faithful housewife, cooking her husband's supper and warming her husband's slippers for him—I don't seem to see myself fitting into the picture."

"Well, what are you going to do—keep on flying?"

"Why not?"

"Because you won't have to."

"But I want to."

"But I don't want you to."

"So that's it!"

More silence. More bumping along of the Ford. More hard thinking on the part of Edward Riker, ex-captain of the A. E. F. Then:

"Darn, it, Ellen, can't you agree with me in anything?"

"Not if it's to make me do what I don't want to do."

"But don't you see that it's all for your own good? I'm trying to protect you, to make things easier for you."

"And can't you get the idea that I don't want to be protected?"

All this being on the day before they were scheduled to be married, Eddie was not in a pleasant frame of mind when they entered their office on the flying field, and his state of mind grew less pleasant when he found waiting for them Mr. James Kelly, president of Kelly's Dolls, Inc. It happened he was there to arrange for a new contract covering his sky advertising for the next twelve months. But why was he so unnecessarily attentive to Ellen?

"Ah, Miss Widman. I had almost feared you would fail me. Almost. But, of course, I knew that, having given your word, you'd be here. And here you are. How are your bright cheeks today?"

She reported favorably on the bright cheeks.

"Very good. Very excellent. Ha, ha! Always ready with a clever retort."

The conversation turned to business, the new contract, and the "double design." This last was a new way of sky-writing in which the partners were trying to interest their advertising clients. By the use of capitals and small letters two slogans could be sky-written at the same time.

"A splendid idea," Mr. Kelly thought. "I must congratulate you on it, Miss Widman. How did you come to think of it?"

"Easily enough," Eddie answered for her. "She got it from me."

Then suddenly he realized it could be distinctly cold, even early in July. Kelly felt it most of all, and tried to save the climate before it turned too frigid.

"Really, now," he began, "I didn't know——"

"Don't mind him, Mr. Kelly," Ellen encouraged him. "He's only a bit jealous because it was my idea. That's all."

"I remember now: Your idea was to use two colors, black and white, or maybe it was pink and purple. I don't know. Only it would have meant two tanks on each machine and two sets of chemicals."

"Well, who suggested the caps. and small letters?"

"I did."

"I did."

"You did—*not*."

THE head of Kelly's Dolls, Inc., recalled another engagement, apologized, and bowed himself out. As they sat there, listening to his automobile rolling away, Ellen was playing with a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Eddie," she said, "you've gone and done it. That contract's lost."

"Oh, *I've* done it, have I? Who claimed all the credit——"

"Well, it doesn't matter. It was one of us. You and I have been quarreling ever since we got ourselves engaged, Eddie. You want me to do this, that, and the other, and I can't stand being ordered around. I think maybe our engagement has been a mistake. I think maybe we'd better call it off."

She laid the ring on the table before him. Eddie fumbled around in his inside coat pocket and drew out a long envelope marked "Marriage License Bureau, City of New York," and slowly tore it into bits. Ellen winced a little as she saw him do it.

"Yes," he agreed. "I've seen that coming for some time. I suppose we had better."

There was one more detail to be attended to.

"Fine," Ellen pretended. "Now that's over, we can go back to doing business at the old stand and under the old rules."

But Eddie—who had a vivid picture before his eyes of Kelly saying, "And how is Miss Widman today? And how are her bright cheeks?"—wasn't willing to do any such thing. "No," he said; "I think we'd better call that off, too."

* * *

So there is more shifting of scenes, and presently the Riker-Widman Flyers' Corporation is no more, and instead of one there are two fields on Long Island, about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stiffest Beards Yield

to this Small-Bubble Lather

COLGATE lather is different in formula, in action, in result, from anything you have used before.

This radical difference is all in the bubbles, as the lather pictures shown below prove. Colgate bubbles are far smaller and wetter. They contain an abundance of water and very little air. For this "small bubble" lather is based on a scientific fact—the fact that the water in the lather is the real beard-softener.

How Colgate Lather Works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

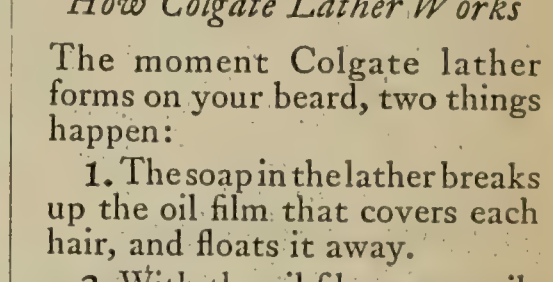
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right down where the razor does its work.

As the blade is drawn across your face, each hair is cut smoothly and evenly—close to the skin surface. "Razor-pull" is banished. In addition, Colgate's leaves your skin cool, relaxed and comfortable throughout the day.

Write for a free generous sample tube to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502A, 581 Fifth Ave., New York.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK



ORDINARY LATHER

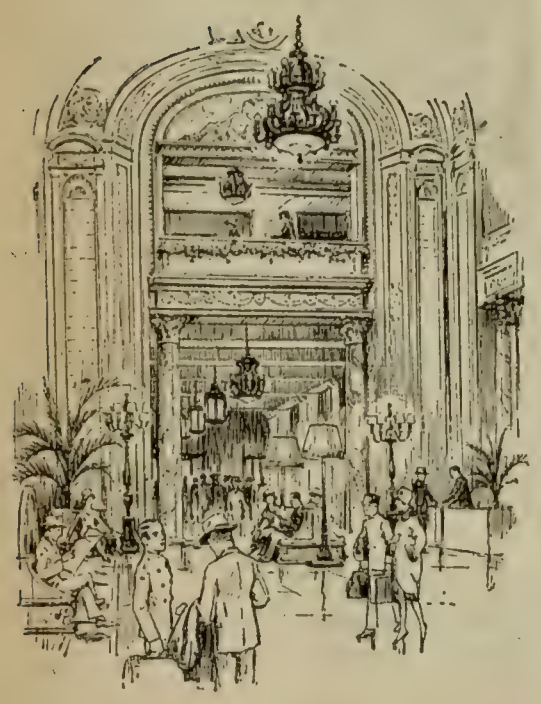
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Softens the beard at the base

No. 1
of
A SERIES OF AD-CHATS
About The
HOTEL McALPIN
by Arthur S. Leeg.
Managing Director



What makes the McAlpin New York's most popular hotel—

IN view of the fact that New York has more fine hotels than any city in the world, it is of outstanding interest to every reader of Liberty to know why the McAlpin is acclaimed New York's most popular hostelry.

There is always something doing at the McAlpin—because a guest can be entertained in so many ways.

Nearly two thousand comfortable rooms—from $3.50 to $12.00 per day—with suites from $10.00 to $30.00 per day—and suite services go with all rooms regardless of price—

Four magnificent ball rooms for private parties and balls—

A library of the best literature—

Three magnificent restaurants serving the finest food in New York—

A floor exclusively for women—and a floor exclusively for men over six feet (extra long beds)—

Snappy evening dance music by Ernie Golden's McAlpin orchestra—the nationally known broadcasting orchestra—you dine and dance by it—

A glorious roof garden in summer—

Combine your home comforts with first-class hotel conveniences—then add gentlemanly, considerate service from bellboy to manager—and a carnival of joy every evening—and you get, because this space is limited, an idea of what the McAlpin has to offer you on your next New York visit.

Sincerely,
Arthur S. Leeg.

P. S. Now is a busy time in New York but a wire to me personally will always secure you a room.

[SHE LOOPS TO CONQUER
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

five miles apart, from which airplanes go up whenever the weather is fine, to tell the world about a new play or a new cigar, about Dingle's eighty-eight kinds of pickles and Kelly's marvelous dolls.

Particularly Kelly's dolls. A month went by, another, and still another, and on every flying day Eddie saw that other plane go up and scrawl across the sky:

KELLYS DOLLS
THEY WALK
AND TALK
or
HAVE YOU A
LITTLE KELLY
IN
YOUR HOME?

Ellen didn't confine herself to a simple repetition of a trade name. She was making a good job of it. She was giving old man Kelly the advertising run of his life. And he, apparently appreciated it. Several times a week Eddie could see Kelly's big limousine parked in his rival's flying field and could almost read the initials J. C. K. on the door of it. He had his own thoughts.

These were chiefly about the middle-aged Mr. Kelly and the possible reasons that led him to spend so much time on the flying field.

WHEN a Liberty motor and two propellers are roaring a foot or two in front of you, you can talk in pretty loud tones without being heard, especially when there's no one within miles of you. Eddie had got into the way of discussing the problem of Ellen with himself during his flights. As he dipped and turned to make the loop in the D of Dingles, he was saying:

"I'd like to warn her against that guy Kelly. I don't trust him. Too smooth and has too much coin. Has a way about him which takes with the women. She's liable to be carried away and— No, he's not the kind for Ellen to marry."

On the other hand, what exactly could Edward Riker, ex-captain of the A. E. F., do about it? He and Ellen hadn't spoken since that day when she laid her ring on the table before him. He still carried it with him, for no reason at all. If he wrote her a note, Ellen would, of course, tell him to mind his own business. And quite right, too. "Please dismiss your best customer. I think he's planning to marry you, and I don't like him." Something like that. No, that would never do.

All day he framed different messages in his mind, with no success. Everything seemed to have gone wrong between them, beginning with that unromantic proposal.

The double-design scheme completed a bad job. After all the arguing about it, neither one of them had used it. It was a good idea and should have been used. In fact, he saw no good reason for not using it himself.

Ellen found out about this the next afternoon. In her own field she glanced up into the sky and saw that Riker had already taken off. Only, instead of heading toward New York, he was spelling out his words directly above them. And he was writing capitals and small letters. There it was:

dinglEs-pickLes-eLEgaNt

The Dingle ad, but intertwined in capital letters—ELLEN. He repeated it once and returned to his hangar and waited. Had she seen it? Did she recognize the code? Would she understand? And, most of all, what would she do?

Presently that other plane rose, and from a distance of some two miles up began to loop and twist, leaving a trail of white

kEllys Dolls

No sooner had the lady aviator returned than the pickle man took to the air. This time his letters of trailing smoke said:

dIngles MIxed pickleS—they satiSfy YOU

Then up went the woman in her airplane again, and sky-wrote:

THAt's all you Need to Know about a doll—kellyS

It was getting dark now, but early the next day the competition was resumed. First the pickle ad was sprawled across the sky:

chILdren cry fOr dingles—VEry pUre

And then the woman flyer, still using that new method of mixing capitals and small letters, wrote:

SOme DOll—Its kellys

AFTER that Eddie waited for Ellen to land, and then called her on the telephone.

"I want you to do something for me," he pleaded. "Please don't say you've got another engagement. I want you to come out with me tonight. We're going to a dinner at the Waldorf and then to dance where we went that first time—I've got it all planned."

So it happened that the second time Eddie made his proposal it was done in a romantic atmosphere, in the subdued light of a shaded lamp, while the orchestra played whatever it is orchestras play on such occasions.

And, either for that reason or some other, Ellen said:

"You're an awful sweet thing, Eddie. Did you really believe I cared a darn for old man Kelly and his eternal dolls except to keep the contract in the family? Oh, yes. I knew all the time it would be in the family."

"You did?"

"U-huh."

Thereupon, in the subdued publicity of a shaded corner of the ballroom, they sealed their bargain so it would be binding and proper.

THE END

Guard against dandruff and thinning hair

Your hair . . . thick, clean vigorous

TWO common ills can quickly sap the vigor of your hair and rob it of its clean, healthy appearance. *Dandruff* is now known to be an actual infection. *Thinning hair* is due to poor scalp circulation.

Unchecked, either of these will lead to ultimate baldness! Yet both dangers can be avoided—they can in most cases be overcome, even when of long standing. The method is *very simple.*

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This treatment leaves your scalp tingling with new health. Used regularly it destroys dandruff infection and stimulates hair-nourishing circulation.

Start now to protect your hair. Get Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today.* Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York. Sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

The Sun Sets on the California Condor

The World's Largest Feathered Flyer Can Eat Anything, But It's Starving to Death

An Article by
GEORGE K. SHAFFER

ALTHOUGH the California condor still soars above the crags of the California coast range, the time is shortly coming—if he follows his tendency of the past fifty years—when this original American inhabitant will disappear as completely as the passenger pigeon, and take with him into oblivion his title of the largest flying bird in the world.

When the California condor dies out, 100,000 years of direct genealogy will die with him. The California condor is one of the few creatures that preserve to this age the exact appearance in which they flourished during the Pleistocene era.

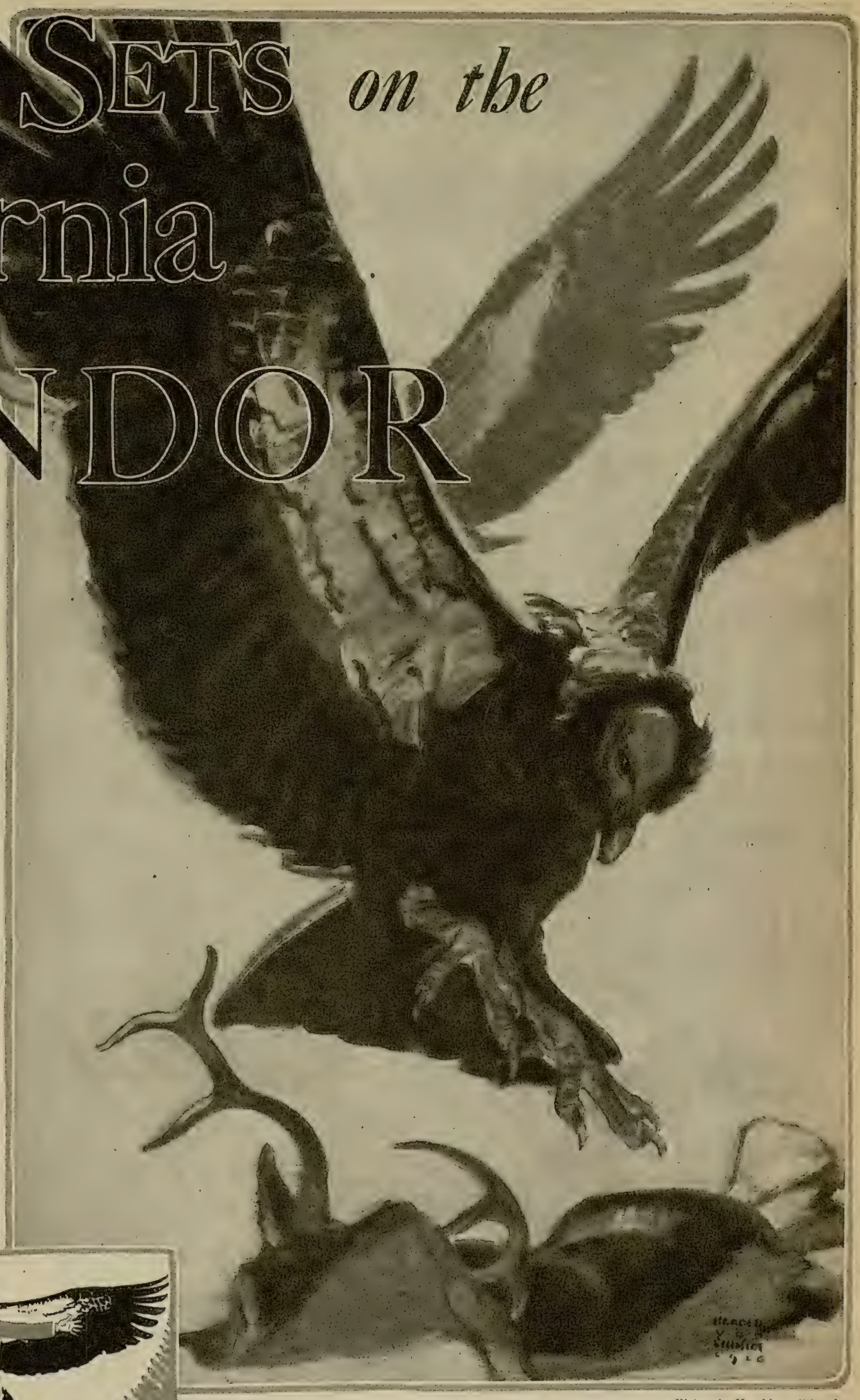
Long before the ice of the later Glacial Age was freezing, the first identified generation of *Gymnogyps californianus*, the California condor, was living a life contemporary with the saber-toothed tiger, the mammoth, the giant ground sloth, and the equus (antique horse) of western America.

All these pioneers have passed away. Only *Gymnogyps* survives.

Surviving because of his versatile and shameful appetite, superiority of flight and vision, and his cleaver beak, *Gymnogyps* was able to increase and perpetuate his funereal black likeness in countless generations of descendants.

One hundred thousand years before the sun of the Sierras glinted on the spurs of new Spain's *vaqueros*, it was glinting on the ten-foot wing spread and the gory beak of this flying coffin. While his tremendous pinions held him an imperceptible speck in the sky, the great condor's telescopic eye registered every deed of slaughter, violence, and gorge beneath him.

None saw a meal farther than he did. None was less exacting about the nature of his meal. And none could or would make a meal of him.



Picture by Harold von Schmidt

The condor's long-range eye brings him to finish the partly eaten carcass.

The great condor's existence ran on in this way until civilization touched his domain. At that moment his sun began to set.

Originally ranging from British Columbia far south into Lower California, the great condor now has vanished from his former range into isolated fastnesses of the back country in Ventura and Kern counties, California, and the forbidding mountains of Mexican Lower California, 450 miles farther south.

According to Dr. Harold C. Bryant, educa-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Does your favorite smoke go sour sometimes?"

Great After Smoking

"You smoke pretty steadily, Bill, don't you?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"Well, because you always seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. But with me my pet smoke goes sour sometimes when I smoke that way."

"The answer is easy," the other man said. "Just eat a few Life Savers in between and see how much better each new smoke tastes!"

★ ★ ★

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke so much better.

It's a fact; Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes you'll always have a package handy. Five cents a package everywhere.

Eat a few Life Savers

Six Flavors
Pep-O-mint
Wint-O-Green
Cinn-O-Mon
Lic-O-Rice
Cl-O-ve
Vi-O-let

between Smokes

[THE SUN SETS ON THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR Continued from Page Thirty-five]

tional expert of the California Game and Fish Commission, stationed at the University of California at Berkeley, it is doubtful if more than 100 condors still live. They are passing because they are starving into extinction.

Dr. Loye Miller, professor of biology at the University of California, Southern Branch, in Los Angeles, explains:

"The condor's natural food is the flesh of large wild animals, chiefly the California deer. For countless years the condor has been dependent for his meat on the deer killed by the California mountain lion, or cougar. The cougar, like the deer, is disappearing and the condor has not much to keep going on.

"THE process works out this way: The mountain lion kills a deer and feasts his fill. But no cougar eats an entire deer. When he leaves his kill he seldom returns to it, but kills another when hungry again.

"The condor's long-range eye brings him to finish the partly eaten carcass. Whether the kill is fresh meat or carrion makes no difference to *Gymnogyps*.

"It takes a large animal like a deer to satisfy an appetite like the condor's. A dead squirrel or a dead jack rabbit only teases his stomach. Of course, he could live on such animals, but is unable to find enough of such carcasses to feed himself, and he is not equipped to catch them.

It was the strength of the condor's stomach—conspicuous in the last sixty years in his seeming immunity to the strychnine set out in poisoned bait for the wolves—that kept *Gymnogyps* spry and flourishing.

Now, strangely enough, his undoing is resulting from another physical characteristic—the formation of his feet and toes. These are so formed that it is impossible for him to catch and kill his own prey.

Unlike his third cousin, the eagle, *Gymnogyps'* feet and toes do not possess the power of gripping and squeezing a struggling prey. His toes lack the power of the eagle's long, daggerlike talons to pierce a prey.

Photo by Elwin R. Sanborn, Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society

The condor can see for great distances and is equipped with a bone-crushing beak.

Moreover, his huge wings do not afford such mobility in flight as is possessed by his other distant relative, the falcon, and he thus is doubly stopped from darting to snatch a meal on the wing.

Only when a sheep falls over a cliff and breaks a leg, or a calf takes sick, or some other medium-sized creature finds itself helpless, does *Gymnogyps'* bone-crushing beak enable him to make his own kill. The consequence is that the great condor always has been forced to depend for his food on what others killed or disabled.

UNTIL recently this made no difference, but since his meals have become increasingly sparse and scattered the condor's inability to seize his own prey has become a life-and-death issue.

There is another prime factor in his disappearance: his birth rate lags.

One egg every two years, perhaps only every three years, is the female condor's limit. Her hatching is a lengthy process. Her nestling is a physical weakling for six months. A five-year-old specimen in the Selig Zoo, Los Angeles—one of the two or three Califor-

nia condors in captivity—has not yet acquired full feathering, or attained mature size.

Man also has accelerated the condor's passing.

The *vaqueros* of old California, who knew well the huge scavenger of the mountains, refrained from warring on him, and gave him a friendly and familiar name, *queleli.*

Then came the Americans, from over the mountains, who did not know him and who also had no mercy on the passenger pigeon. The Americans shot him. They had a mistaken notion that he menaced man and man's designs.

Hunters began to slay him in order to make trophies and boast about his hugeness.

Gold seekers joined his exterminators because of his quills, which proved a fine medium for carrying gold dust.

Before long, increasing rarity set a high premium on the condor's egg and his person.

The fewer the specimens, the more prized the condor and the harder he was hunted.

THE State of California in 1901 first arrested this rush toward his extermination. In that year a new law tendered total protection to all non-game birds.

"Still later," according to Dr. Bryant, "it was found necessary to curtail the operations of collectors of bird specimens and eggs. Consequently, all scientific collectors' permits issued by the California Game and Fish Commission carefully except the condor, and thus give this bird as complete legal protection as is possible.

"The future of this bird, for the safety of which the State of California is responsible, not only rests upon legal protection, but upon knowledge of its life and habits, in order that biological requisites of food and safe brooding sites may be afforded it."

The California condor belongs to the *Cathartidae,* which is the American division of the vulture family. It is kin to the Andean condor, which inhabits the mountains of South America and is the only other species of condor in existence. The American turkey buzzard is the California condor's smaller and more remote cousin.

According to Dr. Loye Miller, who has devoted years to the accumulation of data on the condor, living, of 1926 A. D., and the same condor, dead, of 89,000 B. C., "the difference between our common turkey buzzard and the California condor is this: the turkey buzzard is a four-cylinder scavenger; the California condor is the finest model straight eight."

Dr. Miller has one of the closest personal acquaintances of all humans with *Gymnogyps.* He saw three condors in one day while camping along the mountainous Ridge Route between Los Angeles and Bakersfield, Memorial Day, 1925.

DR. MILLER has received slain specimens to examine, brought to him from time to time by geologists and game wardens. The smallest wing expanse (wing tip to wing tip) that Dr. Miller ever measured was eight feet ten inches. He records one that measured nine feet six inches. He says there is little reason to believe that this largest of flying birds ever attains the extravagant wing measurement of eleven feet, which is attributed to it in some encyclopedias.

The bird measures about fifty inches from head to tail. It grows to a weight of from twenty to twenty-six pounds. The coat of both male and female is a dull black all over, with a white stripe under the wings. The California condor lacks the white neck ruff of his Andean cousin and differs only slightly in other points of body build from his less rare counterpart of the Peruvian peaks.

No one knows how long *Gymnogyps* live. Dr. Miller's estimate is from sixty to eighty years, perhaps more.

"Nobody ever saw one that died a natural death," scientists say. An indication of the bird's longevity exists in the length of time it takes the young bird to mature.

The first authentic description of its nesting habits appeared in print in 1906, under the authorship of W. L. Finley, who was State game commissioner of Oregon and one of the greatest bird photographers in America. Since Finley's book, little original and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo by Elwin R. Sanborn, Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society

The great scavenger in repose with his powerful wings folded.

A short road to beauty

By Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Famous Beauty Specialist

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—instantly.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch—delicately perfumed—it spreads evenly, with an enchanting smoothness, and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks exactly like your own coloring. It remains on unusually long. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable—and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters, 60c. (In Canada, slightly higher.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder
and Bloom

Get New Panel and Samples

1927 Pompeian Art Panel, "The Bride," sent for only 10c. Painted by Rolf Armstrong. Store value easily 75c.

Also samples of Bloom and Powder with Mme. Jeannette's booklet of beauty hints.

TEAR OFF NOW!
You may forget

Mme. Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
3200 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for the new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel and samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

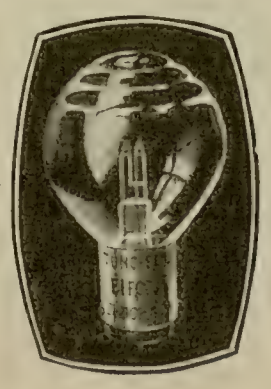
Name_____
Street Address_____
City_____ State_____
Powder shade_____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade required

BETTER LIGHT WITH SAFETY . . . that is what every car owner seeks. Tung-Sols light the way to safety at night. They are carefully built, have longer life and provide *correct* illumination. Instead of ordinary bulbs, use Tung-Sols and drive with confidence anywhere at any time.

TUNG-SOL

Reliable dealers and servicemen sell Tung-Sols and careful owners use them instead of ordinary bulbs.

TUNG-SOL BI-FOCAL BULBS: they have two filaments, each rated at 21 C. P. Standard equipment on Buick cars. This type of double-filament bulb has likewise been adopted by the makers of 21 leading automobiles.



"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's TUNG SOL MINIATURE *Incandescent Lamp Patents*

[THE SUN SETS ON THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

accurate data have been added.

Only forty specimens of condors' eggs were to be found in museums prior to the complete protection now afforded the bird. So inaccessible are the clefts where the condor nests on the bare dirt, scraped around with a few twigs, that the scientists themselves differ in some particulars.

One describes the rarely seen condor's egg as a pale green. The egg measures four and one-half by two and one-half inches. Another describes the egg as white. The facts are, according to Dr. Loye Miller, that the naturally greenish egg probably faded when kept in a museum. No authority estimates the incubation period.

"As to their history and where they came from," Dr. Miller says, "fossil deposits in the Rancho La Brea asphalt beds in the suburbs of Los Angeles show that thousands of condors were trapped in those beds. Along with these fossil remains of the *Gymnogyps californianus* as we know him, were those of two other species of condor and one other giant vulture, which was 50 per cent larger.

"We thus find that the California condor was a contemporary of the saber-toothed tiger, the sloth, the Pleistocene horse, and the mammoth, all of which likewise left their remains in the asphalt beds."

CALIFORNIA was the favorite prehistoric dining grounds of the condor. Dr. Miller found remains of a condor of another geologic era in the caves of Mount Shasta. This was a different species, which received the name *Gymnogyps amplus*.

Others of those found in the La Brea asphalt pits have become known as *Cathartornis graceles* (graceful and slender) and *Sarcorhamphus clarki* (same genus as the Andean condor), named for Dr. Frank G. Clark.

Dr. Miller says: "These birds undoubtedly overhauled a tremendous region. From Los Angeles to Santa Barbara (125 miles) for breakfast would have been only a morning appetizing jaunt for them."

The California condor's preservation is sought to perpetuate an interesting natural history figure and an original inhabitant.

"The condor is no menace to the farmer, and of some gain to man as a scavenger," the California University scientists agree in their pamphlet.

The five-year-old bird in the Selig Zoo gave a demonstration of his fierceness when a camera man entered his cage to get photographs for this article. Infuriated *Gymnogyps* rushed the camera man with clacking beak and clubbing wings, and had him outside the cage again inside of five seconds.

When the keeper sought to protect the picture-taker by poking the condor away with a long pole, the huge beak clamped on the pole and came away with a chunk of hard wood that only a steel hatchet could have cut.

THE END

Now 54 years

OF PROVEN SAFETY

Send for anniversary booklet and 1927 edition of "How to Build an Independent Income"

WITH the beginning of 1927, The F. H. Smith Company marks the completion of 54 years of continuous service to first mortgage investors—54 years in which every cent of interest and maturing principal has been paid promptly and in full. Founded in January, 1873, The F. H. Smith Company now has a record of

No Loss to Any Investor in 54 Years

Our anniversary booklet, "Fifty-four Years of Proven Safety," shows you how this record has been maintained, and how it has created world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds. It explains how every Smith Bond is secured by a first mortgage on modern, income-producing city property. It tells you why men and women in 48 States and in 33 countries and territories abroad have bought Smith Bonds by mail.

For 1927--adopt this plan to invest your monthly savings at 6½%

The 1927 edition of our booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," tells how you can buy one or more $100, $500 or $1,000 Smith Bonds by ten equal monthly payments, and how your regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest—6½%. It shows the results you can accomplish by investing $10, $20, $30, $40, $50 or more a month at 6½%.

For copies of our two new booklets, fill out and mail the form below.

The F. H. SMITH CO.
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SMITH BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
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Please send me copies of your two booklets as advertised in Liberty.

I have $..... Please give me your recommendations for investing this sum at 6½% with safety and assured income.

It is understood that this request involves no obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

The Accidental Kiss

She went down on her knees before him. "Johnny, you are going home—tomorrow on the Montavio!"

The Tale of a Man Who Tried to Forget and a Girl Who Made Him Remember

By Austin Parker

Pictures by Armstrong Sperry

SHANGHAIED aboard a tramp steamer, John Blake, a wealthy and dissolute young American, finds himself dumped in a remote tropical port, his head cleared after eighteen months of continuous drinking. Remorse over the death, while on their honeymoon, of his young bride in an automobile accident for which he was responsible had robbed him of all desire to live.

Determined to bury himself alive in the jungle, he accepted a job as a barge trader, his only companions being a Hindu servant and a parrot. One day the steamer that supplied him with merchandise brought a young girl to the barge. Her father, a cocaine-crazed piano-player in a honk-a-tonk, had died, and the friendly captain of the steamer had taken her to Blake as the only white man to be trusted to save her from a living death in the dive. But the captain had brought more than the girl—he had brought liquor to Blake.

That night, after providing a cot for the girl, Blake began to drink. She awoke and went to him, innocently pleading for the right to help him in his misery. The liquor and the blandishment of the tropical night overcame him and he kissed her passionately. Realizing then that he was her only protector, he ordered her back to her cot and, with a feeling of self-loathing, threw the half-consumed bottle overboard.

By morning he had determined to send her to the United States, where his own people would care for her. And so he awaited the coming of the little steamer that would take her to a port of embarkation.

Part Two

DAWN had changed from a soiled pink to a definite brightness when Chimes came padding amidships with two mugs of coffee. John Blake yawned, stretched himself awake in the pleasant coolness of the morning, and sat up on the edge of his cot, considering the taste in his mouth.

It might have been much worse, he reflected impersonally; only chance had intervened to keep him from drinking the entire quart of whisky. That thought lingered in his mind, wavering somewhere between thankfulness and malevolent dissatisfaction.

Sarah Kelly, a small, untroubled figure under the angularly crumpled sheeting, was fast asleep. One hand lay before her face on the improvised pillow, and a braid of hair streamed off in an aimless line.

Blake stood holding the cup of hot coffee, gazed at the girl, thoughtfully summing up his unasked-for responsibilities toward her. When at last he spoke her name, her eyes fluttered open.

"Would you like some coffee?" he asked.

She smiled sleepily, nodded and then the heavy eyelids closed again.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

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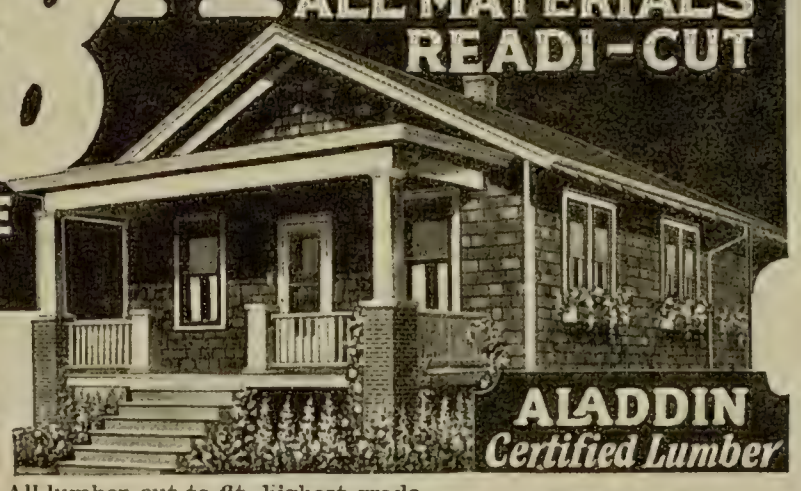

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[THE ACCIDENTAL KISS
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

"Poor kid!" he said to himself. "She's tired out." And he wondered how long she had lain awake the night before, worrying about him.

Bosco was beginning his morning cackle, for which he took a ride on Blake's finger to his penance cage in the galley. After cautioning Chimes to let Sarah sleep, Blake dropped aboard the dinghy, turned loose the strength of his arms upon the oars, and went scudding shoreward for his bath.

In a small basin protected by a ridge of coral from sharks, he stripped and plunged overboard. No languorous dawdling upon the beach here—not with sand flies and jiggers. He thrashed around luxuriously in the opalescent water, fetching white pebbles from the bottom, leaping until his arms were clear to throw them. Monkeys, hidden in the thick foliage of uncountable shades of green, crashed from bough to bough and watched him, chattering.

Sarah Kelly, wearing a yellow frock—short-sleeved, cut square at the neck, and nicely fashioned—was waiting for him at the edge of the barge when he came back.

"Good morning," he called, swinging the dinghy around and resting upon the oars. "How pretty you look!"

SHE beamed with pleasure. "Thank you! I'm sorry I went to sleep after you called me."

"Glad you did," he answered. "Sarah, you're going to be the sensation of the coast."

"What do you mean? My dress?"

"That, too—but I don't think the Indians here have ever seen a white woman before. They'll be aboard in droves. Chimes, is breakfast ready?"

"Yes, master."

"Let's have it, then." He pulled himself aboard and secured the dinghy.

"And you do like my dress?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Indeed I do!" he replied. "Immensely!"

"I presume," she said with a sigh, "that I shouldn't wear it so soon after father's death—but I'm sure he wouldn't mind. It's the only colored dress I've ever had."

Blake felt a quick access of sympathy.

"You've had a rotten mean time of it for a youngster!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "I've known lots of girls at the convent who were unhappy."

"All right, Pollyanna, have it your own way." He upended a box for his seat at the table. "It's my idea of a tough time!"

"What does that mean—Pollyanna?"

"Hm-m-m—" He decided to define it with as little malice as possible. "It means a little girl who always manages to come up smiling."

A shadow crossed her face. "But there have been plenty of times when I've cried," she answered quietly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

"I'll bet there've been! That's what I meant. Every youngster ought to have a chance to laugh and be happy—and to have colored dresses."

Chimes brought a platter of eggs and bacon and a pot of coffee.

"Were you very happy when you were a boy?"

He shrugged. "Happy enough, I suppose."

"I wish you'd tell me everything about it."

BLAKE felt the man's teeth and the bones of his own hand crumple like rotten wood.

"Nothing much to tell," he answered evasively.

Bosco's angry clatter sounded from aft. Someone had usurped his place at the table and he was voicing his complaint in squawking indignation.

"I'd better go get him," said Blake.

He returned after a minute with the parrot, ruffled and clucking, perched upon his shoulder. That put an end to the conversation about his boyhood.

As Chimes cleared away the dishes, Blake took out a white flag and attached it to the lanyard running through a hook at the top of a stubby mast. "Now watch the beach," he told her. "There's always a race."

Before the flag was up—the signal that the barge was open for trading—two dozen dugouts were slipping into the water. Paddle blades began to flash in the sun.

Sarah drew closer, turning her eyes inquiringly, even a little fearfully, to meet his.

He laughed. "You needn't be afraid of them."

The boats sped through the water. The one in the lead swung around so violently that it banged into the hull of the barge, and an Indian, grasping the stanchion, arose and held out an egg to the girl.

"Take it!" said Blake. "And thank him. That's their way of welcoming you."

From every dugout arms extended toward her, each hand clutching in its blackness a white egg. The coast—scene of carnage and endless bloody warfare—was welcoming its first white woman with its symbol of peace, prosperity, and happiness.

"At first I couldn't imagine what they meant," she told Blake that evening; "and then, when I realized, I was very happy."

THEY were sitting on deck, legs dangling over the side. Above them the velvet dark of night, with its white burning stars, pressed down, palpably heavy; beneath them the streaked phosphorescence of the water. The world lay in untroubled quiet.

"I mean," she went on, hand moving to her breast, "that it hurt here—just to know that they were welcoming me, that they were glad I'd come. It was that way last night, too—when you kissed me. Then something in your voice changed and I—oh, I was afraid you wished I'd stayed away!"

Contrition struck Blake and he enveloped her hand in his, holding it tightly.

"Should I go to the galley and get you an egg?" he asked, smiling at her.

In one of those facile changes of emotion, she laughed—then instantly became solemn again. Her other hand stole over his, clutched it desperately.

"Don't you understand," she pleaded, "that you're the only person I've got in the world, and that if you sent me away I——"

"But, Sarah dear," he broke in, "I'm not going to send you away! You mustn't be frightened. We're friends now, and I'm going to stand by you. You mustn't think I'm going to turn you out. I'm not the sort of rat that—well, that Raphael Tudela is."

She shuddered. "I hated it when he grabbed me and kissed me!"

His jaw snapped shut.

"Tudela?" he demanded. "That swine! I'll knock his teeth down his throat!"

"I was afraid of him."

"You'd better be! Tudela and his rotten Tres Estrellas!"

"But father played there!" she protested faintly, as if that made Las Tres Estrellas less of a dive.

"Maybe so, but—" He stopped and gave himself a moment to recover from his burst of anger. Then he reverted to their conversation before Tudela's name had been mentioned.

"I understand, Sarah, how difficult it is for a girl, really just a youngster, to be alone in the world, and I'm going to take care of you. I have an idea that I'll tell you about later. I'll have to decide first what will be best."

His idea, formulating as he talked, was to give the girl the benefit of some of his own estate, held in trust by his father. That would be difficult, impossible, to do without letting his family know where he was hiding. But, if it came to that, he had a right to stay where he wished to stay, and they wouldn't bother him long.

Earlier in the day, when he had gone for a swim, he had thought of sending her back to the convent.

He could pay her charges there out of his wages, and in the meantime communicate with the nearest consul as to what should be done with her.

There might even be from David Kelly's wrecked estate some income that now would not have to go for cocaine.

But that plan had been ended without his realizing it by his first glance at the yellow frock—that after the somber ugliness of the convent uniform she had worn the day before! People had no right to make the lovely things in the world ugly.

Her troubled voice recalled him from his thoughts:

"Will it mean that I won't stay here?"

"Yes—that you'll go back to the States, and have beautiful dresses——"

"But I don't want to go there! I haven't anyone to go to! Not anyone!"

"But, my dear Sarah, you can't stay here with me. It just isn't being done this year! Listen, Miss Innocence, don't you know that men and women don't live together—on the same trading barge—unless they're married?"

"All right—then let's be married."

He took his hands from hers, buried his face in them, and uttered a sonorous "My God!" at the water.

SHE rippled on heedlessly: "Well, I'd rather be married than go back home where I haven't any friends. I could stay here and take care of you."

"You'll have plenty of friends."

"Who?" she challenged. "How could I? You don't have friends until you've gone through lots of troubles with people."

"You'll have enough troubles," he answered.

"But I don't want them! I've had enough already!" She had, Blake discovered, a certain exasperating logic. "I don't want to go where there are lots of people. People hurt one another so terribly! All I want to do is to stay here where it's lovely and quiet——"

"But you can't stay here!"

"But after we're married——"

"That's out of the question!"

"But you said we could be married."

"I did *not!* Sarah! I said it wasn't considered proper in the fashionable world to set up housekeeping on a trading barge before being married."

His voice had risen.

After a moment she asked meekly: "Will you tell me why we can't be married?"

"For one thing, it would be a rotten thing to do—to marry a youngster and imprison her here for the rest of her life! Good grief, Sarah!"

He turned to confront her.

"I'm not trying to send you back to the convent again. I'm going to send you home, where you'll have everything in the world, where my own people will take care of you."

She seemed to collapse in silence, and instinctively his hand went out to cover hers. For an instant he thought she was crying, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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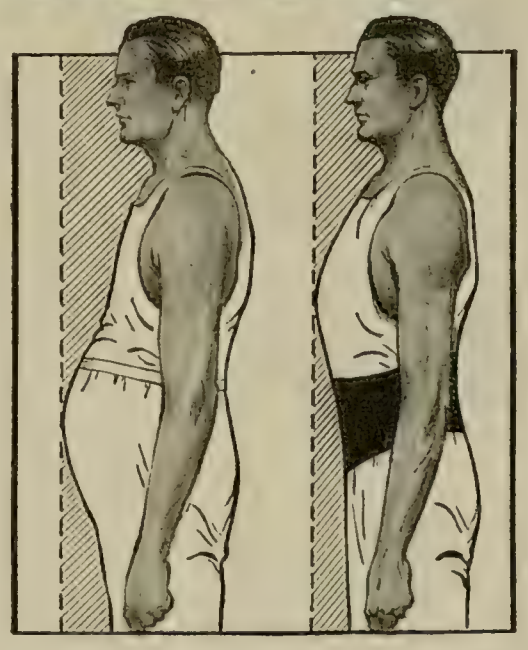

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[THE ACCIDENTAL KISS Continued from Page Forty-three]

in the dusk of starlight he made out her face, set rigidly against tears. She was staring down at the water miserably.

"You're a game little youngster, Sarah," he said comfortingly.

When she didn't respond, he went on to describe in alluring terms what she would find at home. Home! He could see that clean sweep of lawn and the big sprawling house.

His words rumbled in the night, on and on, painting little pictures in the hope that she might see them too.

"And are *you* ever going back?" she asked. "Are you going to stay here always?"

"I'm well enough off here. I don't want to go back."

"Why not?"

"Because— One night, not long after I'd married a very lovely girl, we had a bad accident. It was my fault. She was killed. After that—" He paused. "Well, I suppose I had some sort of idea of killing myself too. But I didn't have nerve enough to do it decently with a gun. Then I landed here—and here I stay."

SHE said, ever so softly, "I think father was afraid to go back, too."

It was as if she had touched a nerve that ran the length of his body and set it throbbing.

"Yes," he answered dully—"afraid. Afraid of myself and the rest of the world."

For several minutes they sat enveloped in a poignant, electric silence; then he rose abruptly.

"It's getting late, dear. We'd better turn in."

He helped her to her feet and, still holding her hands, asked, "And you'll do as I want you to do?"

"Yes—always."

He could feel her straining through the darkness toward him, begging to be closed in his arms. Instead, he pressed her hands to his lips, and dropped them quickly.

Those were the heaviest four

TUDELA whipped round, scrambled upward, hand drawing his gun. Then both guns roared.

days of barter that Blake had known during his five months aboard the barge. News that there was a white woman to be seen—whiter even than the trader himself—sped through the back country; and Indians, some with nets of coconuts slung over their backs, others with cakes of rubber riding upon their heads, filed down the long jungle trails. The shelves of the storeroom were almost empty.

The Dorothea was due on her in trip. Sarah and Blake moved away from the breakfast table, eyes searching instinctively for the telltale puff of gray smoke.

Blake entered the storeroom, and came back with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"You may read these later," he told her, "but I'll give you an idea of what they are.

"This is to my father. Either he, or someone he will send, will meet you when the Montavio docks at New York.

"This is to Alvarez, telling him to give you whatever money I have to my credit. It'll be about four hundred gold—more than enough to see you through.

"And these are cable messages signed by me—one to my father and one to our attorney. In that way there won't be any slip-up about someone meeting you at the New York docks."

In an effort to be casual, he added:

"You'll have to get the money

from Alvarez, of course, before you can send the cables."

She took the papers numbly, gazing at them.

The night before, she had fallen asleep watching Blake hunched over the table, writing, tearing up, and rewriting that difficult letter to his father; and now she held it in her hand as if it were an explosive that might at any moment destroy them.

"But you're going to try to come to town with me?" she asked in a weak voice.

"Yes; I'll go if Jorgy'll take me. It's against the rules, but I'll do my best to persuade him. You'd better put the papers in your suitcase."

"But if Don Alfredo refuses to give me the money?"

"No fear of that. He has a hard enough time getting decent men for his barges." He laughed dryly. "Don Alfredo'd rather give the money to you than to me. I've got to get these bills finished."

He turned to the cleared table, thankful to get away from the stubborn, unyielding plea of her brown eyes, and began checking the accounts of goods expended, produce taken in. Figures danced and blurred; a sense of loneliness more acute than he had ever known before filled him. But determinedly he forced his mind to its task. Then, long after the figures had been checked, he sat staring at them.

Chimes' warning, "Boat, master," startled him.

"Sarah," he said, conscious of her presence a few feet away. She moved beside him. "I'm sorry you're going. I'll miss you."

Her faint "Yes" seemed to come from miles away.

"You'd better change into that black dress," he said. "It's so dirty aboard the Dorothea."

"But I'm wearing it now!" she protested, her voice breaking. "Don't you see?"

He glanced up from the litter of papers upon which his gaze had been fastened, and found her eyes brimming with tears. Slender arms went round his neck, and with frantic, passionate strength she pressed his head to her breast. She was trembling.

"YOU mustn't cry, dear," he said, when she relinquished him.

"I won't," she assured him, forcing a tremulous little smile.

The snub nose of the Dorothea was already ramming its way into the cove, whistle hooting. Jorgensen, in dirty whites from his battered helmet to his canvas shoes, stood at the wheel, sheltered by the tattered awning, waving to them.

"I yust brang her to make Tudela mad," announced Jorgy, as if he wanted to deny the soft accusation of having helped the girl disinterestedly; "yust to make him mad."

"What do you mean?" demanded Blake.

"One night I tank he cheat me at poker, an' I say, 'I get even with you, you—' He drizzled off into profanity. "I know he want to get this gurl fur to make love, so I say, 'Come on, purtty gurl. Yohnny Blake bane better man for you than Tudela.'" A laugh rumbled up and broke into several staccato cackles; then he stared at Blake.

"What fur you goin' send her home?" he asked. "What fur you give her your money an' say, 'Go home, little gurl'? Yohnny, you gettin' crazy as hell!"

"Jorgy, she doesn't belong in a country like this."

"She get used to it." He spat over the side and eyed the younger man as if to ask what all the balderdash about Sarah being a "good girl" had to do with life on the coast.

"Well, Yohnny, you better come to town. I tell Don Alfredo you bane gettin' crazy down here an' I brang you back for to get drunk as hell. Sure! I tell Don Alfredo."

Blake went to the barge, where Sarah was waiting.

"He'll take me."

"I'm so glad!" Her eyes shone with a curious light of victory.

He placed a chair for her under the awning as far as possible from Jorgy's torrential flow of profanity. Jorgy had only one brand of English.

The Negro deckhand and Chimes had finished stowing the cargo.

"I'll be back in two days," said Blake. Chimes' bow was oddly punctilious and he put out a slender hand. "Shake hands good-by, master?" he asked respectfully.

"Sure—but don't be so damn' serious about it. I'm coming back."

"Maybe, master."

Chimes turned, cast off the hawsers, and the Dorothea noisily got under way.

It was evening when the faint lights of the port shone before them. Sarah, exhausted by the heat and the rocking of the Dorothea, was dozing in her chair. Blake, with Bosco perched on his shoulder, leaned against the rail.

"Lissun, Yohnny," said Jorgensen. "Maybe that —— Tudela starts to make fights about her." He nodded toward the girl. "You watch out! See? Hold the wheel."

He dived below and returned after a moment, wearing a soiled white jacket.

"Yust come to Papa Yorgy if he wants to start fights, eh? I stay purtty sober tonight, you bet!"

"Thanks, Jorgy."

He waved the thanks away. "This bane my fight!" he announced, asserting a kind of proprietorship. He added emphatically, "An' Yorgy got one hard heart!"

HE took Blake's hand—pressed it over his left breast against the angular form of a revolver hidden by the jacket. "Fur t'ree months I try to make Tudela start somethings. Maybe now, when I take his girl to you, he get mad."

"Then you want a fight?" asked Blake.

"Sure! An' I kill him damn quick, you bet!" He added sagely: "But first I gotta find good excuses fur to tell the alcalde, huh? Sure! Yohnny, never be a damn' fool an' shoot a man without excuses first. An' shoot him dead, so maybe he don't have no better excuses fur to tell the alcalde."

In the dim lanternlight of the dock, heads bobbed grotesquely, as if they were searching for bodies from which they had been separated.

"There's Don Alfredo," said the girl.

"Which one?"

She pointed to him—a hatchet-faced man with black mustachios and black eyes against a grayish skin.

"Can you find Tudela there?" he asked.

"I saw him for an instant, but he's gone now. What was Mr. Jorgensen saying about him?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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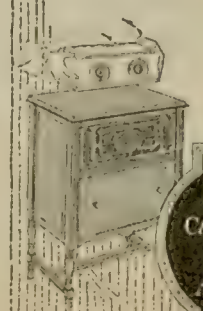

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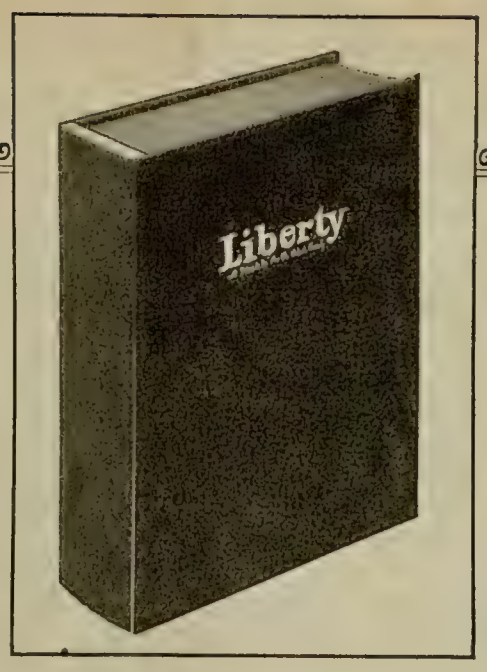

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1-8-26

[THE ACCIDENTAL KISS Continued from Page Forty-five]

"There's some sort of grudge between them. There may be some trouble tonight. Nothing for you to worry about, though."

As the boat settled alongside, Don Alfredo Alvarez emerged from the gloom of the shed, came aboard, and swung up to the bridge volleying Spanish, which Blake could not understand. Jorgensen responded laboriously. Then Sarah Kelly stepped forward and began to speak. Her Spanish was as rapid as Don Alfredo's own.

At last she turned to Blake.

"He's mad because Mr. Jorgensen took me down to the barge, and mad because you came to town. So I told him how much trading we'd done, and that made him feel better."

The clatter of Don Alfredo's Spanish against the swift rippling of Sarah's went on interminably.

"He says," she interpreted finally, "that he won't give you any money except a few dollars Mex, because you'd get drunk and refuse to go back to the barge. I told him that was a beastly lie; that you wouldn't——"

"Never mind about that," interrupted Blake. "Will he give you the money?"

"Yes, when I'm aboard the Montavio. It sails tomorrow morning at seven. He says he'll see the agent and get my passage tonight, but that you'll have to sign a contract to work on the barge for a year."

Blake's voice rose in exasperation:

"All right; tell him I'll sign his dirty contract, and to stop fiddling around!"

"Oh, please don't do that!" she begged. "Please! Isn't there some other way? A whole year!"

"No; tell him I'll sign it."

He nodded to Don Alfredo, whose face lighted suddenly with pleasure.

"He wants you to go to Las Tres Estrellas at ten o'clock. He'll have the ticket and the contract."

"I'll be there."

He caught Jorgensen's nod, and took it to mean that he too would be there.

"I FEEL just as if you were going to jail for a year—so that I could have that money," said Sarah.

They were standing in her room at the drab little hotel to which she had guided him. Upon the broken washstand a candle flickered and guttered, throwing enormous wavering shadows on the dusty green walls. Blake laughed, slipped his arm over her shoulders, and gave her a little hug.

"What's a year?"

"It's beastly of Don Alfredo to make you sign a contract! You might want to—to go home."

"Listen, Sarah," Blake said sharply. "When you get back to the States, you're not to give my people the idea that I may return soon. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"But after the year is up?"

"No, not even then. Some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Largely because of short skirts. But more because a slender figure suggests health and youth and vitality.

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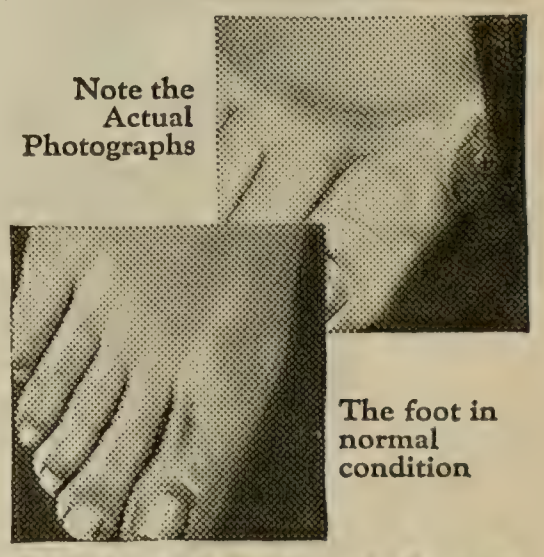

The foot in normal condition

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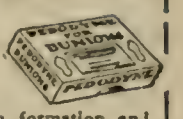

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

time, maybe. I don't know. Don't let's talk about it. It's time for me to be finding Don Alfredo. You stay here." He paused. "You'd better lock your door."

He made his way along the dark, faintly remembered street of hovels toward the lights of Las Tres Estrellas, stopped for a moment at the open door, nostrils assaulted by the acrid stench of the bar.

The rear room was bright with the white glare of an acetylene lamp hung from the ceiling. Two women in short, garish dresses were dancing together, while a third fumbled at the broken keys of the piano, trying to worry out a tune.

The bar itself was deserted except for the bartender, who recognized him and shook hands, and two men who sprawled indolently at a table near the door. Neither Jorgy nor Don Alfredo had arrived.

The bartender put out a bottle and a glass. Blake waved the bottle aside. "Beer," he ordered.

The three girls came mincingly from the back room and smirked at him.

"Buy a drink, dearie?" suggested one of them.

"Not tonight," he said.

She snuggled up to him, ran her arm through his. He frowned and moved impatiently.

"Listen to me, kid," she said. "Got something to tell you. Ask us to have a drink, so's I can talk."

Curiously mixed with the wheedling tones of a gin-mill girl was a note of imperative command.

"Sure—have a drink."

SHE began making love to him—kissed him on the cheek, drew his arm around her. She masked what she had to say by cooing her words. The others couldn't speak English.

"Don't look around," she told him, "but those two birds near the door are out to nail Jorgy—an' you too, if you start anything. Tudela's drunk an' he's out looking for that little Yankee girl—the one Jorgy took on the boat with him."

Blake jumped, and heard the woman cautioning him:

"Laugh, for the love o' Mike, an' act like you was having a good time. Tudela told me to get you an' get you drunk. Not to let you leave here. I wish there was some way o' gettin' word to Jorgy."

Blake shifted his position and got his arms free under the pretense of rolling a cigarette. He moved back a step to be clear of the women. The two men had drawn themselves to their feet and stood at the end of the bar, not looking at him directly, but obviously barring the way. The glorious elation of an impending fight thrilled through Blake's body and his muscles tightened.

With the cigarette in his mouth, he struck a match; but, instead of lighting it, he dropped both match and cigarette and bolted toward the door. A left straight-arm jab, with one hundred and seventy pounds of plunging energy behind it, sent the taller of the men to the floor as if he had been struck by an ax. Using the impact of that blow to regain his balance, Blake swung at the other with his right. He could feel the man's teeth and the bones of his own hand crumple like rotten wood. Then he shot through the door, out into the black street, and ran.

BEHIND him he heard the futile crack of a pistol.

As he reached the door of the hotel he heard the termagant shrieks of the woman who ran the place, mingling with the bellowing Spanish of a man. Blake, gasping for breath, leaned for a moment against the wall before attempting the stairs. He felt of his right hand, and realized in dismay that it was pulp and broken bones—useless. Then he heard the crash of a door as it was kicked.

If only Jorgy would come now, he thought hopelessly, as he started up the stairs. He moved quietly, instinct telling him that the unequal battle with Tudela would need strategy—a one-armed man against a drunken Spig with a gun. The door crashed again and splintered. The shrieks of the woman cut through the night.

Blake's head peered above the stairs. Tudela was before Sarah's door, the woman hanging to his arm, ducking as he slapped at her. There was a candle on the floor, and weird shadows lurched upon the walls.

Tudela raised his foot and kicked the door, apparently more entertained for the moment by the woman's antics than anxious to break his way through. He

slapped at her again, cursing her. As he turned his head, Blake rushed upon him, intent upon another straight-arm jab. But the woman swung in his way, and all three of them went in a writhing, fighting heap upon the floor.

Tudela scrambled to his feet, right hand reaching toward his holster. But the woman grabbed his arm and drew herself up. He caught her in the stomach with his knee, sending her down again, sprawling, knocked out, over Blake.

Tudela's boot caught Blake in the chest. Blake made a grab for the foot, caught it, and brought the man crashing to the floor, fists beating down upon both Blake and the woman.

Blake realized dimly that Tudela was destined to be the victor—that he was being beaten to unconsciousness. He clenched, holding the man's right arm from his holster, accepting the blows of the jabbing left in his face.

"Sarah!" he yelled. "Open the door and run! Sarah! For God's sake!"

Then Tudela's forearm pressed down upon his throat, strangling him, and the world began to fade.

Blake was barely conscious of seeing the door open, and he clung to Tudela with the last ebbing strength of his arms, hoping to hold him until the girl was at least out in the street, where she could scream for aid.

Instead of the girl, there loomed the huge bulk of Jorgensen, his revolver gleaming.

"Yohnny!"

Blake, dizzy and sick, released his grip. Tudela whipped round, scrambled upward, hand drawing his gun. Then both guns roared.

To Blake it was like distant thunder—a sound that concerned him not at all.

The man he had given that straight-arm jab was dying. His head had crashed against the jamb of the door. The other one was still spitting out teeth, trying to mouth oaths of vengeance, and trying also to give an explanation of how the lightning struck.

Tudela was dead, with a forty-five-caliber slug through his chest. The woman who ran the hotel was stretched upon her bed, still gasping to regain breath.

Blake sat sprawled in a chair in Sarah's room, right hand dangling in a pail of cool water, face throbbing and smarting. The steady, pulsing ache of his hand extended all along his arm.

The door was closed, but he could hear from the corridor that interminable roar and clatter of Spanish—Don Alfredo's quick, acidulous voice, Jorgy's fumbling of words, and the rapid flow of Sarah's interruptions. There were other voices, too. Sometimes all of them spoke at once, which usually ended in Don Alfredo's shrieks to them to shut up. Then it would begin all over again.

JORGY had arrived at Sarah's room a few minutes after Blake had departed, primed with information and half a dozen stiff drinks. He knew that Tudela's men were out gunning for him, and that Tudela, once Blake was out of the way, was planning to get his hands on Sarah. So he evolved a surprise party—which miscarried.

He ordered the girl to stand in a corner, out of the way of stray bullets, and waited, gun in hand, for Tudela to crash through the door.

First had come that hag of a woman to interfere with his plans—objecting not because she cared what happened to the Yankee girl but because her property was being violated—and then he had heard Blake's gasping yell for Sarah to run.

Blake breathed a long "Whew!" and said to himself, indifferently, that there was going to be trouble, and plenty of it. His head sank to his chest.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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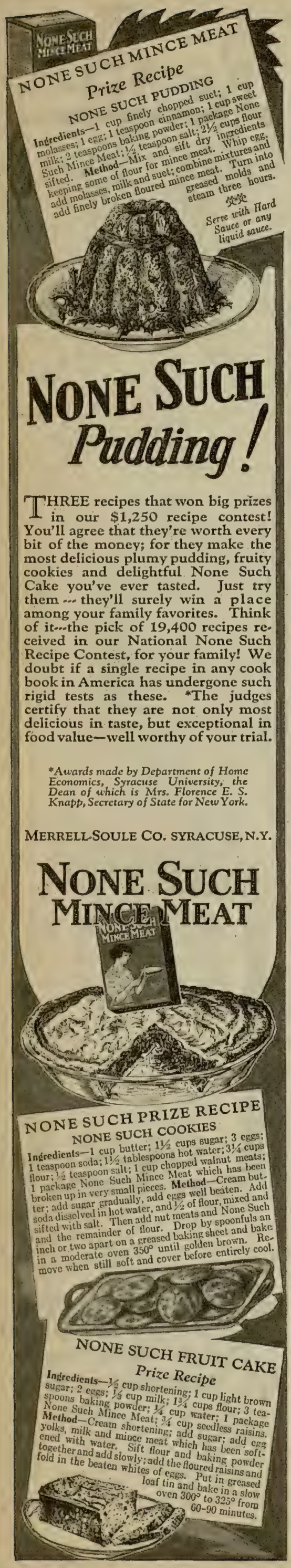

[THE ACCIDENTAL KISS
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

The door opened and closed; he heard Sarah's quick step. She stood before him.

"How do you feel, dear?" she asked.

"Awright."

"Don't you want to lie down?"

"No."

She went down on her knees before him.

"Johnny, you are going home—tomorrow on the Montavio!"

"No, I'm not," he retorted unemphatically.

"Yes, you are! Don Alfredo says you must. They're getting up steam on the Dorothea, and Jorgy's going to take us out to sea. We're to get aboard the Montavio out there, so they can't arrest you. Don Alfredo's got men all around the house, and he's bribed the officials to hide until we get out of port."

"But Jorgy," he protested thickly. "Got to stick by Jorgy. He'll be in trouble."

"No; that's all fixed—everything!"

She didn't tell him that Don Alfredo's nimble mind had seized upon the idea of spiriting Blake away and blaming him with everything. After all, the skipper of the Dorothea was more valuable to him than a mere trader.

"You've got to go! Don Alfredo says you must. So does Jorgy."

"Got to go," he repeated automatically, moving his head as if to get blood and thoughts in circulation once more.

Sarah crept closer, between his sprawling legs, and clutched the uninjured hand in hers. "You're going home—with me!"

"Home," he murmured, "with you."

"And I'm always going to love you and take care of you!" she told him, voice rising in passionate earnestness. "I'm never going to leave you!"

"Love me? Why, you funny—dearest little girl—you don't know what love is. You don't know anything about it. Some time—maybe—I don't know——"

His voice dwindled.

"But I do know what love is! I do!"

"What, then?"

"It's to need some one and to be needed by them—more than anything else in the world. Just as you need me and I need you. That's what it is. And I'm never going to give you up! Never!"

She was straining toward him, face close to his.

"Innocence," he said slowly, "you're stronger'n I am. Guess I'm going home."

He disengaged his hand, slipped his arm around her, and gazed a little dazedly into her face. Then he felt the healing freshness of her mouth upon his cut, bruised lips—felt her youthful arms, so much more powerful than his, clutching him.

"That wasn't an—an accidental kiss," she breathed into his ear, still holding him. "Tell me it wasn't!"

"No," he replied; "that was a very—intentional kiss. I love you—and we're going home!"

THE END

For the Love o' Lil

"Dearest Sandford—Yes!"

A New Chapter in Liberty's Famous Cover Continuity.

By LESLIE THRASHER

FOR the past few days Sandy had been living in an exclusive rosy vacuum. After pouring out his passion for Lil in a love letter, the suspense was too terrible to stand.

One late afternoon he went hurrying down Main Street. Everything he saw in the shop windows reminded him of Lil. He saw her dressed in luxurious furs; running washing machines; draped in pink negligees.

He had an early, speedy, and light supper. Then he got his clean shirts from the laundry. But he slammed the door with a cynical bang when he read Yung Ling's sign: BACHELORS, WE DARN YOUR SOCKS FREE. Sandy didn't want his socks darned by anybody in the world except Lil. He had never walked on one of Lil's darns, but he believed them to be as soft as kittens' paws.

Sandy turned into the gate of his rooming house. The roomers' assorted mail was piled on the shelf of the mirrored clothesrack. Nervously he dropped his key ring twice. Lil's answer to his letter! He perused the pile of mail. There was only a postal for him, announcing a January Fire Sale of Two-Trouser Suits.

Slowly he went upstairs. Lil didn't care—nobody cared; then he looked down and saw Penelope, the landlady's cat. He picked her up in his arms and went on to his room. No letter from Lil. Perhaps she had already eloped and he would get a card, postmarked from Havana, signed: "Lil Morse Hammerschlosser." Sandy gloated miserably over that hateful, dramatic name.

Then, partly closing the door, he saw an envelope on the floor. He picked it up and then sank into his chair. A faint perfume—hers! The handwriting—hers!

DEAREST SANDFORD, Yes.

LIL. XXXXXXXX

Lights! Camera! Action! Go! Sandy leaped into the air, keeping a suspended war-dance pose. Penelope, with outspread claws, sprang to the floor like a streak of lightning. The chair did a two-legged dance.

Sandy's joy knew no bounds. Lil was his! In all the world she loved him best. A loud cheer sent the blood to his head and shivers sped up and down his spine.

(To be continued next week)

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The Powders
We Stage Stars Use
By Edna Wallace Hopper
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Then I went to the makers of these powders and asked them the quantity price. I said I would offer them to millions of women at a price they could reasonably pay.
Now note the result. Edna Wallace Hopper's Face Powders—exactly as I use—are offered by all drug and toilet counters at 50c and $1.
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Checks *and* Tweeds *ARE MUCH IN* VOGUE

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

5414
34
36
38
40

A COAT of black broadcloth with raglan shoulders. There is a set-in band of the fur halfway down the length of the coat.

AN outfit of a rough gray mixture flecked with knots of black and white and trimmed with gray fur dipped in a dye of rose color, giving it the faint pinkish gray tone of a winter horizon at sunset. A skirt straight and simple and plain, and of course short, in the same material as the topcoat, and a pinkish gray crepe de Chine blouse made on tailored lines.

Yes; to be sure, it is an ensemble, as the illustration (5413) shows; yet how unlike what we used to mean by that word, which caused you to go out either carefully matching or carefully contrasting the costume's component parts.

The very description of this ensemble implies that the word "blending" should be used for the process of assembling it. And how much more of art and skill goes into this performance than in the one of matching a sample.

Also, in a former day not long past, the very word "ensemble" implied that the costume it identified was more or less formal. Now costumes for every day are very carefully put together into something that has unity.

A girl in Paris writes that an outstanding feature of the newest collections is the use of rather bulky mixtures of checks and tweeds for tailored suits and topcoats. A typical example is of a coarse, checked Scotch fabric with a tailored crepe blouse-jacket and a skirt of the checked material plaited at each side of the front. This is one of Chanel's favorite models.

We are watching out, you know, to see whether jackets will come to the front for the South, or else for spring.

Another important frock is straight lined and tailored, with long, close sleeves, a few narrow plaits at one side of the skirt, and a belt of calfskin with the spotted hair left on.

Many costumes of this kind have a topcoat accompanying in the manner of the one shown; and many of these, which are in the thick woolens, are trimmed with leather buttons. Some have leather belts as well, and some are finished with a narrow collar and cuffs of fur.

One or two have silhouettes that flare from the shoulders, but most of them are straight in line.

How useful are such coats for travel to wherever the winter vacation leads us, and later for crossing the ocean or the continent.

Of course we know about the coat of seven-eighths length, worn with a dress of contrasting color and fabric underneath, but with the skirt bound in a band of the material of the coat, so that when the wrap is worn with it you would think it was one long garment. That could get to be even more important than it is at present in tailored suits.

Sometimes, this season, the tailored dresses have fur coats, with the short skirts bound in it, so that when the costume is fastened it gives the effect of one long garment. There is a very pretty costume in this style designed by Paul Poiret's sister.

But the popular scheme for suits thus far is with a short jacket in which the collar and cuffs, and sometimes the bottom of the wrap, are edged with fur.

THE black broadcloth coat (model 5414) is a new Paris model just off the reel. Its raglan sleeves are a feature to catch the attention, being very unusual in a wrap for such formal occasions as broadcloth implies.

The trimming is of broadtail, and this too is among the most expensive and the most formal of furs. It goes into a pointed effect at the back of the collar. This is a popular feature.

The manner in which it is used at the waist, where a band of it is set in across the hipline and upward into an inverted V in the back, is new and attractive.

Possibly it is a law in itself—a result of the effort to create something new, which we Americans are always demanding. But for that reason model 5415 is worth showing. It will look especially well and individual on some of our slim debutante figures. If you are in possession of such a silhouette, you have one of the leading French houses as sponsor for the model as a legitimate part of your wardrobe.

If one could wear this model, it would be a lark to do so, just because everybody else is wearing dresses pulled forward in skirt movement. This one, you will observe, is made in a somewhat long-waisted effect, with a skirt gathered in fullness across the back.

The evening dress (5416) is fetching, with its skirt curtained in fringe and the almost-normal waistline belted with a tailored *ceinture* of the material.

5416
34
36
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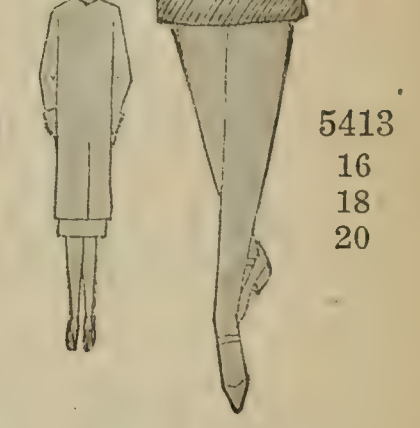
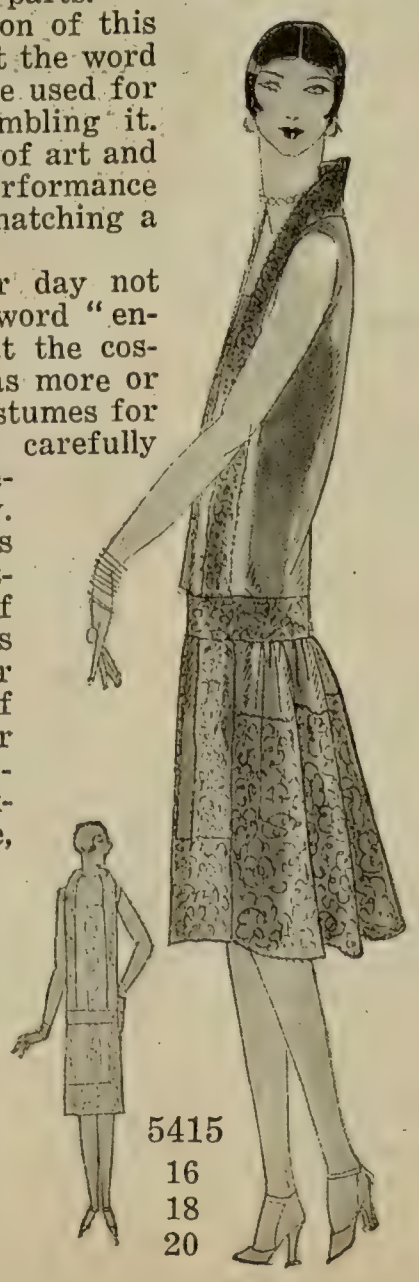
FRINGE shading from tan to light brown curtains the skirt of this dancing frock of beige georgette crepe, with its gold fabric belt.



5413
16
18
20

THIS ensemble of a rough gray mixture is trimmed with gray fur that has a soft pink-gray tone, having been dipped in rose-colored dye. The skirt is straight.



5415
16
18
20

BANDS of white-and-gold lace trim this pale gold lamé mousseline dress. There is a straight bodice and a skirt straight at the front, but with much fullness at the belt line in the back.

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by May Manton

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Now see how many of these you can answer:

1—What was the name of the S.S. Leviathan before she was transferred to the United States by Germany?—*Dr. Maxwell L. Volk, New York City.*

2—What is the present value per annum in United States money of a Rhodes scholarship?—*Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.*

3—What male bird changes its color in the fall to that of its mate?—*Patricia L. Tosney, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.*

4—What is the shortest transcontinental distance across the United States?—*Hannah Watson, Kansas City, Mo.*

5—How many times has war been declared against the United States?—*Halsey B. Loder, Jr., Brookline, Mass.*

6—What great author, winner of a Nobel prize, was at one time a street-car conductor in Chicago?—*Mrs. N. B. Thvedt, St. Paul, Minn.*

7—What world famous prize fighter, after his retirement from the prize ring, was elected to the United States Congress?—*W. E. Bagby, Ponca City, Okla.*

8—What metal burns when it is thrown in water?—*L. M. Larson, Oak Terrace, Minn.*

9—Who is the Dominion of Canada's first minister plenipotentiary to the United States?—*Raymond J. Mertz, Greenville, Pa.*

10—What baseball rule was changed for Babe Ruth's benefit?—*A. B. Levitt, Minneapolis, Minn.*

11—What musical instrument did Benjamin Franklin invent, and what two composers wrote music for it?—*W. H. Dreher, Stroudsburg, Pa.*

12—Upon how many men has the United States conferred the full rank of General?—*George Blair, Excelsior, Minn.*

13—What are the largest guns in our navy, and what is their range?—*Albert B. Scoles, Annapolis, Md.*

14—What nine men in the United States are eligible to vote, but never do?—*Doran A. Hammack, Lima, O.*

15—When and where did the term "stateroom" originate?—*Mrs. A. J. Tillery, Monroe, La.*

16—Who was the first reigning monarch to visit the United States, and when?—*Mrs. Dorothy B. Woodruff, Mansfield, Ohio.*

17—Who is the president of the American Red Cross Society?—*Margaret Mann Rowland, Dallas, Tex.*

18—Who is the author of the constitution of the World Court?—*Louis Silverstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

19—What is the world's longest railway, from one point to another?—*A. Duchich, Alberta, Canada.*

20—When was ceremonial marriage instituted?—*T. H. Barnes, Xenia, Ohio.*

See the Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What prize fighter has the record for the quickest knockout?—*J. Craig, Albany, N. Y.*
A.—Battling Nelson. On April 5, 1902, he knocked out William Rosser in two seconds.

2—When and by whom was the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic made?—*Jessie V. Tunison, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
A.—On June 15, 1919, by the late Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown.

3—What is the length of the regulation military pace?—*Mrs. G. F. Brown, New Smyrna, Fla.*
A.—Thirty inches.

4—Who was the only American to rule a foreign country?—*S. F. Babington, New York.*
A.—William Walker, the "filibuster," President of Nicaragua between 1855-60.

5—What is the difference between a replica and a reproduction?—*Dr. S. H. Linaweaver, Findlay, Ohio.*
A.—A replica is a copy by the hand that executed the original and is considered equal in value. A reproduction is a copy.

6—Who was the first member of the theatrical profession in the Hall of Fame?—*John J. Joyce, Wilmington, Del.*
A.—Charlotte Saunders Cushman, in 1915.

7—What is the most brilliant star?—*Mrs. M. A. Lee, Argonia, Kan.*
A.—Sirius, often called the Dog Star, is thirteen times the size of the sun, and gives forty times as much light.

8—What State has been under the rule of four different flags?—*F. Stewart, Newark, N. J.*
A.—Florida: England, France, Spain, and the United States.

9—When and where was the first salute to the Stars and Stripes fired by a foreign power?—*Joan Stack, Baltimore, Md.*
A.—On February 14, 1778, in Quiberon Bay, France, John Paul Jones, commanding the Ranger, fired a salute of thirteen guns to the French warships under Admiral Mallet Picquet, who replied by a salute of nine guns.

10—What woman was nominated for President?—*Mary Foster, Mount Holley, N. C.*
A.—Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood of New York, in 1884 and 1888, by the Equal Rights party.

11—Who originated the term "macadamized road," and who invented macadam?—*D. L. Collins, Hollywood, Calif.*
A.—Macadamized roads were invented in 1836 by John L. Macadam, a Scottish engineer.

12—What bird uses its wings to swim?—*Louise M. Bubendorf, Castile, N. Y.*
A.—The penguin.

13—When was the first international attempt made to limit armaments?—*Mrs. Katharine Goral, West Haven, Conn.*
A.—At the Hague Convention of 1899.

14—How many miles of water front has New York City?—*P. Prince, Omaha, Neb.*
A.—One hundred and twenty-three miles.

15—Where did the word "pickaninny" come from?—*Dixie Nolan, Memphis, Tenn.*
A.—From Cuba, where it was "piquinini," from the Spanish *pequeño niño*, meaning "little child."

16—What was the "scrap of paper" that played an important part in the World War?—*D. C. Davis, Moosomin, Sask., Canada.*
A.—A treaty signed by England, France, Russia, and Prussia agreeing to preserve the neutrality of Belgium.

17—What money was used by the United States before it struck its own coins?—*Mrs. S. M. Davis, Warsaw, Ind.*
A.—Spanish and English coins.

18—Where and when was the Liberty Bell made and what prophetic inscription was put upon it?—*John J. McFall, Pickens, S. C.*
A.—In London in 1752. It was recast in Philadelphia in 1753 with the following inscription: "Proclaim liberty unto all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

19—What movie actor served with the United States Army in the Boxer trouble in China and received a medal and citation?—*Frank R. Sullivan, Hanover, N. H.*
A.—Tom Mix.

20—Who invented artificial refrigeration?—*Neall O. Meagher, Freeport, N. Y.*
A.—Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct, but no one can know everything.

Subtle Changes *Appear in* Paris Modes

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, December 12, 1926.

THE straight-line silhouette is every woman's line. We don't dare tamper with these fixed boundaries very much if we want to be *a la mode*. We wouldn't if we could, anyhow, because they fit so nicely the figures and fancies of women generally.

It's what may be read between the straight lines that makes true chic—that combination of style and individuality which creates the clothes you can't forget. Winter fashions show just one slim-line silhouette after another—very much the same in the distance. But that is where conformity ends.

Paris isn't bothering much about new lines, and according to many of her experts she will not for some time to come. She is taking her silhouette straight, and sending women away happy because of this. There isn't one woman in a thousand who walks into a grand couturier's establishment in Paris nowadays and demands anything else. More than that, there isn't one in a thousand who can be bribed or coerced into taking anything else. This doesn't mean that women who come to Paris to get clothes—and they all do who come here—have ceased to insist on something new. They are just as keen for novelty as ever, and Paris is on the job giving them something new every minute.

Just now, when every woman is wearing a fur coat, the novelties consist chiefly of frocks to wear under the fur, and they are of every variety.

Subtle changes are creeping in. First, there is a change in colors. Paris is turning her back on red, and doubtless America is, too. Red is charming, but too much of a thing is enough, and we have been seeing red for a pretty extensive period. Less striking single colors and more striking color combinations are in order.

Particularly is this true of sports costumes. Paris is very fond of a stark white and dead black combination for sports outfits. It is very effective in a winter landscape, and it brings into prominence the between-the-lines details.

A SMART frock such as this Bernard model of rose-beige georgette may be worn on many occasions.

The Jenny sports dress illustrated is a specimen of the smart Paris mode in black and white. The silhouette is divided into a straight skirt of black angora jersey and a long jumper of white angora jersey crossed by stripes of black wool embroidery in triple lines.

Jenny makes the sleeves and the small yoke of this blouse of black angora and the deep, straight cuffs of white, edged with embroidery. A wide scarf of white angora, edged with black and embroidered to match the blouse, makes this sports costume distinctive, and may be draped in any number of ways for both indoor and outdoor wear.

THIS black crepe frock may be worn under the coat or as a coat-dress.

MADAME Jacques Charles wearing a Lelong informal dinner dress in black and rose.

The placing of the contrasting colors, the lines of embroidery, and the scarf, all make this straight frock individual in spite of its standardized silhouette.

OUR black crepe afternoon frock shows several new details that lend an art to the straight silhouette. This model is so new that it will not appear in Paris publicly for some weeks yet. Bernard et Cie are hiding it in their secret salons so it may appear simultaneously in America and here. The black crepe has a daring touch of color in its embroidered sleeves, with their modernistic lines of pale green, cream, and black bead embroidery.

The fancy sleeve alone is enough to make this a strikingly smart frock, and the straight collar with its attached jabot, which may be worn closed or open, adds to its attractiveness. This is a frock that may be worn under a fur coat now, and later as a coat-dress with a fox fur and a simple black hat.

JENNY designed this sports dress of black-and-white angora jersey with its big scarf.

For the formal afternoon frock, or informal dinner dress, Paris also prefers black—something diaphanous, usually chiffon or georgette, straight in line and with unusual lines between the lines of the silhouette.

Our Lelong creation is worn by Madame Jacques Charles, a very smart Parisienne. The plaited skirt is decorated with a stair-step design in pale rose georgette that mounts from the center front hemline to the hipline on both sides. The blouse closing is accentuated by bands of rose crepe. These new Lelong sleeves may be worn in two ways: three-quarters, as shown on the right arm, to display half a dozen brilliant bracelets; or full length, to veil the hand, as shown on the left arm. The necklace and fob of brilliants that Madame Charles wears are smart jewelry accessories for this type of frock.

Our rose-beige one-piece frock may be worn at almost any hour. The slim line is kept intact, for this is a frock that may be worn gracefully by a heavy woman as well as a slender one. The delightful and universally becoming rose beige is trimmed with insets of self-colored heavy lace.

The tie collar, the two small enameled buckles that fasten the V-neck and girdle, and the cuffs are details of elegance and chic for the fastidious.

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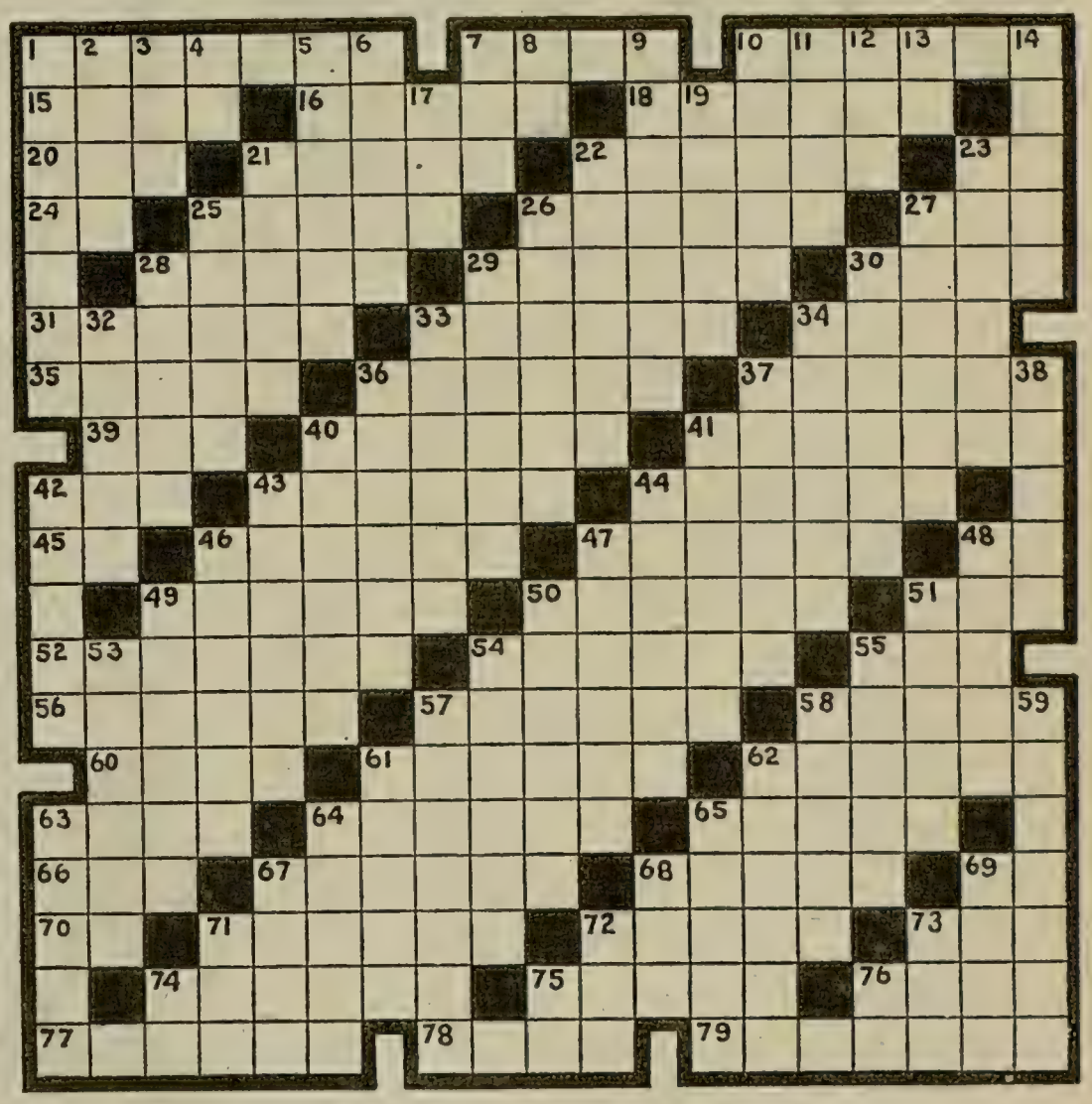


Prize Puzzle No. 18

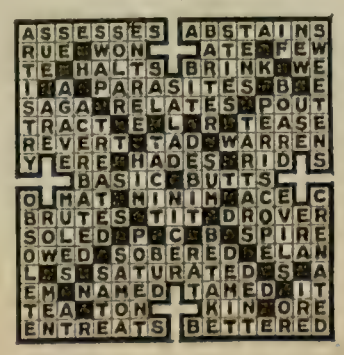
By W. O. HOLMES, Antigo, Wis.

HORIZONTAL

1 A pasty composition that hardens on drying
7 Prejudice
10 Foot covering (plural)
15 Openwork fabric of fine threads
16 A unit of weight
18 The fall herring
20 Consumed
21 A small sunfish found in Southern waters
22 To impose an additional tax on
23 Perform
24 One of the points of the compass
25 Swagger
26 A singular person (colloq.)
27 A low, murmuring sound
28 Weird
29 Rare or curious articles
30 To seek ardently
31 To become solid or coherent by heating without thoroughly melting
33 To indurate
34 Bare
35 Hostelry
36 Ardent
37 Floor covering
39 The Diamond State (abbrev.)
40 Reposed
41 A drip, as of a cornice
42 Because that
43 Established
44 An animal of the weasel family
45 An assimilated form of ad-
46 Remains of animal or plant life contained in rocks
47 To slabber
48 A form of to be
49 A musical composition
50 Terminated
51 Highest part
52 Beasts
54 Skeleton of a structure (plural)
55 Disfigure
56 To mourn
57 Uttered boisterously
58 To sew temporarily
60 To color
61 Certainly (archaic)
62 Reedlike stem of a palm
63 Contemptuous name for a child
64 Tired
65 Political organization
66 Eternity
67 Schedules
68 To establish or settle in a place
69 Parent
70 One
71 A small flat cake of anything
72 Multitude
73 A tree
74 A hammer
75 Confused mixture of voices or languages
76 Intoned
77 A sequence of three cards
78 Boil
79 Enthusiast

VERTICAL

1 To condense and polish by hammering
2 Recent
3 A playing card
4 Japanese measure of area
5 Small oblong cake containing cream
6 Lift
7 Exclude
8 A pronoun
9 Premeditated, as an insult
10 Locations
11 Wing-shaped
12 A container
13 Else
14 Insufficiently supplied
17 To steep
19 Colorless, odorless gas in the air
21 A parchment for book covers
22 Contemptible
23 A city in Scotland
25 A species of palm
26 Bent
27 Elevated stand in a church
28 Penetrate
29 A challenge to combat
30 That which injures
32 A substance used like iodoform
33 Greek goddess of the hearth
34 Excluded
36 Sumptuous repasts
37 Engraves
38 To travel about on foot
40 Preserve in brine again
41 Rented
42 Mortal
43 Sounding
44 Flares
46 Instigate
47 Cauterized
48 An artery
49 An ape
50 Hampers of wickerwork
51 Pleasing to the palate
53 Native sodium carbonate
54 Overlook
55 Product obtained in smelting sulphide ores
57 Flat, narrow moldings
58 Flat-bottomed boat
59 To extend the limits of
61 A rope of ten or more inches in circumference
62 To twist together
63 Brute
64 Romance
65 Gazed intently
67 Soapy mineral
68 To toss heavily or slowly
69 A tree
71 Thick, black, viscous substance
72 Word of command used by teamsters
73 Adipose
74 A pronoun
75 To partake of reality
76 Thus



Answer to Puzzle No. 17

America's REAL National GAME

Some Interesting Figures Revealing Basket Ball's Amazing Growth

An Article by HUGH FULLERTON

BASKET BALL, newest of the competitive sports, has become America's national game. It eclipses baseball in number of teams and players, outnumbers golf in active participants, and seriously threatens the leadership of other sports.

Invented scarcely more than thirty years ago, fostered by the Young Men's Christian Association, and played under "tender" rules, this game has grown to an extent undreamed of by its originators. At least 6,000,000 American boys and girls are playing it on nearly a half million recognized teams this winter and no one can even guess the number who play it sporadically.

Ninety per cent of the 265,000 schools in the United States have one or more teams, some twelve or more. Approximately 72,000 churches have one or more teams, and every one of the 1,700 Y. M. C. A. units has at least five, and some as many as twenty, teams. Add to these about 1,000 Knights of Columbus teams, more than 20,000 municipal teams, the athletic clubs, the A. A. U., the semipro and the professional teams, and the number of players reaches staggering proportions.

The game, in its newer development, which has come in the last five years, has become a greater national obsession than baseball ever was. The leading professional players draw larger salaries than the stars of the major baseball leagues. And, in the aggregate, basket ball is drawing more spectators than baseball ever did.

Of course, many more games are played, but the sport has been handicapped by lack of gymnasiums and seats for spectators.

How huge has been the development of the supposedly "gentle" game may be judged from the fact that four leading manufacturers sold more than 250,000 basket balls last season. More than 1,200 gymnasiums were built last year or are being built now, and more than $50,000,000 was spent last year on buildings designed chiefly for basket ball. These buildings, or most of them, are adjuncts of schools and colleges.

The game has grown so rapidly that few, even of the close followers of the sport, realize its popularity. Basket ball was invented by Dr. James Naismith—now at the University of Kansas—early in 1891, while he was a student at Plainfield, Massachusetts. The rules evolved in the classroom at Plainfield were designed for use in the Y. M. C. A. gyms, and were gentle and ladylike compared with those now in force. As gymnasium exercise with a mild contest interest, basket ball achieved some popularity, but seemed to arouse little enthusiasm. It lacked something.

After a number of years, Everett Brown of the Y. M. C. A. went to Asia to organize the Far East Athletic Association. He introduced basket ball to the Y. M. C. A. athletes of China, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines. The Far Eastern youngsters discovered flaws, amended the rules, and played a game quite different from the one we knew.

THOSE changed rules were brought back to America, amended, corrected, and a game as fast, as fierce, as filled with action and thrills as almost any, save hockey and lacrosse, was evolved; an indoor game, to be played in winter.

The game gained popularity steadily, spreading over the country, but it was not until after the World War that its greatest development came. It grew with a speed even greater than that which marked the growth of baseball after the Civil War. Yet few, even in the sporting world, realize how great a hold basket ball has won on young men and girls.

The weakness of basket ball in its present stage is lack of organization. There are, it is estimated, more than 700 leagues, associations, and conferences. There are three major leagues of professional teams, and a score of minor leagues. But all of these are in a chaotic state, because the sport has outgrown control, except by local bodies.

P. & A. photo

A THRILLING moment in a fast basket-ball game.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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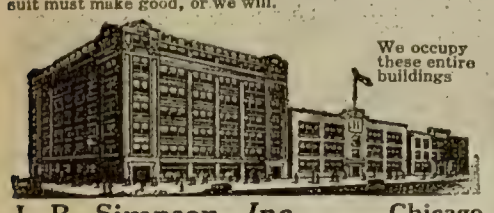

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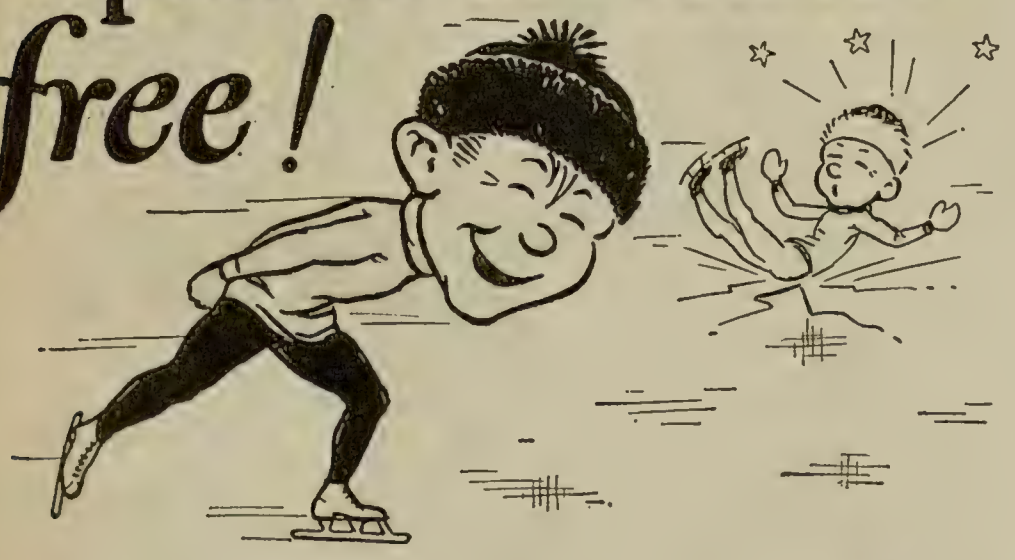

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[AMERICA'S REAL NATIONAL GAME Continued from Page Fifty-three]

The Amateur Athletic Union, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the college bodies, all are doing good work, but thousands of teams are not affiliated with or controlled by any of these. For instance, in Philadelphia there are more than 1,000 teams, and not more than fifty are affiliated with any parent body.

To give a comprehensive idea of the immensity of basket ball, it is necessary to consider it in itemized form. Its greatest strength is in high, prep, and grade schools.

No one can tell accurately how many teams and players there are in these schools. There is scarcely a school in the country without its basket-ball team—some have not only teams in each grade, but also the varsity, intermediate, and light teams. They have teams of almost every weight. Of course this means many duplications of players. In my home town, where we always had trouble in getting a town team and high-school team to play baseball, there are now more than a dozen basket-ball teams. East High, in Columbus, Ohio, has nearly forty teams. Erasmus High, in Brooklyn, New York, has nineteen.

It isn't a city game. Two-thirds of the little red schoolhouses in the country districts have basket-ball goals in the yards. The towns and cities build gymnasiums or use halls and armories.

WE can get more accurate data by considering only the registered high-school teams that played in tournaments last winter. The entire country was subdivided and districted. District, State, and sectional championships were decided and the winners of these tournaments went to the University of Chicago to compete for the national championship at a great interscholastic meet.

Illinois had 654 schools competing, Kansas more than 400, and Iowa 625, playing in thirty-two sections. Indiana, the center of the basket-ball industry, registered 760 teams, and when Marion and Martinsville played the final game for the State championship, 17,000 spectators cheered them.

Oklahoma had 420 teams, South Dakota's High School Athletic Association had 236, and Wisconsin more than 600. The Badger State had more than forty leagues, eight districts, and nine conferences, and in the showdown Stevens Point beat River Falls. Michigan divided school teams into Classes A, B, C, and D, according to the size of the schools, high schools with more than 700 students forming Class A, and those below 100 Class D. The State had more than 600 teams entered. The scope of the game is illustrated by a list of teams that played in the University of Chicago Interscholastic.

They were:

Mesa, Ariz.; Pine Bluff, Ark.; Central High School, Pueblo, Colo.; Torrington, Conn.; Technical High School, Atlanta, Ga.; Lewiston, Idaho; Newton, Ia.; Newton, Kans.; Danville, Ky.; Oak Ridge, La.; Hagerstown, Md.; Fitchburg, Mass.; St.

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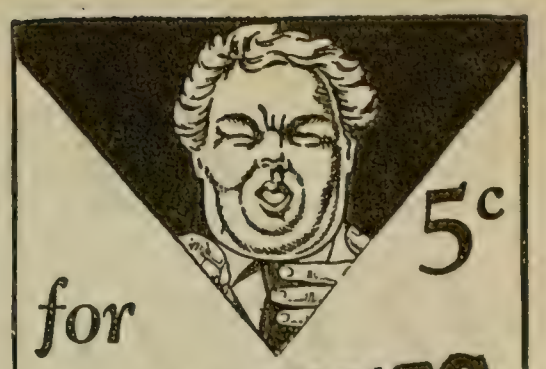

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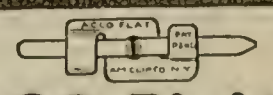

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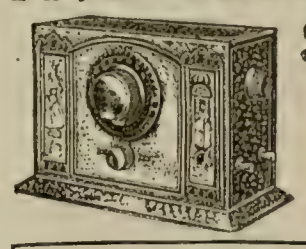

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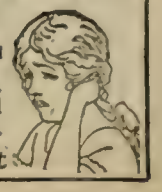

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C.S. Dent & Company, Detroit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]
Joseph, Mich.; Gaylord, Minn.; Wheeler, Miss.; Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.; Billings, Mont.; Technical High School, Omaha, Neb.; Reno, Nev.; Roswell, N. M.; Durham, N. C.; Fargo, N. D.; Zanesville, Ohio; El Reno, Okla.; Nanticoke, Pa.; Charleston, S. C.; Salem, S. D.; Central High School, Memphis, Tenn.; B. High School, San Antonio, Texas; Latter-Day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah; Elkins, W. Va.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Canton, Ill.; New Trier, Minn.; Fort Valley, Ga.; Washington, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Lexington, Ky.; Scott, Miss.; Ogden, Utah; Point Pleasant, W. Va.

Oak Ridge, Louisiana, is a town of 150 persons, with nineteen boys in school, nine of them on the team. Gaylord, Minnesota, has 500 inhabitants and fifty pupils; while Wheeler, Mississippi, has 300 persons. Yet these small-town teams beat teams from great city schools.

ALL the above teams, except eight, were State champions, triumphant over hundreds of teams in their own sectional and State tournaments. In the finals, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, defeated Fargo, North Dakota, while Zanesville, Ohio, defeated the Latter-Day Saints of Salt Lake City for the consolation prize. It would have required only a slight alteration of luck to have Salem, South Dakota, playing Oak Ridge, Louisiana, for the championship of the United States.

The names in the line-up for that final game to settle the championship of more than 50,000 teams was another indication of the wide scope of the sport. Here they are:

Fitchburg, Mass.		B.	FT.	PT.
Myllykangar	F.	4	0	1
Oiva	F.	2	0	1
Fanos	C.	3	1	0
Maffio	G.	2	0	1
Allan	G.	1	0	2
Fargo, N. D.				
Jackson	F.	1	0	0
Bristol	F.	3	2	0
O'Connor	C.	0	0	1
Longsbrought		0	1	0
McNiece	G.	0	1	1
Hass	G.	1	0	1

While this tournament was in progress, the Roman Catholic teams, champions of seventeen States, with eleven runners-up and challengers added, were playing at Loyola University at the other end of the city for the national title, which was won by St. Xavier High of Louisville after a desperate fight with Aquinas Institute.

In the collegiate field, basket ball has become a major sport and second only to football in popularity. It is associated with football and is played a great deal during the winter by the stars of the gridiron. There are more than forty intercollegiate conferences and leagues, the largest of which, naturally, is the Big Ten of the mid-Western State universities.

The varsity teams of the Big Ten are the keystone to the greatest of intramural sports. There were approximately 400 teams in the Big Ten last year, besides fraternity and house teams. The University of Illinois had more than fifty teams, Ohio State had thirty-six in organized competition, and every school had literally scores of other teams playing irregularly. Franklin College produced a team that went six years without defeat.

THE next greatest development of the game has been in the churches, which have seized upon the sport as one of the finest means of holding the young people and building up morale. No census of these teams has been possible.

International Newsreel photo

Firemen keeping in shape between alarms.

It is estimated that almost one-quarter of the churches in the country have basket-ball teams. The Marcy Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn has seven boys', two young men's, and three girls' teams.

The Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Young Men's Hebrew Association play basket ball more than any other game, and the Business Men's clubs that use their gyms specialize in basket ball and volley ball. The Boy Scouts report more than 30,000 basket-ball teams and the playground associations half that many.

Of course, if we counted each player on each team, the figures would be stunning. That is not a fair estimate. The majority of boys play on their school teams, Scout teams, Y. teams, or even semipro teams.

The development of municipal basket ball has brought another element into the sport. More than 1,200 cities in the United States foster municipal sports, and basket ball is the game most generally played. No comprehensive statistics are obtainable: but in Philadelphia alone more than 144 teams played in league tournaments and almost 1,000 teams are playing independently; Columbus, Ohio, has more than 600 teams, only a quarter of them under municipal rule; while Cleveland, Ohio, whose municipal athletics are the best organized in the world, has registered more than 1,200 basket-ball teams.

Now we reach the danger point: the semipro. Without adequate government, except in scattered localities, the semipro game has boomed to an extent almost unbelievable. It is in danger of affecting the amateur status of tens of thousands of boys who may play on paid teams before realizing that they are in danger of losing their standing.

So closely is the semipro game allied to the professional that the semipros form a sort of minor league. Brooklyn has more than 800 semipro basket-ball teams; St. Louis reports more than 130; Chicago has about 400; Richmond, Indiana, has 40; Cleveland more than 250.

The semipros are suffering from lack of government. Evils and the danger of crookedness have crept into the game. The tendency of basket ball, as of baseball, has been toward strong professional leagues. This commercial development was realized many years ago. Unfortunately, the lack of control over teams and players brought on wars between rival leagues that hurt the sport. Players, unrestrained, jumped from one club to another. Some played on three or four different teams. Teams played in one league under one name and represented another city in another league. There was one great aggregation that represented three cities in three leagues at the same time.

There are now three rival major leagues and four well organized minor leagues in the country, and the trend is toward a strong government with centralized authority, like that of organized baseball.

The three big leagues are the American, the Metropolitan, and the Eastern. While they yet do not co-operate properly, they are getting closer together. The organization of the American League was the biggest forward step made in basket ball. Under the able leadership of Joe Carr of Columbus, and with the wonderful work of Max Rosenbloom of Cleveland, this league is doing a big work toward stabilizing the pastime.

Rosenbloom is a rich merchant in Cleveland. He became interested in basket ball and has done much to keep the sport clean and to strengthen the central organization. Carr, one of the leading sport figures of the country in basket ball, professional football, and baseball, has fought to eradicate evils and to put basket ball on a sound footing.

THE American League consists of New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Rochester, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Fort Wayne, and Chicago. Being the strongest of the leagues, it has done much to check the evils and to establish a high standard. It refuses to permit any team to take college or school players until their classes have graduated, and it has compelled respect for contracts.

The fact that basket-ball players of the major leagues earn even

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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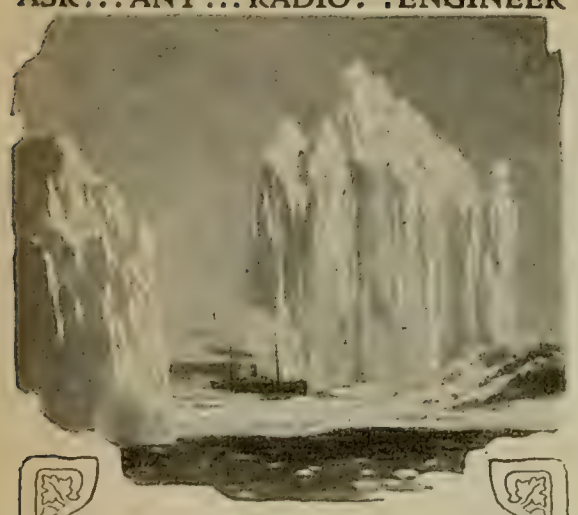

With the "Trouble-Shooters" *of the* North Atlantic

ICE-BERGS—towering, ponderous, *deadly* mountains of ice drift southward from the ice fields of the Arctic into the traffic lane of trans-Atlantic steamers.

Locating and destroying them is the perilous and never-ending duty of the United States Coast Guard Cutters.

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[AMERICA'S REAL NATIONAL GAME]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

larger salaries than the average major-league baseball players may be a surprise. The average monthly payroll of the American League teams is $4,000, an average of about $400 a man a month, besides which the stars play on other teams in exhibition and special games. As much as $250 a night is not infrequent, and several players have earned in a season salaries that rival those of Ruth, Johnson, and Vance.

Some players appear in as many as ten games a week, often playing both afternoon and evening. The large financial rewards have attracted stars from the semipros, the colleges, and the smaller leagues, and it is becoming more and more apparent that there must be a central authority for the salvation of the sport — perhaps a Judge Landis.

AN interesting development, especially in the lower schools and the churches, is the girls' teams. It is estimated that, in the grade and high schools, in churches, settlement houses, and girls' colleges, there are about one-fifth as many girls playing as there are boys. The Y. W. C. A. has taken to the game, the Girl Scouts have adopted it, and many girls' teams have developed great ability.

Many institutions and many parents still frown upon contests between girls, who are inclined to play quite as hard and as desperately as boys. Their enthusiasm over the game perhaps exceeds that of boys. Last year the Newman-Stearn girls' team of Cleveland won the world's championship by defeating the Edmonton Grads of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

The biggest tournament for girls, however, was at Youngstown, Ohio, in competition for the Westfield Challenge Cup. Teams from Bucyrus, Ohio; Sharon, Pennsylvania; Marion, South Carolina; Caldwell, Kansas; Nashville, Tennessee; Mount Holly, New Jersey; Struthers, Ohio; Spencer, West Virginia; and Pulaski, Virginia, competed for the coveted cup.

Sharon defeated Struthers in the final battle, 22 to 20, winning in the last minute.

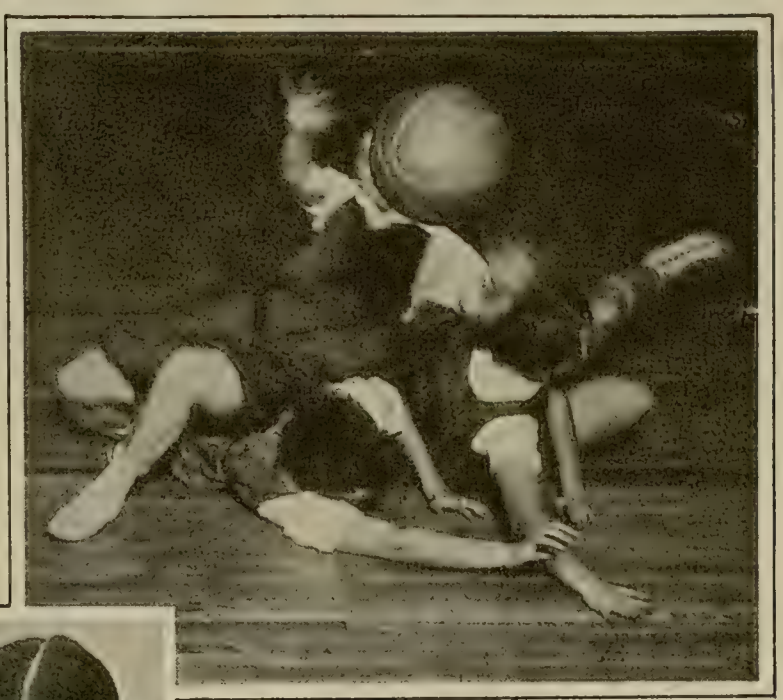
More than 17,000 spectators witnessed the struggle.

We who have baseball in mind have small conception of the attendance at basket-ball games.

The aggregate attendance at games last year was enormously larger than the aggregate attendance at baseball games or even football. Of course, a great many more games were played, but attendance at basket ball has been limited by lack of space for spectators. Still, more than 12,000 pack themselves into the big halls at Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, and in the Fair Grounds at Columbus. More than 10,000 saw the final game for the championship of the American League in Cleveland's municipal auditorium on a rainy night.

Football alone leads basket ball among college sports as an income producer.

CLEVELAND'S municipal arena holds about 12,000 spectators; the Duquesne Gardens in Pittsburgh even more. The two big developments in basket ball in the last year have been in Washington and Columbus. In Washington, George P. Marshall has remodeled the old Census Building at a cost of more than $1,000,000 to seat about 12,000 for basket ball; and in Columbus the huge auditorium north of Ohio State University has just been completed at a cost of about $2,000,000, to seat 15,000.



Internat. Newsreel photo

Girls' teams give themselves no odds, as this exciting mix-up shows.

Fotograms photo

Girl player who takes no chances.

It is a risky undertaking to attempt to pick the big stars from about 6,000,000 players. In the professional field the all-star basket-ball team probably would include:

Tillie Voss, Brooklyn.
Nat Holman, now with the C. C. N. Y. team.
Marty Friedman, Cleveland.
Walter Glasgow, Washington.
Ed. Kearns, Washington.
Larry Walquist.
Lee Stonebreaker, Fort Wayne.
Johnny Minor.
George Halas, Chicago.
Horse Haggerty, Washington.

The game has a keen appeal for professional baseball players and many stars of the major baseball leagues play basket ball during the winter, often to the disgust of owners and managers, who claim basket ball breaks up their feet and legs and slows them down for baseball. Among the big-league stars who also are great basket-ball players are Bucky Harris, Johnny Evers, Rabbit Maranville, Harry Heilman, Everett Scott, and Hank Gowdy.

Some baseball club owners even forbid their stars to engage in the winter sport because of the great strain on the feet and legs.

Many of our leading tennis players also indulge in basket ball. Johnny Hennessey miscalculated in figuring that one pair of legs and feet could stand the strain of clay-court tennis, basket ball, football, and baseball, and wore out his feet prematurely.

The high scorers in the Eastern Intercollegiate League, with their point scores, follow:

	FG.	FLG.	Pt.
Loeb, Princeton	33	28	94
Laub, Columbia	34	24	92
Rothenfeld, Columbia	27	13	67
Mannheim, Columbia	22	17	61
Dake, Cornell	14	27	55
Davenport, Pennsylvania	21	10	52

In the colleges, basket ball has become a sort of winter extension course in football, and many of the gridiron stars engage in the cage game.

Much more attention is devoted to basket ball in the Western and the mid-Western colleges than in those in the East, which is due partly to the larger gymnasiums and the great drill halls of the mid-West, which permit larger attendance and gate receipts and add to the enthusiasm.

Even with restricted space for spectators, basket ball has become the second best paying game in college athletics, and in the majority of our schools football and basket ball are the only games showing a profit.

Mythical all-star teams, picked last spring, follow:

First

Laub, Columbia.....Forward
Rothenfeld, Columbia.....Forward
Mannheim, Columbia.....Center
Loeb, Princeton.....Guard
Goldblatt, Pennsylvania.....Guard

Second

Picken, Dartmouth.....Forward
Lindsay, Pennsylvania.....Forward
Dake, Cornell.....Center
Lorch, Columbia.....Guard
Langdell, Dartmouth.....Guard
Madden, Columbia

ALL-STAR TEAMS IN BIG TEN CONFERENCE

Spradling, Purdue, and Krueger, Indiana, Forwards.
Doyle, Michigan, Center.
Haines, Illinois, and McConnell, Iowa, Guards.

Leading Scorers

	G.	F.	Pt.
Beckner, Indiana	42	24	108
Spradling, Purdue	43	21	107
Behr, Wisconsin	30	43	103
Cunningham, Ohio	38	20	96
Krueger, Indiana	40	11	91

CATHOLIC INTERSCHOLASTICS

All-Star Team

Evard, Catholic Central, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Kennedy, Aquinas Institute, Rochester, New York.
Strong, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri.
Campbell, St. Viator, Bourbonnais, Illinois.
Hendricks, St. Xavier, Louisville, Kentucky.

THE END

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Then I learned to drive a CAR

"NOW drive!" he said, and I drove

EDWARD RYAN

Picture by EDWARD RYAN

One Woman's Protest Against Her Husband's Speeding Inclinations

An Article by

Mabel McElliott Clarke

BANG! Bang! With a terrific ear-splitting commotion, our four-year-old touring car plowed up the hilly ramp away from the suburban station.

Swish! And we were around a corner, in mud to the running boards, a gay and defiant spattering of drops accompanying our progress.

Wham! We were on the wide street that led through the village proper to our own quiet thoroughfare. A street car loomed, approaching us from the other direction on the hill. Its one blazing eye menaced us. It sounded its dragon clang ominously.

My lord and master, in the driver's seat, a cigarette negligently drooping from the southeast corner of his lips, madly (I thought) and expertly (I must admit) shot across just in front of this monster, turned another corner on one wheel, and drew up, smiling and serene, before our own hickory tree.

I stepped out, white and shaken. Many times before, on similar heart-shaking journeys, I had uttered threats akin to the one that now trembled on my tongue. Now I said it solemnly, as one registering a vow:

"When we get that new car, *I* am going to drive it."

It was in self-defense my resolution was made, my pledge given. I had found three new gray hairs that very morning. Was I to be the village Snow White before the winter was over? No!

I vowed to drive the car and thus insure myself against the terrible tremors I endured when my husband had his foot on the gas.

Knowing from the weight of my tone that great turmoil prompted the threat, he looked at me in the surprised manner which had convinced me, before this, that he knew not what he did.

Yes, the amiable and considerate male I had married became a speed demon the moment he found himself behind a steering wheel. And he either could not or would not understand my fears when he took what I considered to be chances with our lives.

There was nothing much I could do about it. At first I had ventured timid protests, because I had heard all about "back-seat drivers" and their irritating ways. I wasn't going to be that kind of wife, thank you very much! But I was tired of suffering in silence, finding dramatically red grooves in my palms, where tense nails had bitten in, after the most innocent of jaunts. In self-defense I must learn to drive.

"I wish you *would* learn to drive," he told me briefly and rather bitterly. He had a trick of being amazedly injured on these occasions.

And it was not more than two weeks later that we bought a new car, giving me a chance to make good my promise. The old car, which had rendered excellent service, but was now a little creaky around the joints, was turned in. I felt that, since I must steel myself to the job of mastering the mechanical puzzle, I might as well have, to start, one owning all the new helps and gadgets.

I suppose that, to many women, "this driving business" comes easily enough. To me, from whose mind the mechanical quirk was omitted, it came as a slow, serious, and all-absorbing process.

Each night my husband took me out on an untraveled road near the Sound, put me in the driver's seat, and told me to hop to it. "Hop" was scarcely the word. I crawled. I moved my lips when I drove: "First turn on the ignition, then release the emergency." So far so good. "Now," my instructor would warn, "throw out the clutch."

His use of "throw out" in that connection, perfectly good automobile lingo, put me off the track entirely. I had to persuade him, finally, to say, "Press down the clutch," although it was against his principles thus to mangle the trade jargon.

"Now shift gear to first." Very good! What a thrill I felt when, with the car in first speed, the merest pressure on the accelerator caused the engine to throb, the car slowly to purr forward.

"Press the clutch down again," I would remind myself, with all the concentration of the backward child trying to remember that two and two make four. "Now shift to second," and the engine would glide rhythmically into a higher speed. I did not relish the next move, which meant going into high. Fifteen miles an hour appalled me, even on an open road with no cross lanes.

"What I most want to remember," I told the boss, "is what to do when I want suddenly to *stop*." And I did learn to direct my left and right feet so as to make both clutch and brake obey me.

IT was a sad struggle at first to think of all those vital matters and at the same time to guide that utterly separate mechanism, the steering wheel.

"Don't make me go around a corner," I used to beg, with as much fervor as *Oliver Twist* imploring for more porridge. But my husband was firm and impersonal.

"You might as well get used to it," was his dictum. He was like the mamma duck that steered the infant ducklings into midstream and left them to themselves. "Drive!" he commanded, and I drove!

I don't mean to say that I took the precious, shiny new equipage and buzzed madly in and out of traffic immediately. No. I advanced cautiously and gently. I kept to side streets until I was pretty sure of my prowess. I avoided roller-skating children as I would the sign "Whooping Cough." And slowly, as my teacher promised, the thing became a coherent and natural process.

I shall never be the sort of driver who terrifies his neighbor by darting in and out of the line and coming to a full stop at the policeman's tower just in time to avoid the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Iodine Products Co.
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ZI-O-DINE DENTAL CREAM

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

shins of two elderly and reproachful ladies from Elmira. I still see speed as a foolish preoccupation of folks who otherwise are sane and pleasant.

I still believe in those signs that read:

DANGER!
Drink Ramrod Tea
SLOW DOWN!

If I observe a warning: "R. R. Crossing 200 feet ahead. Look out for the Cars," I respect it as children used to be taught to respect their elders. I give darting trolleys and trucks a wide berth. I work the horn overtime when passing down a school street.

I get a great deal of pleasure out of my safe-and-sane methods.

If this chronicle bores slightly those expert eighteen-year-old drivers who have been champing off to high school ever since Daddy let them get a junior license, let me beg the courtesy due ladies pushing thirty! And let me remind my readers that there are still a great many women, in city and suburb, who leave the driving to the males of the household.

This statement might seem to be belied by my own suburb, where, on any morning, one may see any number of cars skillfully manipulated by women drivers. But I must inform all of you that in my own circle of acquaintance there are five women who go without the car's use because they have lacked either inclination or encouragement to begin.

Wives who suffer because their mates persist in driving as if they'd had hurry calls from the ambulance squad, ought to take cheer from my recital. And if any of you are like Mrs. Blank, wife of a business friend of my husband, what tragedies will be avoided if you learn to drive!

Mrs. Blank had been the victim of a chronic malady for some time, and one night, when driving — husbands' driving — was the topic, she offered this explanation of her ailment's source:

"I just know," she offered bitterly, "that if Duke would drive like a human being instead of a racing champ, I never would have had this awful nervous indigestion!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Not the Uncle He Knew

Bobby's Uncle Samuel, a portly, jovial gentleman, was a guest in the household, and the four-year-old boy took great pride in accompanying his uncle on long promenades.

One day Bobby's boon companion, Harry, a boy of six, stopped Bobby and said:

"Who is that man with you all the time?"

"That's Uncle Sam," proudly answered the small boy.

"Uncle Sam! Huh! I've seen pitchers of Uncle Sam, and he's tall and skinny and wears stars and stripes. Uncle Sam! Huh!"—Mary M. H., Berwyn, Ill.

* * *

The Reason Why

Little Freddy, an only son, was having a childish argument with Billy, youngest of a neighbor's family. The discussion seemed to be about which of the two was the better fighter. Billy, thus far, had the advantage of the word battle.

He said: "Why, Freddy, you're seven years old and you can't lick Buddy Gordon; and I'm only six, and I've licked him twice!"

Freddy was silent for a few seconds, then exclaimed: "Yes, but the milkman brings you four bottles of milk and us only two!"—C. L., Ames, Ia.

* * *

A Reasonable Request

Helen's bedtime always came too soon. In spite of repeated refusals, she would beg usually to stay up "just a little longer." One night, when there was company, her entreaties were especially lengthy; but, defeated at last, she slowly climbed the stairs. At the top she turned back to wail in a desperate voice:

"Well, anyhow, can I stay awake till I go to sleep?"—Mrs. K. C. V., Miami Beach, Fla.

Ends *the pain and the cause instantly*

CORNS

It takes but a minute to end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. When the corn is gone it never comes back. If new shoes irritate the spot, a Zino-pad fixes it over night.

Old methods of paring corns, or using equally dangerous caustics or liquids, never gave people these results. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads **remove the cause** —pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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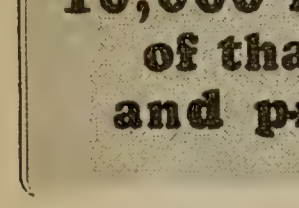

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And they wrote more than 10,000 letters of thanks and praise

OVER a billion times last year Luden's relieved coughs, colds, sore throats and other afflictions of the air passages—

From Maine to California; from great cities and out-of-the-way places; from men and from women; from singers, factory workers, hunters and teachers; from mothers and fathers; from nurses and doctors; from people in every walk of life—came grateful letters praising Luden's Menthol Cough Drops.

Of course, there's a reason—the exclusive Luden menthol blend soothes the inflamed membranes of the nose and throat, giving quick relief from coughs and irritation, whether due to colds, smoking, fumes, dust, voice strain or other causes.

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176

Luden's MENTHOL Cough Drops 5¢

Vox Pop

Sam Loyd Explains

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—As anticipated, a great many people have written to tell me they can solve the 14-15 Puzzle, or that they have a better answer to the Used-Car Problem than the one published over my name in LIBERTY. Perhaps you will be interested in the replies I make to these correspondents to demonstrate their errors.

Answering the letters regarding the 14-15 Puzzle, as stated, the problem cannot be solved if conditions be strictly observed.

If it were permitted to transfer the vacant space to the upper left-hand corner of the box, then the blocks might be worked into proper order by starting from the original position and moving the blocks in the following order: 14, 11, 12, 8, 7, 6, 10, 12, 8, 7, 4, 3, 6, 4, 7, 14, 11, 15, 13, 9, 12, 8, 4, 10, 8, 4, 14, 11, 15, 13, 9, 12, 4, 8, 5, 4, 8, 9, 13, 14, 10, 6, 2, 1.

Another attempt at solution requires turning the box a quarter way round, so that in the final arrangement the numbers must be viewed sidewise—of course an unwarranted liberty. That answer is arrived at by starting from the original position and moving the blocks in the following order: 14, 15, 10, 6, 7, 11, 15, 10, 13, 9, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 12, 15, 10, 13, 9, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 12, 15, 14, 13, 9, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, and 12.

Answering the letters regarding the problem of the used car:

How can it be disputed that the fellow who paid $100 for the used car and immediately sold it back for $80, lost $20? He was $20 poorer beyond any room for argument, and his loss must have been the dealer's gain, since it was then in his cash account.

Therefore, before the second sale, straight bookkeeping would show that the dealer had realized a profit of $20 by the sale and repurchase of the car. How can we say that he lost $10 when he again sold it for $90, since we have no information as to what it cost him in the first place? To give the car a $100 value, or any value, as it first stood in stock, is pure assumption, and it is that lack of information which limits our reply to the question: How much profit did he make on that car, as far as we can tell from the data?—*Sam Loyd.*

Wants More Springs Stories

BROOKLINE, MASS.—This Elliott White Springs "bird" knows how to write as well as fly and drink, it seems, so let's have some more of his stories.—*A Booster.*

Salesmanship and Hooch

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Hokum, Plain O. D. Hokum. That describes your article called, Your Business or Your Wife. If you don't remember it, it has to do with how much business you can get and keep by getting numb with your customer and why your wife ought to like it.

When a man comes home and tells his wife that he was kept out on a party on account of business, or having to get drunk with his pet buyer—he should be put back in short pants for two weeks. If she believes it she should have her cigarettes and gin stopped on her.—*J. J. C.*

The Three Most Interesting Books I Have Ever Read

By The Staff

LAST week LIBERTY published the names and photographs of most of the members of its Editorial Staff, together with a list of the three most interesting books they had ever read, selected quickly without time for reflection. Shakespeare and the Bible were barred.

On this page you see the names and photographs of the remaining members of the staff, together with lists of the three most interesting books they have read.

Theresa Bopp
Typist

VANITY FAIR
Thackeray

THE CALL OF THE WILD
Jack London

BEN-HUR
Lew Wallace

Beatrice Colish
Typist

MY ANTONIA
Willa Cather

THE GOOSE-MAN
Jacob Wasserman

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD
H. G. Wells

Nora Cronin
File Clerk

THE VEIL OF GLAMOR
Clive Arden

THE BLACK FLEMINGS
Kathleen Norris

LUCRETIA LOMBARD
Kathleen Norris

Rosaleen Doherty
Manuscript Clerk

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Charles Dickens

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Bram Stoker

VANITY FAIR
Thackeray

George Gamble
Office Boy

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
Edward E. Hale

STRINGS OF STEEL
Paul Gaulet

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
Harriet B. Stowe

Charles W. Groce
Editorial Auditor

TIGER RIVER
Arthur O. Friel

THE HARVESTER
Gene Stratton Porter

DAVID COPPERFIELD
Charles Dickens

John MacFarland
Staff Photographer

TALE OF TWO CITIES
Charles Dickens

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
John Bunyan

IVANHOE
Sir Walter Scott

Julia B. Mattis
Proof Reader

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
Feodor Dostoievsky

MY ANTONIA
Willa Cather

PAN
Knut Hamsun

Margaret Murtha
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BEAU GESTE
Percival Christopher Wren

THE THRESHOLD
Faith Baldwin

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HOPALONG CASSIDY
C. Mulford

BAR-20
C. Mulford

JOHNNY NELSON
C. Mulford

Mike Ruffolo
Office Boy

IVANHOE
Sir Walter Scott

THE CALL OF THE WILD
Jack London

EVANGELINE
Henry W. Longfellow

A. D. Stark
Production Chief

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
Alexandre Dumas

THE VIRGINIAN
Owen Wister

THE SEA WOLF
Jack London

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Celebrities are Human

A Reporter Becomes Radio Announcer and Discovers How Real They Are

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN

WGN Announcer

Nickolas Muray photo

ETHEL BARRYMORE before the "mike," and other celebrities who have gone on the air.

THERE are three spots in this universe where all men are equal, where all titles and affectations cease—on the roller coaster, in the dentist's chair, and in the radio studio.

All my young life I've been ritzed by celebrities, ritzed by experts. But now the worm has turned. The worm has turned radio announcer, and when I get them in the radio studio I have them scared to death. Every famous personage quakes a bit before the microphone. Radio, for me, hath put down the mighty from their wing collars.

When I was very young I was presented to President Taft, and even that beaming Santa Claus only waggled a haughty mustache. While in short pants I used to act in the movies, at the old Essanay studio, in the early one-reelers. For three dollars a day I was a caddie, a messenger boy, a page, a bystander, a passer-by, a fraction of a mob, and a dead soldier on the battlefield. And there I was pleasantly high-hatted by George Ade, Wallace Beery, Francis X. Bushman, Charlie Chaplin, Beverly Bayne, and Henry Walthall.

When I was a newspaper reporter, interviewing persons of note, I was always colliding with a lifted eyebrow. In that position I was ritzed by no less a senor than Vicente Blasco Ibanez, by John Philip Sousa, and by Gilbert K. Chesterton, John Drinkwater, and Sinclair Lewis.

But for the past few years, as a part of my radio job, it has been one of my chores to meet, interview, and introduce the famous of the land. I have encountered them privately, when they are out of the limelight and are just themselves. And the conclusion I have drawn from these intimate contacts is that celebrities are not so bad as they are celebrated, and that the great are gracious and amiable.

All of us, I suppose, after years of observing the faces of the illustrious in the newspapers and elsewhere, form our own opinions of these people. Long ago I picked out several faces common to the public prints and began to build up gobs of dislike for them, because they seemed to me uncongenial, grouchy, upstage, or downright mean. Haven't you done that?

There was one in nearly every line of endeavor. In baseball there was Eddie Collins of the White Sox; in football, Red Grange and Knute Rockne; in the law, Clarence Darrow; and in Washington, Senator Borah and Secretary of the Navy Wilbur; among the theatrical producers, Morris Gest and William A. Brady; in the movies, William S. Hart and others.

It was not because I disliked these good folk, but it was simply that I'd never seen 'em smile in a photograph.

Upon meeting all of these ogres and bogymen in my radio pursuits, I have been struck by their cordiality and charm. To them I have meant no more than a casual handshake or an inconsequential acquaintanceship; and yet they've been as nice as whortleberry pie.

In order to quench their radio nervousness, I sit informally beside them at a table upon which lies an unobtrusive microphone. We smoke, we lean back in our chairs, we just gossip. And it is probably this informality during and after their tense broadcasting that makes them so natural and communicative and pleasant.

The radio announcer meets Richard Barthelmess, Leon Errol, Wayne B. Wheeler, Zasu Pitts, Judge Ben Lindsey, Ethel Barrymore, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Gloria Swanson, the Dolly Sisters, William A. Brady, Herbert Hoover, Lew Fields, Eddie Cantor, Knute Rockne, Red Grange, Walter Hiers, Eddie Collins, Edwin Balmer, Eddie Rickenbacker—and, one and all, he is sold on them.

PEOPLE I've read about, people I've put on pedestals—all come into the studio one by one, confessing their trepidation before the broadcasting ordeal, and proving themselves as "folksy" as an Edgar Guest poem.

They laugh, and look scared, and blurt out:

"How does it work?"

"Do I have to talk loud?"

"Gee, this is a funny feeling!"

"I'm never going to laugh again when I hear somebody stuttering on the radio."

"How many people do you think are listening?"

"Can they hear us in Los Angeles?"

"Bet they'll tune me out, and I won't know they're walking out on me!"

Lovable old Cardinal O'Donnell, primate of all Ireland; the fatherly Montana Senator, Thomas J. Walsh; timid little Betty Bronson; boyish Chick Evans and Joe Kirkwood; and the quaint James Stephens, he of The Crock of Gold. I'm for them!

After their interviews on the air, they like to linger to watch others broadcasting, and they show great interest in inspecting the machinery that propels their voices afar.

IN broadcasting big news events I have found the headliners to be singularly affable. For me, celebrities lost much of their austerity during the weeks I was doing the Scopes evolution trial from Tennessee—partaking of drug-store sodas with Clarence Darrow in his shirt sleeves; sitting on a curbstone bench with Dudley Field Malone and H. L. Mencken; and calling on William Jennings Bryan on his front porch.

When I was assigned to describe the Sells-Floto Circus, I took Morris Gest with me, and got even more of a kick out of watching him throughout the broadcast than he did from his enjoyment of the circus.

I warmed exceedingly toward President Coolidge and Secretary Wilbur when calling on them in Washington to arrange a special broadcast. The President was most pleasant and indulgent during our short talk, standing all the time. Mr. Wilbur chatted smilingly in his office for as long as twenty minutes, standing at his desk and leaning against the back of his chair while a secretary noted the conversation in shorthand.

They've all been bully, the celebrities whom radio announcing has introduced me to—J. Warren Kerrigan, Senator Borah, Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, John McGraw, Governor Al Smith, Clara Kimball Young, Commander John Rodgers, Mae Marsh, Julia Hoyt, Francine Larrimore, and Patricia Collinge—and I'll vote for them in every precinct in Pennsylvania.

THE END

The Fear of God

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Decorations by W. Fletcher-White

In our lace chemises we sat like Turks together upon a large sofa, and ate sweets and gossiped and peeped out of the open window.

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

A SERIAL *by* ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

IT was a ladder against a convent wall which saved me from God knows what humiliation. The country was France, the time the reign of Louis XIV.

I was a motherless girl, thirsting for adventure. My brave colonel father had been forced to flee for his life—whither, I knew not—for his Huguenot leanings had infuriated the King. I had taken refuge in a convent. Would that I had sought seclusion before the passionate eyes of Gribouri had looked upon me. He was a gentleman-spy attached to the King's person. I loathed him, but he had the impudence to follow me, to mount the convent wall, and to set up his ladder within. He commanded me to climb it, informed me he had a *calèche* and four horses waiting, and that if I did not go with him he would have me tortured as a Huguenot!

Heaven sent me wit. I begged him, for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Cont'd from Page Sixty-three]

modesty's sake, to turn his head while I should mount. This I did quickly and drew the ladder up after me. He was trapped! Instantly I climbed down on the other side, got into the *calèche,* gathered up the reins, and was off to Calais, with my gold and jewels sewed in an undergarment.

Vicomte de Frontenac was on the point of leaving that port for England on a mission to the court of King James. My cousin, the Baroness d'Elven, was with the mission. I reached the ship and was gathered into her protecting arms.

Tricked out in my cousin's finery, I found favor in the puffy eyes of Louis de Frontenac, and so on to the English court! There I attended a royal ceremony—an experience that changed my entire life.

PART FIVE

YOU may imagine I never dreamed, as I set foot upon the threshold of that brilliant salon, that Fate led me by the hand.

Well, then, so that you may clearly understand the significance of the occasion, permit me to repeat in substance what Louise de Keroualle told me in my ear as we stood together in the recess of a vast window.

Spite of all she could do, revolt was surely brewing in England, and a vast number of people had sickened of the King and desired to welcome the Orange Prince as their new sovereign. Our King had urged King James to get ready a fleet to oppose any fleet that Holland might send against him. After a year of dawdling, King James had gathered a fleet of twenty-five ships of the line, fifteen frigates, eighteen fire ships, and a few yachts. The King had, at first, given this fleet to Rear Admiral Sir Roger Strickland, to the anger of many who disliked him.

Sir Roger, instead of watching Holland, had been idling 'twixt the Nore and the Gunfleet. Now, on this day, Admiral the Earl of Dartmouth had been given supreme command; and, in the presence of the King and of the sea lords, was to receive his fleet captains and give them last instructions, so that his order of battle should be interpreted by his own lips and every detail made plain to every admiral and captain.

This, then, was the occasion for the present gathering.

WHILE we stood there in the embrasure of the high window, the Countess of Sunderland, passing, spoke politely to Lady Portsmouth; but I noticed the swift glance of intelligent suspicion that our Duchess cast after her when she continued.

Now I saw Admiral the Earl of Dartmouth come into the room, followed by Admiral Sir Roger Strickland.

The King, who had been restlessly roaming about from one lady to another, with Frontenac at his heels, received Lord Dartmouth civilly enough, except that he almost yawned in his face.

His majesty now seated himself, and we all gathered around him as Lord Dartmouth took his place upon the King's right to receive the admirals and captains of the fleet that was to sail the next morning. Near to my Lord Dartmouth stood the officers of the navy, among them Mr. Pepys, who now, in fact, was the real power in naval affairs, and who kept looking at my pretty cousin and at me with all the lively and naive curiosity in the world. He bowed low to the Duchess.

"A very stubborn, honest man," whispered Lady Portsmouth, "and his wife French; and Sunderland can do nothing with him to gain him, who is loyal to his King and sets England's advantage first before private gain or any promise of preferment."

I smiled faintly upon this honest Mr. Pepys, who reddened to his ears and gave me a most profound and courtly bow and another for my cousin of Elven.

VERY slowly the figure lifted one hand and drew the green mask from his features. The King stood there, his cold eyes ablaze.

Well, I saw some officers of the fleet—admirals and captains—come in and kiss the King's hand and gather around my Lord Dartmouth.

To one of these, Vice Admiral Sir John Berry, Lord Dartmouth said something which I did not understand; but I saw everybody turn to look at Sir Roger Strickland, who had turned mortal pale, and stood rigid and silent, biting his lower lip.

Then Sir John bowed very low to the King—who was stifling another yawn—and to Lord Dartmouth; and, speaking in a pleasant, level voice, requested the Admiral to make clear once more wherein the new order of battle might differ from the order given by his majesty when Duke of York.

After Lord Dartmouth had given his instructions, Sir William Jennings asked some question which I could not catch. The Admiral replied, "Certainly." Then the King, yawning, got up out of his great chair and said something to young Frontenac, whereupon they both burst out laughing, and I saw some of the maids of honor laughing too.

The King, leaning upon Frontenac's arm, walked away toward the matted gallery, scarcely noticing his admirals and captains. These, in a group, lingering still to listen to their Admiral, took their leave one by one with every respect and ceremony.

THE court was following the King. Nearly everybody had already gone when my cousin came to the window where I still lingered, waiting for a decent opportunity to adjust my garter, which had slipped its clasp.

I managed to accomplish my business just as the King re-entered the great salon with Frontenac. Both were merry; and, seeing us, came toward us with mischief in their careless bearing.

Now there still remained in the room several of the fleet captains, to whom I had turned my back when adjusting my fallen stocking.

As the King, now in gay humor, passed these, he stopped in his capricious way, and spoke to them with free familiarity, calling each by name, and telling them to give the Dutch a sound beating if ever they presumed to affront the English flag.

One after another these captains kissed his majesty's graciously extended hand, and took respectful leave.

I NOTICED that the last captain to approach him was a very young man—a mere stripling—and called my cousin's attention to his extreme youth; and she whispered to me that this young man was Sir Harry Quarles, son of the late Sir John Quarles, who had been killed aboard his ship in the war of '83.

I heard the King rallying this young man and jesting with him concerning his extreme youth.

"Sir Harry," said he, "I am astonished that they have not yet made of you an Admiral!"

The young man replied, unsmilingly, that possibly he might teach a thing or two to some admirals.

The King, vastly amused, asked him if he also could teach a thing or two to some kings.

I saw the youth meet the King's merry challenge with cool, undaunted eyes.

"Sir," said he, "I could if I dared."

"Very well," cried his majesty, laughing. "I give you every permission. So, Sir Harry, you shall instantly make good your boast and tell me these things you know, and which I ought to know, and do not!"

The young man's face flushed. Of a sudden, he burst into a reckless, impulsive, passionate appeal.

"Sir," he cried in a voice that rang loud

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

in the splendid room, "if your majesty listens I care not what others think of what I say in this moment of departure.

"And I say this: that your majesty's fleet ought not to be sent against the Dutch, but against the French!"

The King's mirth turned to astonishment.

"Is this a jest?" he asked.

"By God, sir, no! It is no jest. France plays you false, sir! The French King sends young Frontenac to amuse you while the old Count robs you of your colonies in America!"

The King looked over his shoulder to us, and, relishing the situation, began to laugh.

"Sir Harry! Sir Harry!" he said. "You have a good head for fighting, but a weak one for politics, I fear."

"Sir," cried the young fellow impetuously, "if England delays to declare war upon France, she loses America! For, as God hears me in this moment, America, one day, shall become a greater England to lend us her loyalty and strength, or she shall become a monstrous France and destroy us all!"

The King, laughing at first, was now plainly becoming bored. He began to saunter about, shrugging his shoulders. Frontenac stood stiff with fury beside us.

Finally the King interrupted the youth with a yawn in his very face.

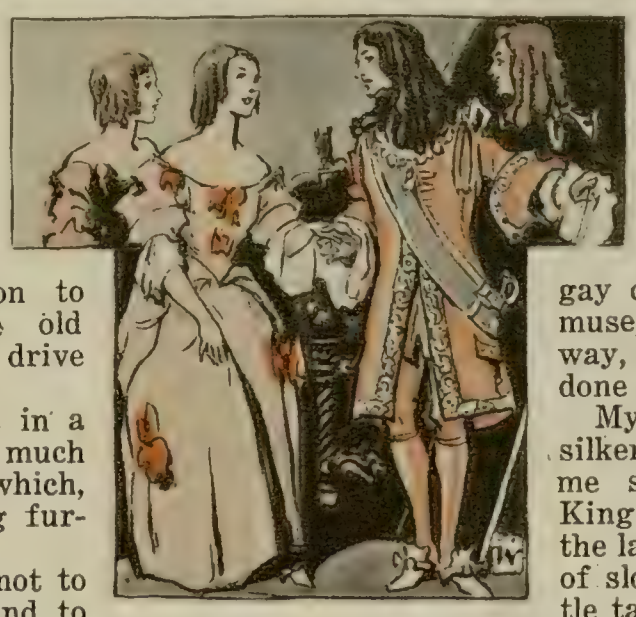
"Sir Harry," said he, "you appear to know everything within the range of human knowledge; yet there is one thing you do not seem to know, which is that politics has no place on the quarterdeck."

"Sir!" cried young Quarles, "there are political plots today in every captain's cabin, and conspiracies in every forecastle! There is discontent in dockyards, revolt in Jersey and Guernsey——"

"Enough!" said the King sharply, and turned his back upon him.

IT is not well to have a King turn his back on one.

I looked at Sir Harry Quarles. Chagrin flamed in his face. It was an agreeable face, not handsome, but so young and frank that one was conscious of its fine honesty and candor. I was sorry for the youth whose only fault seemed to be a too vehement loyalty.



The King approached us laughingly, for he was immensely amused that we should have been obliged to listen to Sir Harry Quarles' denunciation of France and of young Frontenac's mission to keep him amused while old Count Frontenac plotted to drive England out of America.

Louis de Frontenac was in a towering rage, but was too much of a courtier to show it, which, I think, afforded the King further amusement.

However, he pretended not to notice it and gave his hand to my cousin of Elven; and the Vicomte offered the like attention to me—but, like the vulgar beast he was, took advantage to press my finger tips and cast killing glances at me as we walked.

We were proceeding through the matted gallery—for the King was to walk in St. James that afternoon—when suddenly, there in front of us, I saw Gribouri.

For a moment I felt a faint, sickly sensation and a weakness in my legs.

He did not seem to have seen me. He stood aside with other gentlemen who had been walking in the matted gallery, and, as they did also, bowed deeply while the King passed and the court followed.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the park of St. James. There the King promenaded to take the air, attended by all the court; and there it was made unpleasantly plain that the King was mightily taken with my cousin; and that Frontenac regarded me as property of his own.

My troubled thoughts were on Gribouri. I knew not what harm he could do me here in England. He could, I supposed, threaten to discredit me at court unless I listened to his impassioned advances.

I knew not what to think or to do, and, as I walked in St. James, my eyes were ever on the alert to spy about me and discover if this man had followed me.

Well, the King soon had sufficient air to revive his spirits. We all followed him back to the palace, and then took our coaches and chairs and returned to our own apartments for refreshment and repose.

I did not speak to my cousin about my encounter with Monsieur Gribouri. There would be time enough if he annoyed me.

But, while we were in her wardrobe examining gowns, she whispered to me that the King was for a frolic that night, and had begged of us a rendezvous at the Spring Gardens—which was a pretty place of entertainment near to Charing Cross, where one went discreetly masked.

OUR first day at Whitehall tired us. Our maids heated water and disrobed and bathed us; and in our lace chemises we sat like Turks together upon a large soft sofa, and ate sweets and gossiped and peeped out of the open window to see what might be doing below in St. James Park.

It was pleasant to be rid of our clothing and to repose at ease among cushions by the open window.

One of my cousin's pages came to announce the Vicomte de Frontenac, who at such a time had the impertinence to invade us; but we denied ourselves to him, and scarcely noticed the baskets of fruit and the great bouquets which he sent to us from the King's gardens.

So he went away, and we peeped out of the window and saw him get into a chair, and noticed that the bearers wore the Duchess of Portsmouth's livery.

I asked my cousin whether our mission imposed upon us such duties as making masked rendezvous with kings.

The idea made us very merry, and I laughed like a little fool—I know not why—but my head and heart were becoming light with folly, and I felt like one who, for the first time, steps upon the stage to play her part in the world's gay comedy. As for the tragic muse, my talents lay not that way, and I heartily hoped I had done with her forever.

My cousin, lying among the silken cushions like a flower, told me something concerning this King of England—who, unlike the late King Charles, was a man of sloth; of little enterprise, little taste, and less wit.

"He is *hèbété*," I said, "to have discouraged that poor young captain and then to turn his back on him merely because he was too stupid to parry truth with a jest."

"That young man was ve'y bold," said my cousin; "what he said would have meant the Bastille, in F'ance."

"He spoke rashly because he loves his country. It was honest of him, I think."

My cousin's blue eyes became ironical and her mouth formed a faultless O:

"This young man—do you pe'haps wecollect his name, *ma mie?*" she inquired, so innocently that I took the bait as innocently.

"Yes," said I. "He is Sir Harry Quarles, Baronet; and his ship is the Deveron, frigate——"

Then I saw the pretty mockery flicker in her eyes; and I reddened and began to laugh.

"*Corbleu*, madame!" said I gayly. "I do not deny that I find these handsome Englishmen very much to my taste. Although that young man is not nearly so handsome as many. But—but——"

"I beg you to continue, my cousin!"

"Alas," said I, "there is to be no continuation. For he sails against the Dutch tomorrow. Otherwise I should have been very glad to have made his acquaintance."

She put one arm around my neck and kissed me. "Exquisite diplomat that you have become," said she, "to meditate sentimentally upon a man who has but to open his mouth to offend two kings and two kingdoms and ev'ybody of consequence in both!"

So we fell to talking about other things; and my cousin had conceived a most amusing plan for the evening.

The Duchess of Portsmouth had told her how two of the Queen's maids of honor—Miss West and Miss Bonner—had dressed like two orange girls, and, masked, had gone about all night into all sorts of places, reputable and disreputable, without being recognized but once.

Among the fruit sent to us by that silly Frontenac were several baskets of ripe oranges. So we dispatched a page with a letter to the Duchess of Portsmouth, begging her to procure for us from Miss West the two orange girls' costumes, and also two masks against necessity.

Like children we giggled over the adventure. The gay indiscretion of it enchanted us. Never would we have ventured to do such a thing at home; but to be utterly at liberty in a foreign land seems to go to one's head.

As for the King, of course he would come masked; so nobody could know it was he who supped with two orange girls at Spring Gardens.

MY cousin and I supped in our apartment in spite of several amorously discontented notes from Frontenac, brought to us by one of his gentlemen in service.

Finally the Vicomte himself came to our door, and very rudely knocked; and, refused admittance, vowed that we used him cruelly and that he'd be damned if he'd sup alone, but seek kinder company elsewhere.

This having no effect save to make me giggle, he presently took himself off in a towering rage.

"*Doucement, ma mie,*" cautioned my cousin; "he has the King's ear."

"And I'll box *his* if he plagues me," said I, "for he shall not spoil my pleasure at Whitehall as my only day at Versailles was spoiled for me by another man."

"Who?" asked my cousin.

"Well, then, Gribouri. I had meant to tell you. He attempted to take me by storm. And, cousin, I saw him today in the matted gallery."

"Oh!"

"I don't know what he means to do. He may try to revenge himself. But, as long as you condescend to amuse the King, I shall enjoy his protection, too, I suppose. Shall I not?"

"Of co'se."

"Very well, then," said I gayly, "I snap my fingers at Monsieur Gribouri! Let him run to the King! Let him run to Frontenac! What does it matter while you lead the King by the nose?"

Up went her eyebrows and she made an O at me; and we ran into her chamber to examine the dresses that her page had fetched from her Grace of Portsmouth. My cousin chose the gray habit and I the brown, and we called to the maids to strip us and aid us to array ourselves.

Such merriment! And when my lovely cousin took a basket of oranges upon her arm and began to march to and fro calling, "O'anges! O'anges! Sixpence each, milady!" I never beheld anything so adorable.

As for me, I decided to be a ballad singer and carry my cousin's lute; and I assure you we made a proper pair of vagabonds.

My cousin sent a page to fetch a hackney coach to the mews; and when he returned to say it was there, we ran down the back stairs and climbed into it, and bade the fellow carry us to Charing Cross.

And about the time we arrived there I think we both began to be a little frightened.

Such crowds! But, after all, our safety lay in crowds.

Some young men stopped my cousin and would buy oranges; but she lost her courage, and we took to our heels.

Of our cowardice, however, we became ashamed; and presently we ventured to peep in at the open door of a wine shop, where some, seeing us, called to us to come in.

So we went in, and my cousin sold some oranges; but would not sit upon any man's knee or be taken by the chin. I sang a ballad in French and played on my lute and danced very modestly.

Which was not to their liking, for they demanded an English song and a jig. Mary Mother! I did not know how to jig, nor knew I any English songs; so, edging bashfully to the door, I dropped them a curtsy. And then we ran once more like a pair of frightened hares, my cousin spilling all her pennies and a few oranges.

Presently we arrived at Charing Cross; and, not far beyond, saw the trees and colored lanterns of Spring Gardens, and chairs and coaches arriving or waiting outside the wall.

NOW, when we presented ourselves at the gateway, under the arch of lights, they were not for admitting us, saying very bluntly that this was no resort for street gypsies and strolling trollops.

But my cousin very calmly put on her mask and I put on mine. Then, under the kerchief on her bosom, she showed them a great jeweled chain and laid one lovely jeweled finger across her lips.

Whereupon they smiled and instantly showed us every respect; and it was, "This way, milady!" And, "Graciously be pleased to enter!"

And so in we strolled; in among the trees and lanterns and marble statues, where both music and fountains played discreetly and flowers bloomed with no discretion at all.

After a little while we concluded that his majesty had not yet arrived in the Spring Gardens.

"Let us seek a seat in one of these discreet bowers," said I, "and there await our Jupiter, who may arrive in any guise to woo us. As for me, I starve, and could be won with food very easily."

So we seated ourselves, and set the oranges upon the table. My cousin selected one, poked a hole in it, and sucked it. I did the like.

And after a little while, as no Jupiter appeared in the cloud, or afoot, we sent for some champagne and little cakes.

I am very certain that any gentlemen passing took us for the trollops we seemed to be.

As the waiter fetched our chilled wine and filled our glasses, a figure sauntered out of the tree shadows into the light of our candles. He wore spurred boots, sword, and mantle, but no mask; and I knew him instantly. And why I blushed so hotly I know not; but felt the swift blood heat cheeks and throat; and took my crossed feet from the stool in confusion.

I saw that my cousin also recognized this gentleman, for up went her brows and O went her mouth, and her blue eyes fluttered with laughter.

The young man, noticing our amused observation of him, paused before our bower and looked at us rather solemnly.

"You seem monstrous merry in there all by yourselves," said he; "but a gay heart is to be envied in such times as these."

"Milord," said I in English, "will you not cheer your solemn features with a taste of wine? For," said I, "it was made in France. And I offer it to you with all the hospitality

We settled us in our saddles to ride for the lives God gave us and which kings would take away.

of France, and all the friendliness and gayety of a heart that is entirely French." And I held out to him my wine.

He was courteous. He took the glass. "Little gypsy," said he, "I drink to your wonderful red hair!" He turned toward my cousin. "And," said he, "I drink to your blue eyes; for," said he, "I swear I never have seen such pretty girls in all of England."

I JUMPED up and curtsied with a flourish of my skirt.

"Sir Harry, you overwhelm us," said I demurely.

"Oh," said he, "you seem to know me? Well, then, mine is a contemptible memory that hath not retained your names and features, gentle gypsies."

"Michelle la Rousse," I said. "And my comrade, Athalie, the orange girl of the King's House."

"Well," said he, "your names make you no lovelier than God made you. You shall sup with me"—he stepped aside to summon a waiter, who came a-running.

I looked at my cousin, stifling my laughter.

"Are you frightened?" I motioned.

"Pooh! But—the King?"

"If we put on our masks," said I in a whisper, "how can the King know us? I had rather talk to Master Quarles than to his majesty."

"Has this poor young gentleman bewitched you, *douce amie?*"

"Oh, cousin, he is such a solemn youth! God sends him to us to cheer his heart——"

"Hush," she whispered; "that man yonder among the trees seems to watch us. Look, Michelle!"

I turned to look, but saw nobody.

"Well, he has gone," said my cousin carelessly. She put on her mask and I did the like.

"Now," said I, "let Fate and kings do their worst; for I mean to enjoy myself with a free heart and send this poor young man to sea with a little human gayety in his."

However, on his return to us, our solemn Master Quarles seemed to be considerably amused to find us masked—as though such lights o' love as we had any need to hide our brazen faces. We did not blame him for his smile and thought.

And first he begged leave to buy of my cousin all her oranges, which he did, and paid her a gold piece in her hand with a "God bless you, pretty child!" And to me he gave a newly minted guinea and begged a song of me whilst we awaited supper.

"Milord," said I, "I am French and know no English songs to entertain you. Not even a filthy catch."

"I suspected as much by your charming speech," said he; "but I beg you to sing some modest song in French, because I like and understand your language."

"Very well, milord," said I. "You shall listen to a modest chansonette in which a little bird ought to tell you something, yet I fear you will never understand its twittering." And I took up the lute and sang a little love song.

But when he would kiss me I turned my head and pushed him away. "No," I said; "I sing of love but do not practice the silly passion. And, anyway, what devil's virtue does a gentleman look for in street singers and orange girls?"

"As for virtue," said he, "I had not been in quest of that——"

He drew me to him; and his was an arm of steel under his blue damask doublet and hanging sleeve.

I SAT ashamed, with lowered head, and my restless fingers avoiding his until he captured both my hands, and so, embracing my body, kissed my cheek and throat and naked shoulders till they flamed.

I dared not look at my cousin. I struggled free of him, and retreated to the corner of the painted settle, pulling down my russet petticoat over my russet shoes and crossing my legs under me.

"Milord," said I, "if you lay the Dutch aboard with as stout a heart as you strive to carry me, why, God help the ship that will not strike to you!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

"The PORTRAIT of a LADY With RED HAIR"

Mrs. Leslie Carter's Own Story of Her Life

Excerpts from the most amazingly intimate revelation of a human soul you ever read

"My life has run in strange places. I have been not only a celebrated actress, but a naive convent girl, a society woman, a traveler, a wife and mother. I have known the heights of success, but likewise, I have known the depths of despair. My years have been full of color—as colorful as my red hair."

A CRUCIFIED BRIDE

Married to a Scotchman 14 years her senior and frowned upon by her sisters-in-law, she answered one of their breakfast attacks by:

"What is it about me you all so actively dislike? My youth? You knew that when Leslie Carter married me. My spirits? I ride out into the hills along the Lake front anywhere where there is beauty. I heard you tell Leslie I refused to wear corsets. Certainly I refuse to dress my body in anything that hampers my freedom. Is it for these things you penalize and crucify me every day?"

FLIGHT FROM HUSBAND

"I'll have no harlots in my house," said Aunt Margaret, speaking of my misguided nursemaid.

"Listen," I answered with deadly precision. "You've *thought* for me. You've *eaten* for me. You've *dressed* for me. You've had my boy for me. But in *this* instance you shall not act for me. If you send that unfortunate, helpless girl away you'll send me with her."

"I kept my word. That night found my baby and myself and a few necessary belongings installed at my mother's. No amount of persuasion, no amount of pleading would make me go back and bruise myself daily against their vicious minds."

DIVORCE—FRENZY

"When I left the courts of Illinois, I was denuded of everything in life but one thing—a thing you could not stamp out—you could not crush—you could not annihilate with anything formed on God's green earth—a thing abiding and eternal—my mother's love. Her heart was like the heart in Richpin's 'La Glu' who as it rolled from the hands of the son who had cut it out, cried softly: 'Hast thou hurt thyself, my child?' I cried every day for eighteen months, and then one day I forgot to cry."

SHE MEETS BELASCO

"One has often been in a crowd and the eye has been trapped by a face with a subtle kind of distinction that made it uncommon—some indefinable air hard to explain. Mr. Belasco's was like that.

"Here was not one man but a hundred men. Judea was here in the sensuous curving lips. Rome was here in the tightly curled hair of a pre-consul. Greece was here in the beautifully cut, clearly silhouetted profile with the soft ivory pallor one finds in the faces of Orientals. The Florentine of Italy too, in the inset of the whole mouth, restrained and a little cruel. He was dramatic in himself as his plays were dramatic, surprising and vivid. He was like a coin, not the coinage for an ordinary populace, but some delicately carved metal struck off for a special occasion."

SUCCESS—"WE EAT"

Of her debut on the stage in "Maryland, My Maryland," she says:

"After the second act, there were twenty curtain calls; after the third act, thirty. It was the first time I was ever to see an audience flare like tinder to its emotions and pandemonium break loose. High on its tiptoes it shouted, it clapped, it bravoed.

"When David Belasco came to my dressing room, his face was ivory white. He took me by the wrist, pulling me gently toward the door.

"'You hear that!' he said with a deadly calm. His face transfigured. 'You hear that! Do you know what it means? It means that never—never—never will we have to eat on Third Avenue again.'"

A DEFIANT QUEEN

Mrs. Carter tells of a London performance of "Zaza" attended by the King and Queen, who were just entering their box.

"A hiss has menace back of it and hatred; it is devoid of good intent. I know nothing that will drain a person's face more quickly of all color, than the malice of a hiss. Edward gave a startled look about him—Alexandra neared her chair when it came again—*venomous, hostile.* Without another pause she took the few steps that brought her to the king's side, deliberately placing her hand upon his shoulder. She might have been England itself—unvarying, ancient, indestructible. She stood there like a symbol of defense built on heroic lines. She waited gazing serenely and sweetly before her. The sound did not come again. I never saw a finer action."

BELASCO QUITS HER

Mrs. Carter reveals all the details of Belasco's deserting her. On the night of her re-marriage, she says:

"At midnight in Boston, at the Hotel Touraine, Belasco called me to the phone.

"I have just heard from strangers a thing I do not believe,' he said. 'They say you have married. Is it true'?

"There were marks upon his tones of some deliberate intent.

"Yes, Mr. Dave, it's true. I wanted to tell you myself. Won't you let me come and—

"Some one wrote that more can be said in one minute than can be forgotten in a lifetime. Back the voice came, that voice whose nature had never partaken of anything but comfort and encouragement for me and its white-hot tones were everything that made him kick the ladder from beneath my feet.

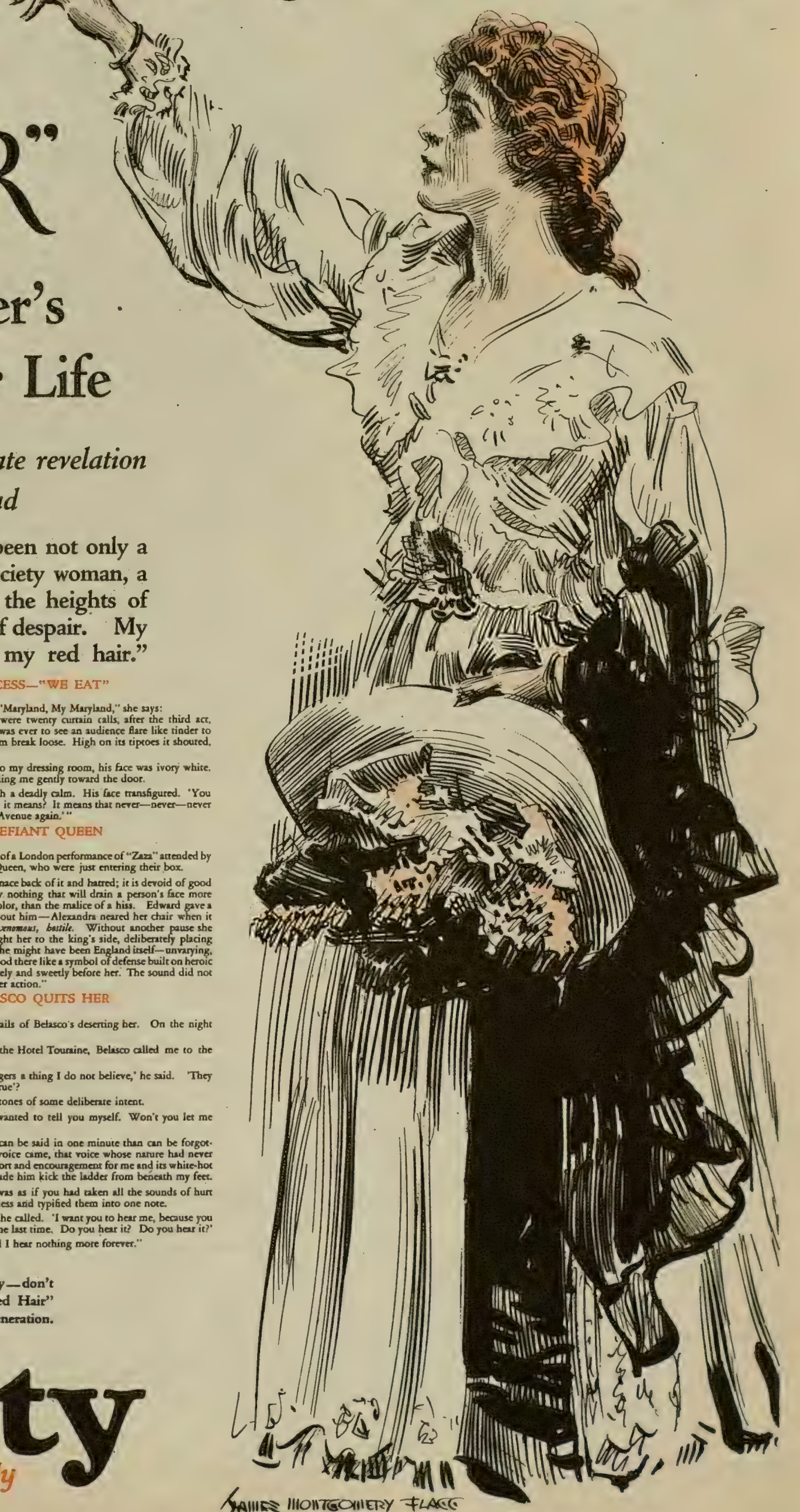
"It wasn't just bitterness; it was as if you had taken all the sounds of hurt and rancour and a hostile iciness and typified them into one note.

"'Listen! Can you hear me?' he called. 'I want you to hear me, because you are listening to my voice for the last time. Do you hear it? Do you hear it?'

"Hear it? I shall hear it until I hear nothing more forever."

Mrs. Carter's story begins in next week's issue of Liberty—don't miss the first installment. "The Portrait of a Lady with Red Hair" promises to be the most discussed autobiography of our generation.

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

He laughed and laughed and kissed my fingers, and said they were idle and beautiful as any lady's in the world. Then, as he grew bolder——

"Holy Mother!" said I. "Have done a-fiddling with my kerchief! Would you undress me, sir?"

I gave him a hearty push and sat flushed and scowling, reknotting my disordered kerchief.

And at that moment they fetched our supper and spread it before us. Mary Mother!—there was a dish of mussels in their own juice; another of delicious prawns and another of tender pigeons; and there was a pasty, and fruits and wines!

When we came to the end, we had become very friendly and merry.

"God send you victo'y when you meet the Dutch!" lisped my cousin, lifting her glass; and we all drank it and waved our glasses, crying: "*Vive la flotte anglaise! Vive notre petit capitaine!*"

They fetched us water and napkins and we bathed our lips and fingers while chilled wine was poured for us.

"Well," he said, "all pleasures end, and I should be on my way to my ship."

He pulled out his purse and stood up to pay our reckoning.

Then from the peg behind him he took his shoulder belt and sword and put them on, and cast his cloak over his left shoulder.

I know not what there was about this young man that his going gave me a tiny stab.

"Sir," said I, "I feel your anchor tugging in my breast. Pray hoist it more gently."

He laughed. "I know what hurts you," said he, and laid his purse, heavy with gold, upon my knees.

Spite of the role I played, it hurt me, and I threw the purse upon the table.

"Why," said he, "is there too little to win even a smile from you?"

"Take up your wineglass," said I, "and I will give you a lesson!"

He lifted it, perplexed; I lifted mine.

"Sir," said I, "champagne is not a wine; it is a language—the language of diplomacy. Let it speak for me and counsel you."

We drank.

He set aside his empty glass; looked at the full purse of minted gold; looked curiously at me.

"Why do you refuse?" he asked.

"The diplomacy you have absorbed should teach you."

"It is French and I English. I must go. Will you unmask and kiss me, little gypsy?"

"No—not unmasked."

He leaned over and took me in his arms. God knows why I suffered his lips and made no stir in self-defense. He lifted me bodily from the settle up into the air and held me so, close clasped, and laughing like a very boy.

AS he set me down and released me, over his shoulder I saw a masked man come swiftly out from the dusk of the lime trees, followed by two other men, also masked.

My cousin also saw them, and she caught my hand in hers.

"Gracious," she whispered, "if it should be the King!"

"We had better run," said I, "but in different directions. Take the path through the flowering shrubbery and meet me at the gate——"

She caught up her lute, glided into the thicket, and ran; and I was already gliding away among the trees when somebody grasped my arm and drew me back.

"What frightens you, little gypsy?" asked my Captain, drawing me to his side and passing his arm around me.

"Holy Mother," said I, "let me go, for those three masked men frighten me——"

"Well, then," said he coolly, "no man need frighten you when my arm shelters your body."

Holding me, he turned and looked at the three who came slowly toward us across the grass. They all wore green cloaks and green masks and looked alike as three peas in a pod.

"Sir," I whispered, "if they affront us you are not to quarrel, but take me to the gates and set me free."

But he said quietly that he knew how to take care of what was his and needed no instructions from a gypsy girl.

Two of the men came forward and stood staring at me very insolently as though their gaze could pierce my mask.

Suddenly I freed myself and turned to run; and at the same moment one of the men sprang forward, seized me, and brutally stripped the velvet mask from my features.

"By heaven!" he cried. "Here's one o' them!"

The words had not left his lips before my Captain had him by the throat and gave him such a buffet that he reeled.

Then—oh, God!—everything happened and was over in an instant, as I cowered from the three swords that seemed to clash and glitter and dart lightning all around me.

Flattened against the lattice of the little bower, I crouched speechless.

I saw a masked man drop his weapon and clutch at his breast, and sway to and fro like a drunkard. I saw another man spring forward; saw a sword pass through his green mask and rip it away; saw him tumble flat. And there, under my horrified eyes, lay young Louis de Frontenac. Even I could see he was dead.

As I stared at him, I saw the third man in the grip of my cavalier, who dragged him toward me across the grass to my very feet.

"Now," gasped my Captain, "take off your mask and make amends before I fling you into the kennel whence you came!"

Very slowly the figure lifted one hand and drew the green mask from his features.

The King stood there, his cold eyes ablaze.

THE King looked at Sir Harry Quarles, at me, at the dead man on the grass, at the other who had fainted and who lay against a tree, his mask hanging from one ear. Gribouri!

In a silence so frightful that it seemed to deafen me and stop my heart, I saw my Captain slowly reverse his bloody sword and slowly tender it to the King.

Suddenly all my terrors burst out in a cry of despair. I sprang forward and pushed away the sword.

"Are you mad?" I said. "If you give him your sword he'll take your head next!" I seized my Captain's arm to pull him away.

Then, in a voice hoarse with passion, the King demanded his Captain's sword; and my Captain answered as in a dream: "I know I am a dead man if I give your majesty my sword. So I shall keep it to use in England's cause—which is not yours!

"Sire, for England's sake, I should slay you where you stand—because you have undone England and betrayed us every one. You are a bad King. You are worse—you are a stupid one."

The hot blood was raging in the King's face.

My Captain slowly sheathed his sword.

"You dare neither to tempt my sword," he said, "nor to cry out for very dread of such a scandal, knowing well enough in your rotten heart that England will endure no more from you!"

He put on his hat.

"Your enemy may be Orange," he said, "but England's foe is France. What honest man cares any longer who *your* enemy may be? So fallen are you in every honorable estimation—with your prostitutes and your bastards and your treacheries to God and man——

"And if I am taken and my head blacken on a pole, nevertheless your course is run and England shall presently spew you up—as one day all kings shall be vomited and the sick world purged o' them forever!"

He turned his back on the King and walked away through the grove; and I ran after him and took hold of his sleeve.

"For God's sake, sir," I said, "I am worse than dead if you abandon me."

"I abandon nobody," said he, speaking like one still confused by shock. "Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhere out of England and away from kings!" I cried.

"That is where I go also," said he.

HE was walking, now, with a swift stride, and I held fast to his sleeve and ran beside him, knowing that I was indeed done for if he deserted me. For, what with Gribouri and all that threatened me in France, and with what now had happened to me in England, my cousin could not save me from arrest.

Frontenac dead, Gribouri wounded—a double and deadly insult to the two most powerful monarchs in the world. And my presence as a mere witness was enough to insure my punishment and utter ruin.

"Sir," said I, so frightened I could scarcely speak, "your life hangs by a hair, and you need not burden yourself with me."

"I've two horses in the mews," he said. "Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

We came to the wall where was a painted gate that led into the mews in the rear.

A soldier, leading two saddled horses, caught sight of my Captain and hastened toward him.

My Captain said to me: "Walk on ahead until I call to you." Then he spoke to the soldier; and both mounted.

I heard their horses walking on the road behind me, and presently they overtook me. My Captain bade the soldier dismount and lift me to the saddle, adjust my stirrups, and wrap me in his cloak.

"Now get you aboard the Deveron," said my Captain to the soldier, "and tell them that I mean to take my fill o' love tonight, for there is like to be a dearth of love betwixt the Dutch fleet and our own."

The soldier went away laughing; and, when he was gone: "Come," said he to me very quietly, "or the world ends presently for us both."

We rode off down the dark and silent road, side by side.

"Best walk our horses till we win clear o' the houses," said he, in the odd tone of a dreaming man. "You tell me you can ride astride?"

"Yes."

Presently he put his horse to a canter, and I did likewise. It made some noise on the stony road, and sparks flew.

I balanced my saddle well enough, but my limbs were tender, for I had not ridden postillion since I was a child and dressed like a page.

"Little gypsy, are you at ease?" he asked.

"I am well enough."

"Well, then, do your best in this hour! Gallop!"

We settled us in our saddles to ride for the lives God gave us and which kings would take away.

And how well worth saving was the life of gallant Michelle! In the tense scene that follows, we see her tenderness and gayety under stress of imminent danger. Don't miss next week's smashing installment.

SCIENCE *Aids the* Intelligent *Cook*

By ETHEL SOMERS

COTTAGE cheese (see above) may easily be prepared with clabbered milk and boiling water, draining through a colander lined with cheesecloth.

ANY tightly covered vessel is ideal for cooking the various low-cost meat - vegetable dishes.

RESOLVED: To devote one hour daily to the study and application of scientific food facts.

To guide menus by reason rather than appetite.

To study the cheaper cuts of meat and learn to develop their flavors.

To learn to cook and serve local products, such as fish, and use them often.

To watch the market reports and visit in person the current weekly market, buying the foods that are seasonable and cheapest.

To attain variety with cheap foods, such as cabbage, rutabaga, turnips, carrots, onions, apples, etc., by preparing them in many different ways.

To utilize dried fruits.

To daily provide seasonable fresh fruits and vegetables, particularly in raw forms.

To eliminate non-nutritious expensive foods.

To plan menus and marketing on paper.

To cook as far as possible all fruits and vegetables in their skins to save time and increase food value.

To utilize all clean trimmings and vegetable liquors in soups, gravies, or sauces.

To be accurate in cooking, avoiding waste by careful measuring.

To learn to cook just enough, except when a definite amount of left-over is being cooked for another meal.

To use iced storage eggs when the actual fresh flavor may not be worth paying for.

To make use of the cheap, whole-grain hot cereals, especially for breakfast, in place of potato, meat, eggs, etc.

RICE and vegetables increase the value and decrease the cost of the meat loaf.

Short Ribs of Beef

2 pounds short ribs (cut 2½ inches wide)
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups hot water
2 onions, sliced
2 bay leaves
6 peppercorns
1 or 2 cloves, if desired
A sprig parsley, if desired
6 cups vegetable mixture

PLACE the short ribs, sliced onions, salt, and other seasonings in a casserole or covered baking dish. Add the hot water and place, covered closely, in a slow oven (275°) for 2 hours; or place in a covered kettle and simmer *gently* for 1 hour. Remove the meat and add the vegetable mixture. (Sliced carrots, diced turnips, and sliced cabbage make the cheapest combination, though celery, tomatoes, etc., are pleasant additions; diced potatoes or ½ cup of macaroni or rice may be added also.) Sear the meat until thoroughly brown in 4 tablespoons of fat in the oven, uncovered, or in a frypan. When well browned, serve the meat with its vegetable border, and add ¼ cup of flour to the browned fat.

Stir, and heat until well browned. Add the stock drained from the vegetables, and prepare as gravy.

Meat Loaf

1 pound beef (chuck cuts are best)
1 cup cooked rice
½ cup tomatoes
½ medium onion, grated
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ tablespoons dried celery leaves or parsley, if desired

COMBINE all of the ingredients in a mixing bowl and blend thoroughly by mixing with a spatula or wooden spoon, or by kneading with the hands. Shape into a loaf; place on a greased rack in a baking pan, casserole, or roaster; bake uncovered in a hot oven (450° F.) until brown, or about 30 minutes. Continue to roast at this temperature for 30 minutes longer for a well done loaf. Serve hot with gravy.

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1-8-27

Browned Cabbage

1 quart sliced cabbage
2 tablespoons bacon fat or 2 slices minced bacon
2 cups hot water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 to 2 tablespoons vinegar

ADD the cabbage and seasonings to the bacon fat or browned minced bacon in a frypan. Add the water and cook, stirring occasionally, from 12 to 18 minutes, or until the cabbage is tender. At this time you will find the water will have evaporated. Continue to cook without the water, stirring frequently, for about 8 minutes, or until the cabbage is delicately browned. Remove to a tureen for service, and stir in from 1 to 2 tablespoons of vinegar, according to taste.

Pan-Fried Turnips

1 pound white or yellow turnips
1 egg
¾ cup bread crumbs

CUT the peeled turnips into slices and parboil for 8 minutes. Coat with egg and bread crumbs and pan-fry in hot bacon fat.

Norwegian Fruit Pudding

2 cups cooked prunes
1 cup prune liquor
½ tablespoon lemon juice or few drops lemon extract
1 inch stick cinnamon or few grains powdered cinnamon
¾ tablespoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon water

REMOVE the stones and chop the prunes. Add them to the prune liquor. Add cinnamon and heat to boiling. Slowly stir in the cornstarch, mixed to a paste with the cold water. Boil and stir for 3 minutes. Cook over boiling water from 15 to 20 minutes. Remove cinnamon, if stick variety is used. Add lemon juice, mix well, and pour mixture into damp molds. Serve with milk, cream, or lemon or orange sauce.

Cottage Cheese

1 quart sour milk
1 quart boiling water
¼ teaspoon salt
Butter, milk, or cream to moisten
1/10 teaspoon pepper

POUR the *boiling* water into the clabbered milk, and drain at once, without stirring, into a colander lined with several layers of cheesecloth. Allow this to stand until drained to the desired consistency. Add the seasonings and serve cold.

You Don't Have to Coax Your Youngsters Any More

TO BE continually forced to coax growing youngsters to eat what is good for them is an unnecessary nuisance. It is really *more* than a mere nuisance. It can actually ruin your meals, and—what is of even greater consequence—it often forms a most dangerous habit in your boys and girls. The more they are coaxed, the more you will find it necessary to coax them.

Children should not be permitted to form the habit of eating wholesome foods "to please mother." They should be taught to *enjoy* the foods which are good for them.

For instance, let's take the morning cereal, for breakfast is a child's most important meal. After the night's rest, "tummies" are empty, and it is of greatest importance that good nourishing food be taken into the system.

The body is in just the right condition to assimilate nourishment. The food children eat in the morning can do them the most good or the most harm.

How to Teach Children to Like Their Cereal

A STEAMING bowl of whole wheat porridge is the most wholesome, nourishing breakfast and every child should have it regularly. Whole wheat contains *proteins* for healthy tissues, nerves, and muscles; *phosphorus* and *iron* for red blood; *coarseness* valuable for its laxative properties; *carbohydrates, oils and fats* for energy; and *vitamins* for growth. Whole wheat served as a hot porridge is Nature's finest food in its most wholesome, digestible and delicious form. If your boys and girls do not eat whole wheat regularly, for the reason that they have to be "coaxed," you will find you can easily teach them to like it and to eat it gladly! Here's the way.

The Big Idea Behind Ralston

THERE is a *certain* whole wheat cereal which you can get at any good grocery store. The name of it is "Ralston," and it comes in a red, white and blue checkerboard package. Ralston is made by a company which has had more than thirty years of contact with the foremost physicians and child specialists, and with literally thousands of mothers. This company decided to make the very finest whole wheat cereal that science could produce or money could provide—and they have succeeded. They pay a special premium for sun-ripened hard winter wheat selected from the choicest grain fields in a certain limited section of the Middle West. In Ralston they have the inimitable flavor of pure sun-ripened whole wheat. They have a porridge that cooks as quickly as your coffee, and that retains every bit of the nutriment of the whole wheat berry. Ralston is not devitalized through any whitening process. It retains the natural golden-brown color of the pure grain.

How Bunnies Make Children Eat What is Good for Them

BUT the makers of Ralston did not stop when they had made the best cereal. Their research into children's eating habits led to the development of a wonderful little cereal *bowl* called the "Find the Bottom" bowl. If you have ever had to coax your boys and girls to eat their cereal, this bowl puts an end to the need of any more coaxing. Children delight in it, and have the time of their lives eating their Ralston from it.

The Wonderful "Find the Bottom" Bowls

THE idea of the "Find the Bottom" bowl is this. The game of finding the bottom starts at the top of the inside of the bowl, where written in bright green letters are the words "Find the Bottom." A tiny green line winds its way down the inside of the bowl, getting lower and lower, and closer and closer to the bottom as it winds around. You will learn what's waiting for you way down at the bottom if you eat your way down to the Bunny, and as you lift out each spoonful of Ralston, you see a little more of the winding green line that leads you to him. It certainly is a lot of fun, and the line encourages you to take another spoonful and to get a bit closer to your little friend at the bottom. A breakfast without seeing the gay little fellow at the bottom is almost a "crying matter." But there's no cause for tears when you can eat to him so easily.

Find the bottom, little folks, and see the gay Ralston Bunny!

For the tops of two Ralston packages, and 25c in stamps, sent to the Ralston Purina Co., St. Louis, Mo., a "Find the Bottom" bowl will be mailed to your home prepaid.

A Wonderful Visit

Pictures by Robert A. Graef

SUCH a joyous uproar as the three set up, you never heard! Poor Daffy was so frightened!

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By Aline Kilmer

CARLOTTA burst into tears of relief when we reached the house.

"Oh, my poor babies!" she cried, as she hugged each one of them separately. "The police station called up," she said, turning to me, her eyes big and frightened, "to ask if we had lost some children." Greg looked terrified.

"Oh, Muzzer, if you hadn't come would zey have 'wrested us like zey did me when I got lost before? A jail," he said, with a wise little wag of his head, "looks pretty bad fwom ze outside, but it looks a whole lot worse fwom inside."

"Now, Greg," I assured him for about the fortieth time—every few months I had to tell him and he had been only four at the time of this unforgettable adventure—"that nice policeman didn't arrest you. He saved you. And you know how good he was to you."

"Yes," Greg agreed; "he gave me an ice-cweam cone if I'd stop crying, an' I wouldn't, so he gave it to me all ze same. But zere were a lot of policemen in wiz him an' I was frightened."

"Weren't there any other children who'd got lost, too?"

"Well," said Greg, considering, "zere were a lot of uzzer guys, but zey all looked like tough guys. Zey didn't look like zey *could* be lost."

The telephone bell rang and I went to answer it, thinking the police station was looking for my children again. But it was a telegram, and what do you suppose it was?

"Guess!" I cried as I came back to the children.

"Is it from Uncle Bunkle?" they asked eagerly. I shook my head.

"Is it somebody comin'?" I nodded.

"Oh, tell us! Tell us!" they shouted.

"It's Ben. His mother says he will be here day after tomorrow."

Such a joyous uproar as the three set up, you never heard! They shouted and shrieked with delight. If Ben's mother could have heard them she'd have had no doubt of Ben's welcome in our house.

Poor Daffy, the foundling dog, was so frightened that he went into a corner and stood there trembling with his tail between his legs and his jaw dropped. But Domar and Pompey loved it. Domar barked and stood with his paws on the children's shoulders. Pompey ran round and round, yapping, until Carlotta had to shut him in a closet.

"I dibs to sleep with him the first night!" cried Nicky.

"Oh!" cried Greg, crestfallen because he had not been quick enough. "Well, anyway, I dibs for ze second!"

BUT, in the end, it was Greg who had the first night with Ben, because, on the day Ben came, there was Nicky sick in bed with a sore throat.

He was lying in my bed, propped up with pillows. We have a rule that no well child ever sleeps in my bed; but a sick one simply takes it for his own.

"My throat isn't so *very* bad," he explained, his eyes bright and his cheeks red with fever, "if only my poor ole bean didn't ache so!"

"Isn't it time for us to go to the station to meet Ben?" cried Emmy, racing upstairs with Greg.

"Oh, no; at least an hour yet," I assured them.

"Then we'd better start right away," they said in a breath. "Let's get the dogs."

They set out, Greg leading Domar on his leash and Daffy sidling timidly along by Emmy. Emmy always prefers the under dog. And Daffy was the underest dog you ever saw. What would smart little Ben say to him, I wondered. He'd be ashamed to walk on the same side of the street with him.

It seemed to Nicky a long, long time that they were gone. Whenever I left his bedside he'd slip out of bed and sneak to the window to see if they were coming. Then how he'd scuttle back when he heard me coming!

But at last here they are! We can hear their voices on the walk outside, Ben's rising higher than the others'. Now the front door opens and Carlotta runs down the thin hall to greet Ben. Carlotta has to shut the door, for you may be sure no one else remembers it. Now they are tearing upstairs, dogs and all.

And now he is standing in my door, our round-faced, pink-cheeked, handsome little cousin Ben!

You'll enjoy reading about the funny, exciting thing that happens to Ben, in next week's LIBERTY.

AN early photograph of Billie Burke and her little daughter, Patricia (at right), and (below) Miss Burke in some of the stage roles which made her world-famous.

P. & A. photo

Billie BURKE *Laughs at a* Thousand *RIVALS*

The Inside Story of Broadway's Most Famous Love Affair

An Article by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Burke concludes her interesting memoirs here with her impressions of some of the world-famous personages she has met, and a farewell message for girls who would follow in her footsteps to stage fame.]

PART FIVE

"THERE is little more to tell about my career as an actress," Billie Burke continued after a pause. "I have already told you how I finished Jerry, went to Hollywood to make Peggy for Thomas Ince, and hurried back. Frohman and Broadway became more or less accustomed to my marriage, even if neither ever became quite reconciled to it.

"Immediately on my return to New York City, I had a terrible time with C. F.—our only quarrel. While I was coming East, Ince had hinted that I was going to accept his offer of $300,000 a year to appear in the movies. Without waiting to consult me, Alf Hayman, Frohman's partner, gave out an interview in which he declared that if I went into the films I must definitely drop out of the Frohman organization.

"I read this statement in a paper at Albany, and I was furious to think they had not waited to ask me whether Ince's press agent had told the truth. As soon as I got to C. F.'s office, I upbraided them for Hayman's impetuous interview, and declared I *would* go into the movies.

"At that time the films had not attained their present magnificent standard. Wrapped up in his own profession, C. F., I am afraid, was a little blind to the possibilities contained in the rapidly developing motion-picture art.

"NATURALLY, neither Frohman nor I could forgo our affectionate friendship, and in a few days we were on the same old terms. And the next year he was assassinated by the German torpedo as the Lusitania neared the shores of England. Something went out of my life, and out of the life of the American stage, when the funnels of that mighty vessel

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Service All the Way

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

It is impossible for a railroad train or a ship to call at the doorsteps of its passengers when they wish to take a journey. To take even a trolley or bus ride, one must go to some definite point where the conveyance stops. On the other hand, the telephone goes all the way to meet the public's convenience.

Each telephone call may be compared to a taxicab, whose destination is controlled by the subscriber. The telephone company extends its wires to the homes and offices of those who desire service, placing its telephones within immediate reach. The call is made at the time, from the point, and to the place that the subscriber desires. He speaks to the person he wants—wherever he may be.

At the disposal of each telephone subscriber are the talking channels of the entire Bell System. He may make a call a few or thousands of miles, and he may extend his voice to any point, to any person who has a telephone.

This is the essence of communication. Because of it, the number of telephones has increased in the last five years three times as fast as population. Because of it, the Bell System carries more than twenty billion messages in the course of a year.

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"Yes, fellows, I now work for 'Uncle Sam.' Here is my appointment at $1900 a year, with quick increases.
"Tomorrow I go out on my first Railway Mail run to Washington, D. C. I will travel on pass and see my country. While away from home I get hotel expenses.
"I have a Summer vacation with full pay and very pleasant work. Franklin Institute did it for me."
Many U. S. Government Jobs are obtainable by men and women 18 up. Mail the coupon TODAY SURE.

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Rush to me at once, free 32 page book with (1) List of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (2) Full information regarding salaries, hours, duties, etc.

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DON'T MISS

Mrs. Leslie Carter's own life story, entitled:

Portrait of a Lady With Red Hair

This amazing autobiography — the record of a flaming life—starts

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

disappeared beneath the swirling waves.

"I made other pictures, notably Gloria's Romance, written by Rupert Hughes and produced by the Chicago *Tribune*. This was a serial, one of the groping, experimental steps of the movie pioneers. I also made several pictures for Famous Players—The Pursuit of Polly, The Land of Promise, Arms and the Girl, and one or two others.

"Patricia, our only child, was born on October 23, 1916, and from the age of two to five years she was a frail, delicate child. I had to take her away every winter. This virtually kept me out of the picture on Broadway and on the movie lots.

"But I appeared in two or three other dramatic engagements —in Cæsar's Wife in 1919; in Booth Tarkington's The Intimate Stranger in 1921; and in Rose Briar three years ago.

"My life, as I have told you, has been a happy one. When Flo first moved up here to the Crest, he spent a day or so fixing his things. When I went in to see the completed job, I found hundreds of pictures of the beauties who have adorned his Follies. You can just bet I ripped every one of them off the walls and tore them into little pieces!"

BILLIE BURKE laughed and rose from the rustic seat. We strolled back in the dusk toward the shaded lights of her lovely sun parlor.

"Who owns this place, you or Mr. Ziegfeld?" I asked her.

"I do," she answered. "My mother made me buy it in 1911. I paid what seemed an appalling sum for it, and I was afraid I could not keep up the payments, or afford the changes I wanted to make.

"But that wise, wonderful mother of mine insisted, 'Oh, you'll be able to pay for it,' she said. 'You are going to make an awful lot of money, and if you have to put most of it in this place you won't be squandering it foolishly on other things a young, successful actress is tempted to invest in.'

"What a marvelous mother was mine! From the day I was first placed in her arms until the day she died, we were never separated. She was my guide, my guardian, my counselor, my instructor, my inspiration, my friend. She went with me on the road. She was with me when I was triumphant, and her arms were around me when things went wrong. She died in February, 1921. I miss her dreadfully all the time."

"Have you ever thought of permanent retirement?" I inquired, when I had seated myself in an easy chair for a cigar which Mr. Ziegfeld offered me as we came in.

"Yes and no," said Billie Burke, her red hair glowing under a tall lamp against the light green walls of the glass-inclosed room. "I should like to play in one more great part, a really great drama. And I should like to appear in it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Rub the ointment gently over congested spot. It penetrates the skin and goes right to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

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INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
for that COUGH

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

before I'm too old, before I'm so old that I really ought to be put away! You know, when this thing the Creator put in me, this power to act, this capacity for reaching across the footlights and crawling into the hearts of the men and women sitting out there in the darkness—when this talent, or whatever you see fit to call it, rises up in me, as it does at times, I feel a terrific urge, an almost irresistible pull back to the stage. And there is a real and very poignant pain in my heart sometimes at the thought that I am sitting here when my world is waiting for me to step forth and conquer it again.

"Oh, it is a marvelous thing to *feel* the response of your audience! Adulation, fame, success, money, power, recognition of your genius—these are mighty things; and—well, one's throat rather catches when one thinks of the oncoming years and the swiftly diminishing chances to stride out into the world and bring it to one's feet once more.

"BUT I have taken on a job I shall not shirk—the job of being Flo Ziegfeld's wife, the job of being Patricia Ziegfeld's mother, the job of being Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, housewife. I am happy while working at this job, and I do not regret abandoning the other things to toil at this.

"I never have announced my retirement, and I shall probably appear in other plays before I do.

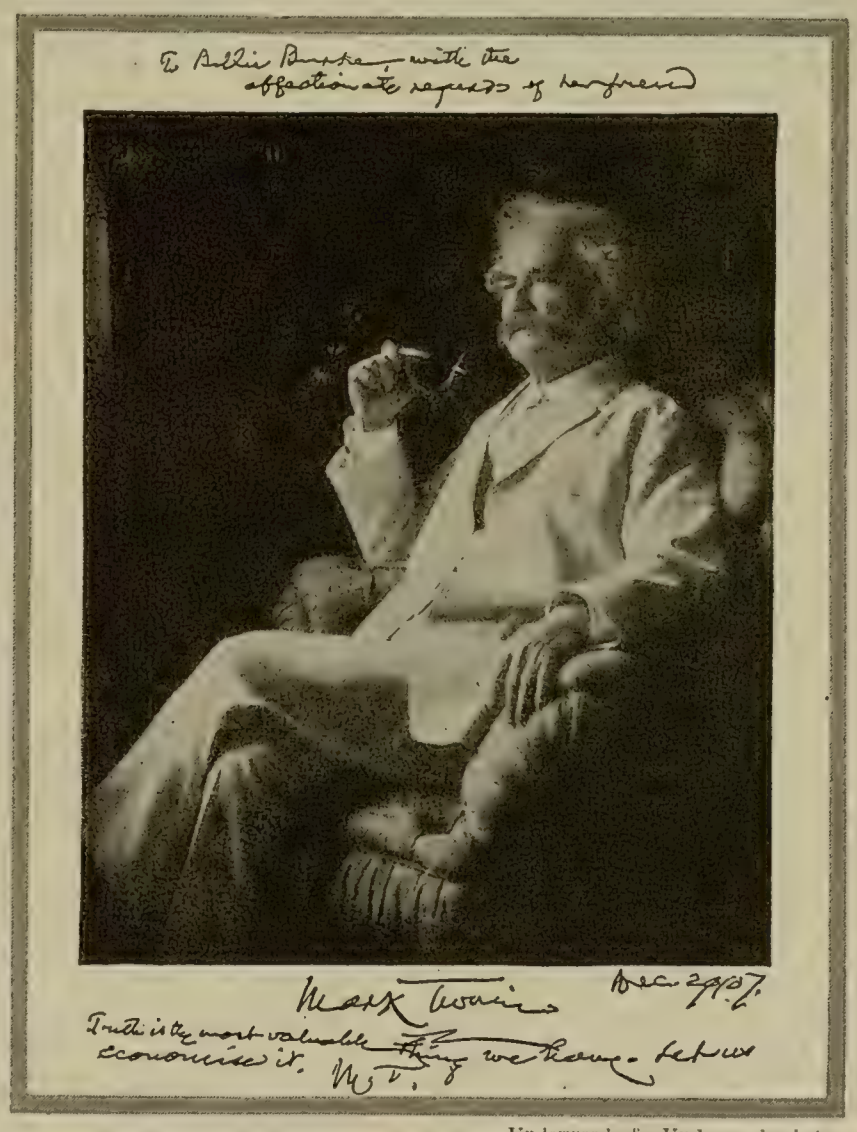
"Plays are funny things. You can never know conclusively until the curtain goes up on your first night whether or not it is good. You might like the play. Your manager, the producer, the company, your friends, all experienced folk of the theater, may be enthusiastic about it in its rehearsals.

"Then the curtain rises on the first night; and in a few minutes you feel—you know—it is a dismal failure! It is a horrible, sickening feeling. One gets so one can tell in a second if somebody in the house is uninterested, displeased. One restless man, one bored woman, no matter how far back they are sitting—their thoughts come whirling at you across the orchestra pit as a mighty wind.

"If I should be so lucky as to receive one genuinely great play, I'd be content to sing my swan song. But with all the manuscripts that come to me I find only dissatisfaction. Something tells me they won't do. They don't seem to be writing really worth-while things these days.

"Some of the offerings are atrocious. The other day an agent wrote that he thought he had found a fine drama for me. Before I had read the first page of it I knew his stenographer had made a mistake and inclosed the wrong manuscript. Out of curiosity I read on. I actually blushed. It was one of the sex things, one of the plays that are now being hailed as masterpieces on Broadway. Some of the things the man said to the woman were revolting. And some of the things the author required her to do were unbelievable. I could imagine the look on Frohman's face if anybody had handed it to him!

"I returned it to the agent with a note to the effect that he had probably made a mistake, since nothing in my career permitted him to think I would be interested in such a thing. He sent me a long telegram of apology and explanation—that it had been inadvertently mailed to me."



Underwood & Underwood photo

A PHOTOGRAPH of Mark Twain which he autographed for Miss Burke with the inscription: "To Billie Burke, with the affectionate regards of her friend, Mark Twain. Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economise it."

Mr. Ziegfeld strolled toward the butler's pantry to take personal charge of certain preliminaries to the dinner to which Billie Burke had invited me. While his wife had talked, I had watched him. Not once had he taken his eyes off her face. Any wife would be fortunate whose husband looked at her as Flo Ziegfeld looked at Billie Burke. I have seen silken-eared setter dogs look at their mistresses with the same unwavering gaze, the same devotion, the same worship.

"Of the famous persons you have met," I asked, as Mr. Ziegfeld returned nobly bearing a silver tray, "which has made the most distinct impression on your memory?"

"Mark Twain stands out as the most interesting man I ever knew. He loved red-headed people. I have spent many happy hours in his house on Ninth Street, in New York City. Often I would drive down there. His reminiscences, his observations, his philosophy, his experiences and what he learned from them—all these are vivid in my memory.

"The last time I saw him he gave me a splendid photograph of himself. On it he wrote: 'Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economise it. Mark Twain. Dec. 29/07.'

"Joseph Tumulty told me something that pleased me while I was in Washington with The Intimate Stranger, which Tarkington wrote for me. He came one night after the performance to my dressing-room and asked me to come to the White House the next day to see President Wilson.

"'You may not know it, Miss Burke,' he said, 'but you are the President's favorite actress.'

"The following day my mother and I went to the Executive Mansion. The great War President was extremely gracious, and he talked familiarly of things in the theatrical world.

"HE already knew that Harding would succeed him, and that most of his ideals would be cast out and ignored. But he was a valiant crusader and he spoke of other things. He said he lamented the requirements of his office, which had prevented him from going to the theater as often as he would have liked during the preceding eight years. He was particularly fond of good vaudeville, and said that now that he was leaving the White House he intended to see lots of it.

"One of the fine recollections I have is the friendship Theodore Roosevelt was good enough to show me. I knew him while he was in the White House, and after Mr. Taft succeeded him I saw him often. The last time was after we had declared war on Germany, and he was afire with eagerness to be of help to the country he loved so passionately. He talked rapidly and without halt for more than an hour—of America's participation, what we were doing and what we ought to do.

"He played quite a joke on my husband. Knowing Flo's fondness for ease, he invited him and Charles Dillingham to take a little walk with him after a banquet late one night. They were happy to join him. Do you know where he took them? He made them walk in evening clothes all the way out to Oyster Bay with him! Flo came back on a train about daybreak, and hardly moved for a week.

"Booth Tarkington is a dear, and a most interesting ornament to our literature. In 1923 I went up to Kennebunkport, Maine,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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There is something about the tender, melodious voice of the Saxophone that *just suits* the feminine personality. Girls learn *quickly*, too. Saxophoning comes *naturally and easy* for them.

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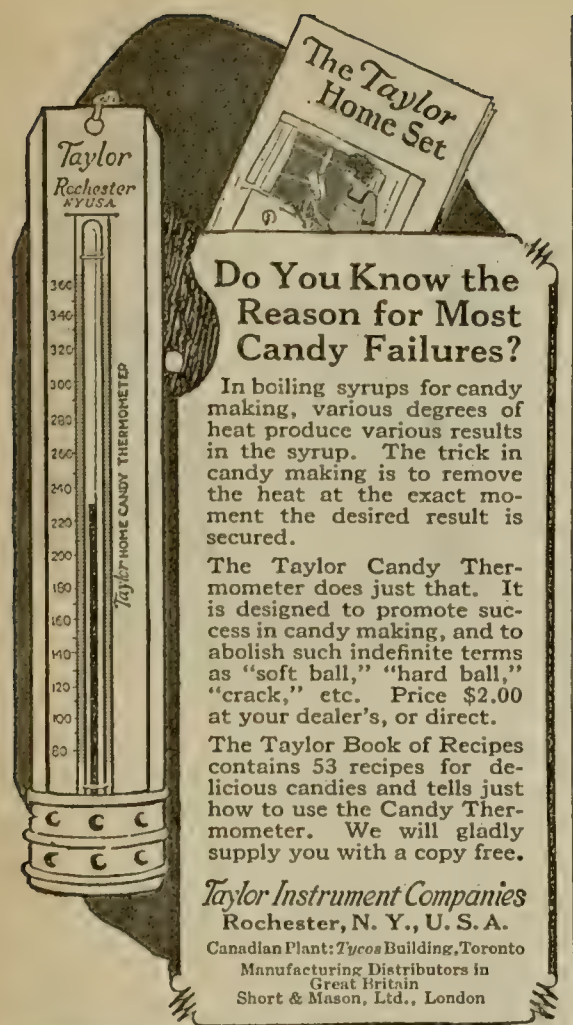

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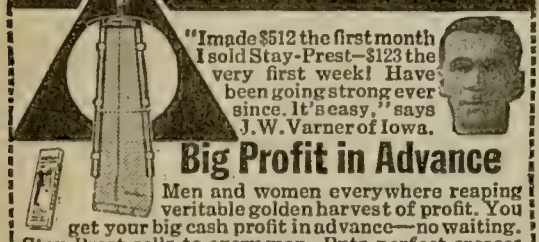

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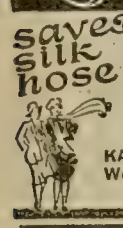

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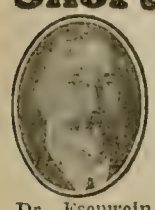

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

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[BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS Continued from Page Seventy-five]

where he has a summer place, for a visit. On the Fourth of July Tarkington set off fireworks for his guests and neighbors. When the last pinwheel had spluttered out, he turned to me and spoke somewhat ruefully.

"'That wasn't much of an exhibition, was it?' he asked. 'They'll never appreciate the fact that those firecrackers cost me five hundred dollars!'

"Will Rogers is one of the finest characters I know. To those who know him intimately, he is an extraordinary person. His home life with his wife and three boys is beautiful. He is kindly, his mind is clean, and he never said a cruel thing in his life. But how quickly he sees through sham, and how prompt he is to ridicule it!

"Those who see in the theatrical world only artificial, sensational, temperamental, and scandalous things should observe a domestic attachment that is one of the joys of our profession. I mean the beautiful love Fred Stone bears for his talented daughter. Nothing that I ever saw surpasses that fine affection and friendship.

"TY COBB, the greatest baseball player of all time, is a dear friend of mine. Just before I married Flo in April, 1914, I was in Jacksonville, Florida, playing in Jerry. The Detroit team was there for spring practice. Cobb came to my table in the dining-room one evening and said how much he had enjoyed my performance the night before. We sat and talked for an hour.

"The next morning I was awakened by a bell boy with a long telegram from Flo. He said he'd been told that I was dining with Ty Cobb every evening and he wanted it stopped. I had to send him a long wire explaining all about it.

"Another good friend of mine was the famous old actress, Lotta Crabtree. She came back stage one night in Boston, and said she wanted to take a good look at me with my make-up off, because she had been told that I was 'the living image' of her when she was a young woman. She had red hair; and, when I went to call on her, she showed me early photographs that really did look as if they might be of me.

"A young man whose personality I greatly admire is Gene Tunney. I met him at Palm Beach last winter. While I cannot bear to watch a prize fight, I do think he will be an honor to that game. I always thought of Roosevelt when I looked at Tunney's shoulders—strong, well molded, and very square.

"I think they are a bit luckier in England than we are over here in the matter of coming in contact with celebrated people. A week-end at the home of a fine, popular hostess over there is a memorable thing. One is likely to meet Lloyd George, Lord Reading, Viscount Grey, Lord Balfour, Madame Melba, Ambassador Houghton, Tetrazzini, Joyce Wethered, Sir James Barrie, Paderewski, Admiral Beatty, Andre Tardieu, Alfred Noyes—all the people who are building empires in geography, art, literature, and music.

"The last time I was in England, I stayed with Maxine Elliott in her lovely retreat near London. There was an endless parade of famous persons through her magnificent salon.

"What a tremendous character Maxine Elliott is! I think her brain is positively colossal, and her beauty is celebrated around the world. I saw her one morning just as she had stepped out of her tub—and I was left breathless at the sight. Her eyebrows were gorgeous—black and glossy as a raven's wings above her marvelous dark eyes. No conceit, no meanness in her soul; only indescribable charm.

"When the King of Belgium pinned his country's cross on her bodice, the pin pierced the skin. She did not flinch!

"And once I went to see her while she was playing in Brooklyn. It was a bitterly cold night, and she was waiting for me in her dressing-room after both our plays had closed. She was drinking coffee out of a paper cup and eating a sandwich. As we started toward her car, she picked up a little thermos bottle.

"'Maxine,' I cried, 'the idea of a queen like you carrying a thermos bottle under your arm!'

"She smiled dryly. 'Don't be silly,' she said. 'Why shouldn't I carry a thermos bottle? I like my coffee warm after the curtain goes down.'

"Maxine's sister Gertrude is Lady Forbes-Robertson, the wife of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. They live with her on her estate near London. Maxine is wealthy, among her properties being a half-interest in the Maxine Elliott Theater in New York City. At her week-ends I have met some of the world's most famous personages, men and women, and all of them adore the great American actress.

"OVER here we are so vast in territory, so scattered, so busy, so incapable as yet of making leisure or enjoying it, so young as a nation, that our week-ends don't mean quite the same intellectual treat. We meet fine people, of course, people who are hewing out names for themselves and for our beloved country.

"But we haven't quite attained the old age and national culture and the philosophical tol-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

erance and broad-mindedness that make a few days' association with a popular drawing-room in England such an unforgettable affair."

Mr. Ziegfeld and I arose from the dinner table when Billie Burke nodded. A man brought coffee to the sun parlor, and at our plea she consented to sit with us while we smoked.

In the hot sunshine of the afternoon, the brighter lights of the living-room electrics, and under the mellow gleam of the four huge candles at the table, I had studied Miss Burke's face. It stood all tests. A dab of powder on her little freckled nose, applied surreptitiously, of course, and a flicker of a rouge-tinted little finger tip at her lips, seemed to be the only artificial succor she called on to enhance and emphasize the natural beauty of her features and the fine, healthy texture of her skin.

"You look far younger than the story told by Who's Who," I ventured. "Is it a secret?"

"I don't think so," she chuckled. (Billie Burke's chuckle reminds me of the cooing pigeons on the flagstones in front of old churches in Mexico.)

"Plenty of cold water and fresh air," she went on. "A clean body and a sweet mind are about all a woman needs. To attain the first I revel, as I say, in cold water and pure air. Wholesome food is essential, and obedience to the discipline nature imposes. As far as I am concerned, smoking and drinking are harmful. Others may not find them so.

"I have no set formula of physical exercise. I am an early riser, always abroad by seven o'clock. This big house and the grounds keep me sufficiently active, running up and down stairs; walking down to where the gardeners are at work; seeing that my chickens are properly looked after; leading my three horses about the yard; supervising all the work around the place.

"I HAVE no fixed number of hours I spend in bed. I retire when I am sleepy, and I sleep until I awake, myself. I suppose I average seven hours of sound slumber a night. I never lie down after luncheon. My siesta consists of dictating letters, reading plays submitted to me, or calling on my friends. Only infrequently do I require the stimulus of a body massage.

"A clean mind is not difficult to achieve. Good books, gentle and intelligent companions, a variety of interests, pleasure in one's domestic affairs, all help to create the sane, balanced, clean mind every woman ought to seek.

"I always try to look my freshest, brightest, prettiest before I see Flo in the morning. A man's matutinal sight of his wife ought to be a pleasant, fragrant memory all day long until he comes home at night.

"*Then* she should show him still another charming prospect. Regardless of the lamentable fact that the brute seldom tries to continue making the excellent impression that helped him to win her love, a wife's duty is to make herself attractive to him all the hours of their life together.

"If this be a one-sided and most unfair arrangement, nevertheless it is part of the game—or he will feel like hunting elsewhere the fresh charm and beauty he no longer finds at home."

FLO ZIEGFELD, Patricia cuddling sleepily on his lap, continued to gaze at her.

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that many, reading what I write about you, will think you are the head of the family?"

"I hope not," she responded. "No woman ought to be the head of the family. That is a man's job and a man's duty. If, unfortunately, a woman has one of those clinging vines, a colorless mate who wants to lay his head in her lap and have his temples stroked, for the sake of their eventual happiness she should try to build a spine into the creature.

"A dominant woman is an odious thing. It is not natural. Man has the bigger biceps, the larger brainpan, and it is his role to possess and rule.

"Most men are naturally qualified to take charge of the situation—and if they aren't, a smart woman can handle the reins and guide him down the path of self-reliance until he takes command. It makes husbands so happy and so proud and so satisfied if they really are heads of the family—or think they are."

Mr. Ziegfeld nodded his excuses

P. & A. photo

The Mind-the-Paint Girl, who also minds her own spacious lawn.

and carried his drowsy daughter upstairs to bed. I thought of one more question to ask Billie Burke:

"How may I quote you in connection with the widespread idea that every young girl who comes seeking fame and gold on Broadway is instantly subjected to temptations she must yield to if she expects to succeed?"

"That idea is generally accepted, I know; but it is erroneous. There is no more danger for a young girl in the theatrical world—not as much, in fact—than for a stenographer closeted alone with her employer all day.

"Of course, too many girls come to Broadway, and the competition among them for jobs exposes them to actual need. Hunger is an arch-persuader if eloquent rats are abroad. This is sad. Encouraged at home by people who know nothing about what an actress ought to have in the way of mental equipment and personality, these girls come swarming into an already overcrowded world.

"But a girl does *not* have to surrender her soul and body to succeed on the stage. If she is talented and can get a hearing, producers are only too eager to give her a chance. Getting a hearing may be difficult, but it can be done; just as a stenographer can get a hearing. The latter may have to start out on the rim of the business, typing for an unimportant little clerk. But if she has real ability and applies herself, she will be promoted. It is the same in the theatrical profession.

"THIS is certain: in a vast majority of cases the men in the world of the stage who have the say as to whether a newcomer shall have her chance are not thinking at all about requiring the girl to surrender anything.

"And even if she should encounter a theatrical man who would lead her astray, nature has already furnished her with sufficient feminine weapons to protect herself. No woman on earth but can defend herself against any man, if she wants to.

"When a girl *is* in deadly danger is the moment she permits herself to fall in love on Broadway; for it is a woman's nature to capitulate when the man she loves demands. She is equally in peril if she mistakes for love the glamour of night life on Broadway, the astute and sophisticated attention of her pursuer, the gifts and promises she has not been accustomed to in her small-town past.

"But there is not one great actress, or great woman in any line, who reached the top because she first yielded to the importunities of the other sex. You may call the roll of all the big women of the stage and you will find that talent and hard work were the only things they had to use to climb the rocky path from obscurity to success.

"I know how widespread among the ignorant or evil-minded is the impression that only by sinning can a young woman get her chance. But our profession always has suffered from much misinformation and spectacular publicity.

Mr. Ziegfeld tiptoed downstairs and came into the sun parlor. He sent for one of his cars. Arm in arm, he and Billie Burke accompanied me to the drive; and with kindly words they bade me good night.

THE END

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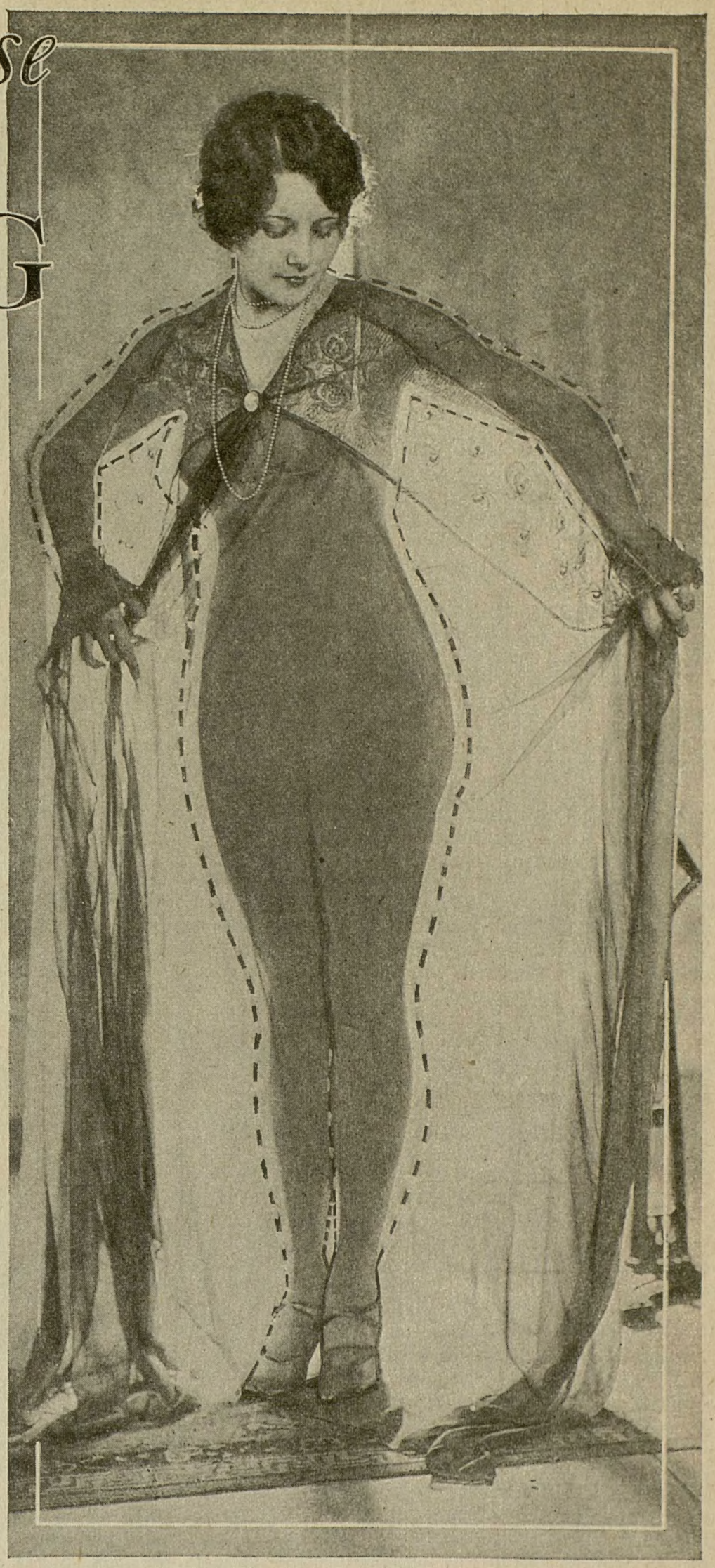
Using Common Sense in REDUCING

Eileen Bourne Points Out the Dangers of Ignorance in Gaining a Fashionable Figure



A NORMAL weight should mark the reducing goal.

IN a recent day's news there appeared a couple of stories showing two extremes of over- and under-indulgence in the great American pastime—reducing.

A New York woman weighed 200 pounds a year ago. She decided to reduce and cut her weight in half, but developed a condition requiring an operation. Another woman, involved in a divorce case in Brooklyn, testified that her husband's love had grown cold.

The accused mate not only admitted the charge, but confirmed it with the remark that he couldn't stand the sight of the woman with 180 pounds smothering her five-feet-and-a-couple-of-inches frame.

Between these two extremes lies the road to personal and domestic well-being.

Nerve specialists, stomach specialists, clinicians, psychiatrists, and general medical practitioners are rising en masse with startling first-hand evidence on how women may suffer from depression, melancholia, restlessness, loss of vitality, low resistance to disease, and all manner of devastating physical results from their unsuppressed desire to be the perfect flapper size, regardless of how nature designed them.

We've done a lot of figure whittling since the figure 8 was fashionable; some of it to the betterment of mankind and some of it, unfortunately, to its detriment. Also, there is much reducing work still to be done in the world, since most men and women of mature age carry too great a bundle of unnecessary fat.

Unnecessary fat—understand! Which means weight in excess of what the individual needs to maintain his body at the point of the greatest vigor, vitality, and activity.

Every movement, of course, has its fanatics. The reducing one is no exception. Out of the present urge for excessive leanness have sprung up all sorts of quackery and queer methods for quick reducing, which are frequently accepted unquestioningly by women.

Freak diets, freak exercise programs, freak claims for external applicants and internal eliminants have contributed enormously to the number of foolish reducing victims.

The medical profession in general agrees that the standard weight charts in common use are inadequate. But an intelligent person can determine from her own experience what is the best, most comfortable, and most healthful weight.

She can tell within five or ten pounds. She can tell by the fit of her clothes, by how easily she gets puffy and out of breath, whether she is weighing more than she should.

A SCALE worked out for use in the Johns Hopkins clinic designates the correct weight for five feet as 110 pounds. For each additional inch add five and one-half pounds. Then a leeway of ten pounds above or below that standard is allowed.

Another general rule that may be accepted on its indorsement by insurance companies is that, to be in the best of health, persons under thirty should be a little overweight and persons over that age should be relatively thin.

In all of the warnings against perilous reducing, it must be borne in mind that no single charge has yet been laid at the doors of a regimen built on safe and sane diet and exercise methods of getting the weight back to normal.

Such methods as steaming, baking, or bathing apparatus that cause removal of a considerable amount of water through the pores are delusions, since the weight lost is quickly restored. Violent forms of exercise, positively cruel in effect, are sometimes taken along with the bathing program. Dangerous as ill balanced diets and too strenuous exercise programs are, they are not so suicidal as the taking of drugs.

No drug reduces safely. If one is used, it should be taken only under the most able medical direction.

There are plenty of authorities available from which a diet that is sustaining, nourishing, and at the same time reducing, may be secured. I shall be glad to furnish one on request.

The local effects of a too quick reducing program, the freak and harmful fat remedies, are so damaging to a woman's beauty that she defeats her initial purpose of looking younger and better. The figure can stand an unlimited amount of banting without public revelation; but you cannot conceal the face and neck with the flaccid skin fallen into rhinoceros folds, flabby plaits, "wattles," sagging jowls, or baggy eyelids.

The really beautifying reduction program simply has to be conducted slowly, on a diet with substitute nourishing foods for the fats, sugars, and starches eliminated.

Also, set your goal at your normal weight —*not* at your flapper daughter's.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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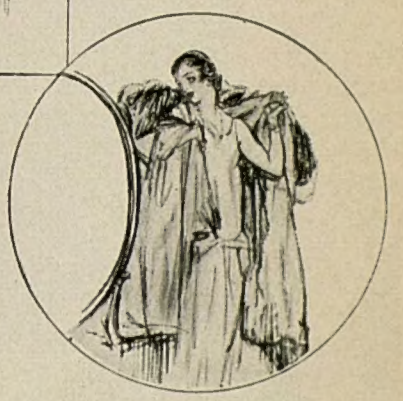

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